Memoirs of

JEROME B. POUND



With Histories of

POUND-MURPHEY-
WILLINGHAM-PALMER-
PITTS FAMILIES

BOUND TO ME BY TIES OF BLOOD

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Jerome Balaam Pound

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POUND-MURPHEY-
WILLINGHAM-PALMER-
PITTS FAMILIES

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Dedicated to

Jerome Gordon Pound, my only son, who died July 2, 1901, Eugene Lee Pound, my only brother, who died September 19, 1887, and all the boys, and all the girls, throughout the world. God Bless Them!

1134119

Preface

For many years a number of my friends, especially my secretary, Mrs. Thresia D. Mitchell, have been after me to write a story of my life embodying such things as I might remember and such things as I thought might be of some interest to my family, my friends, and the general public.

I have been and am very much embarrassed over the fact that I was so unfortunate when a youngster to be deprived of even a grammar school education. It embarrasses me, also, that I have undertaken to write a story that may find its way into the hands of hundreds, or even thousands of people who may criticize the lack of my use of the best English phrased in a beautiful way. I have always regretted that I did not have the opportunity of getting a college education, yet I have been very happy over the fact that the Good Lord placed in my way an opportunity to get a very good education, and the courage to write this book, even with all its imperfections.

I was sick two years of my life, between six and eight years old, and on account of an accident was bedridden most of that time.

I attended Gordon Institute, Barnesville, Georgia, two years when I was eight to ten years old.

I went to work for Capt. J. C. McMichael, editor of the Barnesville Gazette, where I learned the printer's trade as a boy between the years of ten and twelve. Capt. McMichael was handicapped with very bad eyesight. I worked for him during the day learning the printer's trade, and five nights a week I read to him for two hours some of the choicest literature in his large library. He taught me many of the fundamentals. I have always been a very good reader and he helped me especially in the pronunciation and articulation of words and syllables.

I left Barnesville when I was about twelve years old and moved to Macon, Georgia, where I lived for about eight years and then moved to Chattanooga, Tennessee.

I sincerely trust that the readers of this book will not misjudge my words and stories and my connections with many older people for nerve rather than a boundless ambition which I possessed.

A few years after I moved to Chattanooga, I formed a close friendship with the Honorable A. W. Chambliss. He was my close associate and friend. One time we went to Washington, D. C. and spent an afternoon in the Congressional Library Building, which is one of the finest in the world.

After we left the library and were walking up Pennsylvania Avenue toward our hotel, Mr. Chambliss asked me what I thought of our visit. My reply was this: "Of all the thousands of quotations written by men of letters, poets, etc. which appeared on the ceilings and walls, the inscription which impressed me most and made the greatest impression on me were these words: 'Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.' "

I have always been ambitious. I have always wanted to succeed, but it seems to me that the author of this quotation put into my mind something that has done as much as anything else to buoy up and keep always before me the words as quoted above.

I am very proud of my family; I am very proud of my friends; and very proud of my kinsfolk, who occupy a most important part of this book. I hope my kinsfolk will like it; I hope the readers will like it; and I hope my career will be somewhat of a guiding star to boys who start out in life on a sick bed and who never have had the opportunity to play when the other boys were playing and going to school and college.

I never had a father to help educate and guide me.

I had one of the finest mothers in the world.

I have had many friends.

I have always been deeply religiously inclined.

The Good Lord has smiled upon me.

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Introduction

When I began writing my Memoirs, it was with great difficulty that I could find a starting place, and in dictating this story I have found it necessary to stop many times for more thoughts. In fact, I think this is one of the most important things that I have done in my life. Transferring one's deeds, habits, and actions from one's mind onto paper where they will probably be an everlasting record is a very serious thing. When you put your thoughts on paper it is pretty hard to ever rub them out. So it is with the deeds that you do. Some live after you are gone and others are of just a day's duration.

I did not find it difficult to dictate the many stories which I have included in this book because some of them were not of great importance and only interesting to those who had a part in them or were interested in the author, his family, or his connections.

I have also been engaged in writing about my connection and that of my family with some of the most important and interesting families in America.

Early History

I was born in Dooley County, Georgia, near Vienna, where Senator Walter F. George, the illustrious United States Senator from Georgia now lives, and has lived for many years.

From my first remembrance, I lived with my mother, my brother, my sister, and my grandfather, the Reverend Isaac Pitts, who was a Baptist preacher in this locality for about forty years. He was the pastor of four country churches, all of which were located within a circumference of about twenty miles around his farm and homeplace. He supplied each of these churches once a month on Sunday morning all these years and during that time he never collected any salary. In fact, it was not customary in those days to collect money from a congregation.

My grandfather was a well-to-do man. He had facilities and equipment for the ginning of cotton, grinding of cane, and making syrup and brown sugar. He also ran a large grist mill and ground corn into meal and wheat into flour. He did this service for the farmers over a wide adjacent territory. For each of these services he collected a toll and made money out of the operations. He carried on his work all during the War Between the States, and some of General Sherman's soldiers in their march to the sea passed right by his homeplace. The officers and men visited the smoke houses containing meats, syrups, sugar, rice, etc. If my memory is right and that of his neighbors, they took a goodly toll of everything from these smoke houses. History tells us that General Sherman started from Atlanta with 100,000 men on his march to the sea. He divided the army so as to cover as much territory as possible on the way in order to obtain sustenance and anything else that they could find which the army needed. It is also understood that part of the army was diverted to other places and when they reached Savannah the army consisted of about 60,000 men.

Before and during the War Between the States my grandfather had about seventy-five slaves. He was told by some members of General Sherman's Army that the colored people were all freed. He had these colored people working for him on his plantation and had many cabins in which they lived.

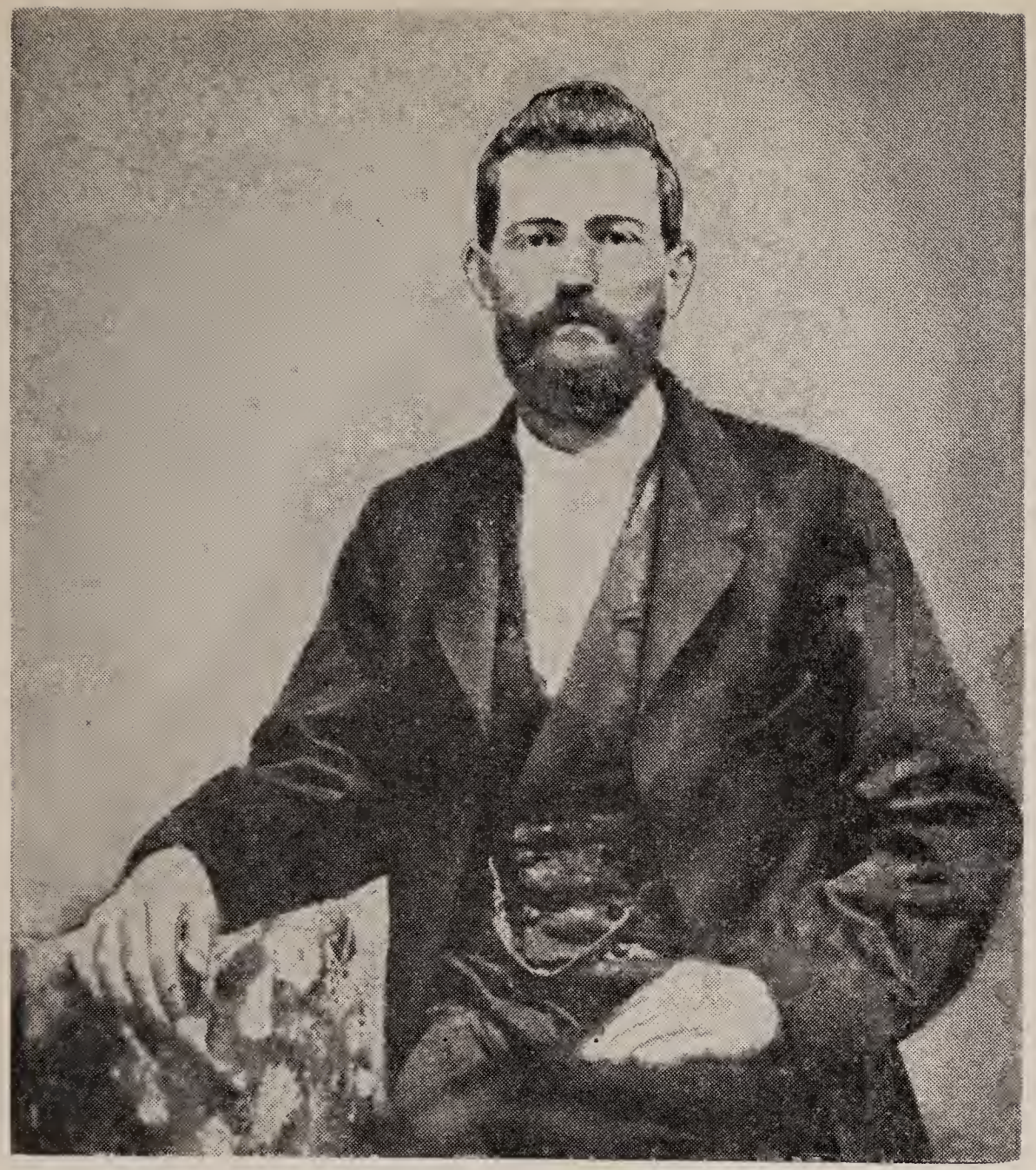
After the war most of the former slaves continued to live on the place and many of them remained on the plantation until their death.



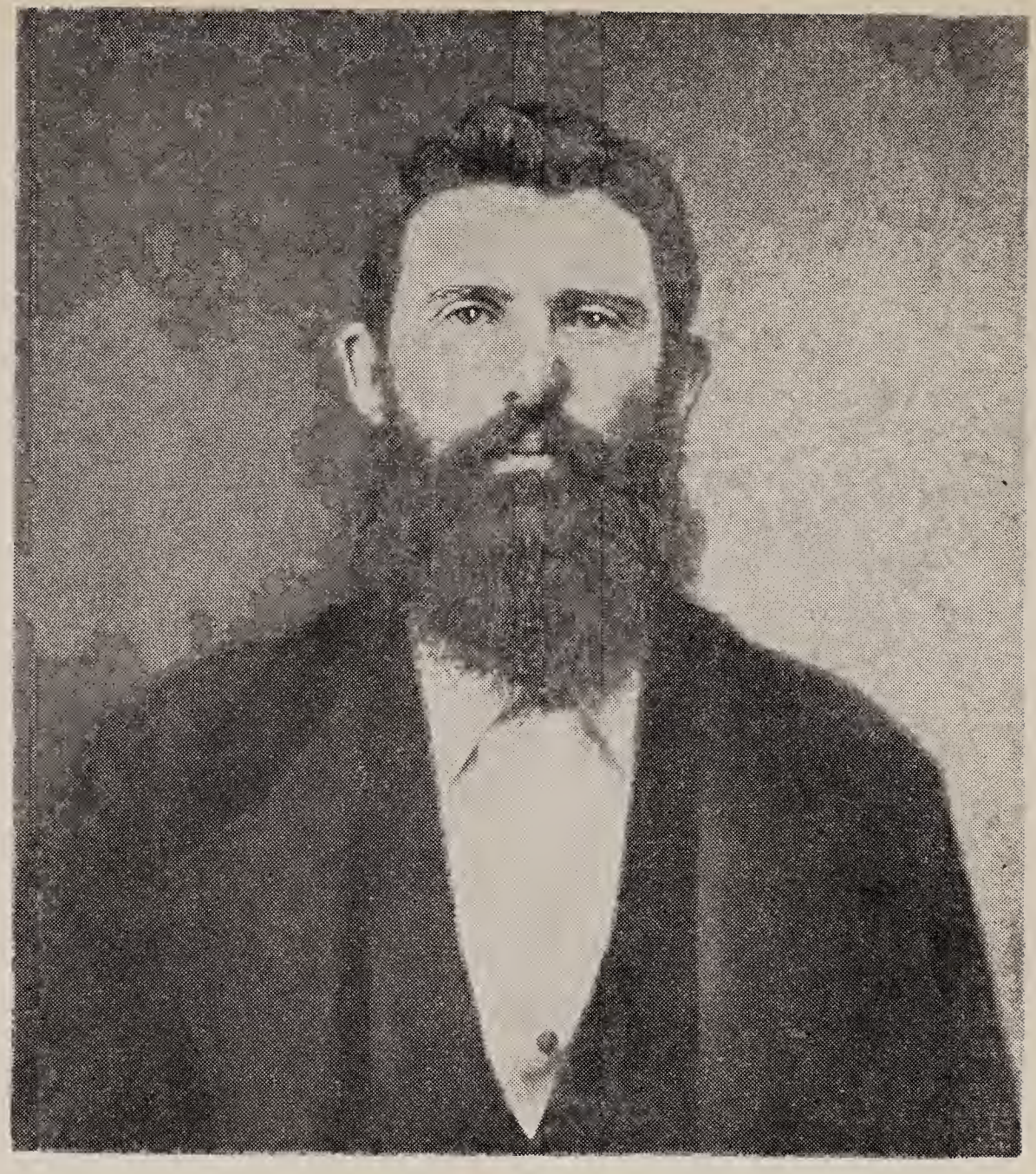
Newman Pound
Husband of Beatrice Lausia Pitts Pound and
Father of Jerome B. Pound



Beatrice Lausia Pitts Pound
Wife of Newman Pound and
Mother of Jerome B. Pound



JOHN H. POUND
Oldest of the three Pound brothers



AMBROSE MURPHEY POUND
Father of Ralston Murphey Pound and Butos Pound Purcell
Youngest of the three Pound brothers

Uncles of Jerome B. Pound

My Father—Newman Pound

My father, Newman Pound, was born and reared in Middle Georgia. At a very early age, about eighteen, he was called to the colors of the Confederate Army. He fought in the army, mostly on the battlefields in Virginia and also fought in the Battle of Gettysburg. At the end of the war he returned to Barnesville, Georgia, where his brother John and his family lived. During the war he had married my mother, Beatrice Lausia Pitts, daughter of Rev. Isaac Pitts, a Baptist Minister for forty years.

My father died from a gunshot wound, through no fault of his, and left my mother, my sister, and an unborn child which was born about three months after his death. I was so young when this occurred that I have always said that I never had a father, that is to say, one that I could even remember. This was also not only the case with my sister but also my younger brother.

When I was a boy I was a dreamer, and I am still a dreamer to some extent. I always dreamed that my father lost his life on the battlefield and that some day he would return, and in my fancy I saw many men who looked like my father's picture in his uniform, and I seemed to dream that he would return home. Of course, this was a boy's dream.

When I was about ten years old the full responsibility of assisting my mother, sister and brother fell upon my shoulders. This responsibility was carried out by me to the fullest extent of my ability. What mistakes I have made during these years have been the fault of the head and not the heart.

Both my mother and brother died in Macon, Georgia, and are buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the whole Southland. Over their graves is a magnolia tree typical of the Southern country.

My sister became a nun in the Catholic Church and taught school at Mount de Sales Academy, Macon, and in the Catholic Public School at Macon for a period in excess of forty years. She died December 1, 1943. She is buried in the Sisters of Mercy lot in Riverside Cemetery in Macon, which cemetery adjoins Rose Hill Cemetery. Her grave is near the grave of her mother and brother.

Early Incidents in My Life

We lived with my grandfather on a very large farm located several miles from a school or church, the nearest town being a small town called Drayton, Dooley County, Georgia. My grandfather had a nice horse, sound in every way except he was blind. My sister and I rode this horse double about six miles to our first school all during the school season. Often I would tickle the horse under the ribs. He would jump up and squeal, which brought great delight to my sister, as well as myself.

I liked to fish. My grandfather was one of the greatest fishermen in that part of the country. His favorite fishing place was a small river running near our home. I always went fishing with him. When I caught more fish than he caught, it annoyed him very much to think that a little kid could beat him fishing. Of course, he never swore, but sometimes it looked like he did something like that under his breath.

Each year my grandfather always gave me a plot of land, and taught me how to do a little farming. I would say it averaged about an acre. He had the plowing done for me and furnished me the seed. I paid all the other expenses, harvesting, selling, etc., and had the net profits for my pin money. I raised some of the largest sweet potatoes—Georgia yams—that I have ever seen. They were delicious. I also had a very fine sugar cane patch. The cane mill was operated by a mule hitched to the mill. I rode this mule 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round many hundreds of times. In addition to this, during the time the cane mill was grinding, I was always on hand to ride the mule and receive for my services so much syrup.

My grandfather cultivated several hundred acres of land. From the pine forest located on the plantation he also cut large amounts of logs and pine timber.

About the only food he ever purchased was mackerel and coffee.

My grandfather never had any cooking done on Sundays. In fact, the whole plantation and household was given a vacation until Monday. Food for Sunday's meals was always cooked the day before. We always had plenty of ham, bacon, mutton, chicken, pork, and all those good things to eat. On Sunday mornings we had hot food and coffee for breakfast. Sometimes we had waffles, or cakes, served with Georgia Cane Syrup raised on the



EUGENE LEE POUND
Son of Beatrice Lausia Pitts Pound and Newman Pound

plantation. This was the only hot.food served on Sundays. My grandfather was also very fond of fruit pies and especially sweet potato pie. He always kept on hand plenty of freshly baked pies and urged all the kids to eat all they could of them. They were even popular for breakfast when served with sweet milk.

I remember my grandfather's home very well, indeed. It was a rather stately country home, with wide verandas around the house, wide halls and stairways, and very large rooms. It was situated on a peak of a high hill, surrounded by valleys of fertile land on which was raised crops of the finest sugar cane, corn, cotton, rice, and sweet potatoes. Nearby was the large gin house, the copper syrup kettles, and a great fresh water mill pond which abounded in real fish. The people brought their products like corn to be ground into meal, cotton to be ginned, etc.

The syrup kettles once heated were used until practically the whole crop was run. The syrup mills pressed the juice from the cane, which was poured into brass or copper kettles. As each owner's cane was ground and turned into syrup, the crop of another neighbor's immediately started through the same process. They never stopped this work, running night and day, until the cane was exhausted. At night we could hear the darkies singing and having a good time generally. In the early morning, about day-light, they were given great quantities of hot coffee. Some of them had a few hours' sleep, and went back to work again on the same process.

South Georgia cane syrup is famous the world over. It sells for the best price, as the grinders keep the cane juice pure and undiluted. They take pride in what they do. I always keep a supply of Georgia cane syrup in each of my hotels and in my home.

When I was a small boy, the most popular game was Town Ball. The balls were similar to the modern baseball used today, except they were smaller and made of hard rubber. Every time one of these balls hit a runner, it made itself felt, generally followed by a howl from the boy who was hit, which was a part of the game. Another use we had for these balls was to use them to throw over high places like trees and buildings. We used to throw them over the Baptist Church in Drayton.

A New Life Begins

On August 17, 1872, my grandfather passed away. His plantation was sold. As his wife, Martha D. Pitts, had preceded him in death, September 23, 1868, the proceeds from the sale were divided between his heirs.

As my father had died before the death of my grandfather, this was the beginning of a new life for my mother and her three children, Jerome Baalam, Eugene Lee, and Martha Drucilla. My father was wounded four times during the War Between the States and sent to hospitals and home to recuperate from wounds which he had received in the battles fought mostly with the Army of Virginia. He was also wounded in the Battle of Gettysburg.

My father's brother, John H. Pound and his family lived in Barnesville, Georgia. Naturally my mother moved her family and home to Barnesville after the death of my grandfather.

My grandfather's home was located twenty miles from Montezuma, Georgia, the nearest railroad station, where we went to catch the train for Barnesville. Up to that time I had never seen a locomotive or a railroad train. It was certainly a great sight for me when our mule team drove into the little town of Montezuma, just after dark, and the approaching locomotive threw its head lights on me and our little party. It scared me and the mules half to death.

Our first destination on the way to Barnesville was Forsyth, Georgia, another little town near Macon, Georgia. We spent some time in Forsyth visiting my mother's aunt, Mrs. Lausia Peters.

After our visit there we continued to Barnesville, Georgia, which is about 38 miles from Macon and about 56 miles from Atlanta.

My grandfather left a comfortable estate. There were few banks in the small towns and country districts. Generally, the largest merchant in the town became the banker for all the people who moved into that territory. It was also the custom in those days for the people to deposit their money with the local merchant who gave them a receipt for it. Most of it was traded out. This was the story which I remember quite vividly, although I was a very small boy at that time.

The firm where my mother had her money deposited failed and went out of business. This left my mother, my brother, my

sister, and myself practically on our own resources, as little or nothing was ever recovered from the failure of this merchant. Then it was that my struggle for existence began.

Captain McMichael
My First Employer

I MUST say that Captain J. C. McMichael was a hard taskmaster. This was my first job with anyone and he certainly put me through. In addition to doing a full day's work, he made it a part of my job to read to him five nights a week, and this I did for about two years without any extra compensation. However, I did receive great personal benefit from this reading. The captain had very bad eyesight. He couldn't see very much in the daytime and a great deal less at night.

In his repertory or selection of books to read he included almost everything from the Bible down. History was one of his favorite subjects, also the sciences, medicine, poetry, etc. This proved to be a great thing for me, as I never had an opportunity to study these necessary parts of one's education before or since that time, and I have always appreciated Captain McMichael permitting me to read to him at night after having done a hard day's work for him.

Youthful Dreams

All youths have many and different ideas.

One night in December, when I was a very small boy, I sat in the station at Barnesville, Georgia, huddled around an open fire to keep warm. A man sat next to me who had a paper bag full of oranges. It seemed to me that he just deliberately ate them in such a manner to make them last a long time and also to make me want some of them very much. I was really relieved when I heard the train blowing and I left him, but I made up my mind that when I got to be a man I would own an interest in an orange grove and eat all of the oranges that I could eat.

Later, my father-in-law, Mr. W. J. Willingham, who owned several orange groves in Florida, invited me to visit him often, which I did, and I certainly did make up for lost time eating oranges. Before going to bed every night I would manage to consume at least a half dozen oranges and they were all good. I think I have gotten even with the world and this man who tantalized me so much by not offering me any of his oranges.

Another thing I had in my mind was that some day I would own and live in a fine home. The house that I lived in was a cottage, neat, clean and comfortable, but I had an idea that I wanted to own and live in the finest house in the community. This thought seemed to obsess me, and I have lived to practically see this come about.

During 1928 I erected a very beautiful home on one of the most marvelous sites to be found anywhere in the world, being built on the East Brow of Lookout Mountain, overlooking the City of Chattanooga and the surrounding country.

Another childish idea of mine was that I wanted to change my underwear every day. Like the other boys and youth of that period, I was forced to wear my one-piece suits of underwear for about a week, that is from Saturday of one week to Sunday of the next week. My uncle, John H. Pound, who lived in Barnesville at that time, was one of the most neatly dressed men I ever knew. Every day during summer he changed into a spotless white suit, beautifully laundered shirt, and freshly laundered underwear. This made a great impression on me and I promised myself many times that I would change my underwear every day as soon as I was able to do so. This has been accomplished. I own five hotels and four of them have laundries in them and this wish has been gratified.

I was always climbing high fences, getting on tops of high buildings, and climbing high trees. I always saw the reddest apple at the top of the apple tree and it was always my desire to get this apple. In other words, I always wanted everything to be the best that could be secured. One day I climbed a very high apple tree. In an effort to get the apple just out of my reach I fell, crashing through the tree to the ground and cracked one of my legs. This kept me from climbing for some time. It was a very serious accident. The doctors thought they should amputate the injured leg. I was taken on a twenty mile trip through the country to a surgeon in Montezuma, Georgia, for the purpose of having my leg amputated. Although I was only a very small boy, after I got to my destination I made up my mind that I would rather have a cracked leg than no leg at all, so I wouldn't let them operate. I have thanked the good Lord many times for making me stubborn. I was in bed about two years. I was especially fond of reading the New Testament. I read this Testament through twelve times keeping an accurate account of it. Although I was just a very small kid I could almost narrate it by heart.

Among other things that come to my mind about my desire to climb and jump was the fact that my grandfather owned a very large cotton gin. I liked to get in the cotton house and watch the cotton as it came out of the gin. I would have a great time jumping into this great pile of linted cotton. I took a great risk in this matter, because a number of times I came near being smothered with it and had to be pulled out by a rope. In other words, it seemed that my ambition was to fly high and let the consequences take care of themselves.

Like all boys, I also had a desire to ride in the cab of the different railroad locomotives. While I was publishing the Macon Evening News, I had a number of friends who were engineers working for the railroad. They would take me on the engines that had just gone through the shops and were being tested to see if they were in perfect condition. I was perfectly delighted, especially when we came near running over animals. I suppose in this way I took trips on at least fifty locomotives.

Like my grandfather, the Reverend Isaac Pitts, I have always been fond of going to church. I started when I was a little fellow and have been a church goer all of my life.

I Move from Barnesville to Macon, Georgia

For about two years I attended Gordon Institute, Barnesville, Georgia, which is one of the finest educational institutions in the South. Mr. William Reid Murphey, one of my relatives, was one of the principal founders of Gordon Institute afterwards called Gordon Military Academy.

When we lost our money I had to quit school. I went to work for Capt. J. C. McMichael, owner of the Barnesville Gazette, a country weekly newspaper which is still in existence. My salary for the first six months was fifty cents a week. For the next six months it was two dollars a week, and my largest salary from Capt. McMichael was eight dollars a month.

I set most of the type that appeared in the newspaper. I also cleaned up the premises. I carried water to the office from a well in the center of the town square, and did most of the chores. I fed the hand press which printed the newspaper, and every Thursday I had to work until about three or four o'clock in the morning. This was the hour when the newspapers were delivered in the town and those that went to the country districts were put in the mail. There was an incident there that I never forgot. In going to our home from the newspaper office I had to pass by an old cemetery. I don't know of anything that I hated to do worse. I was so frightened I whistled loud for courage.

These conditions were unbearable. I had to have money to support my family and myself. I went to Capt. Mack and told him that I wanted $12.50 a month or I was going to quit. Of course, he did not believe that I would leave my mother, my brother, and my sister, and with this idea probably in view he refused me this raise. I quit. I then made up my mind that I was going to a larger city, and I felt that I could take care of myself.

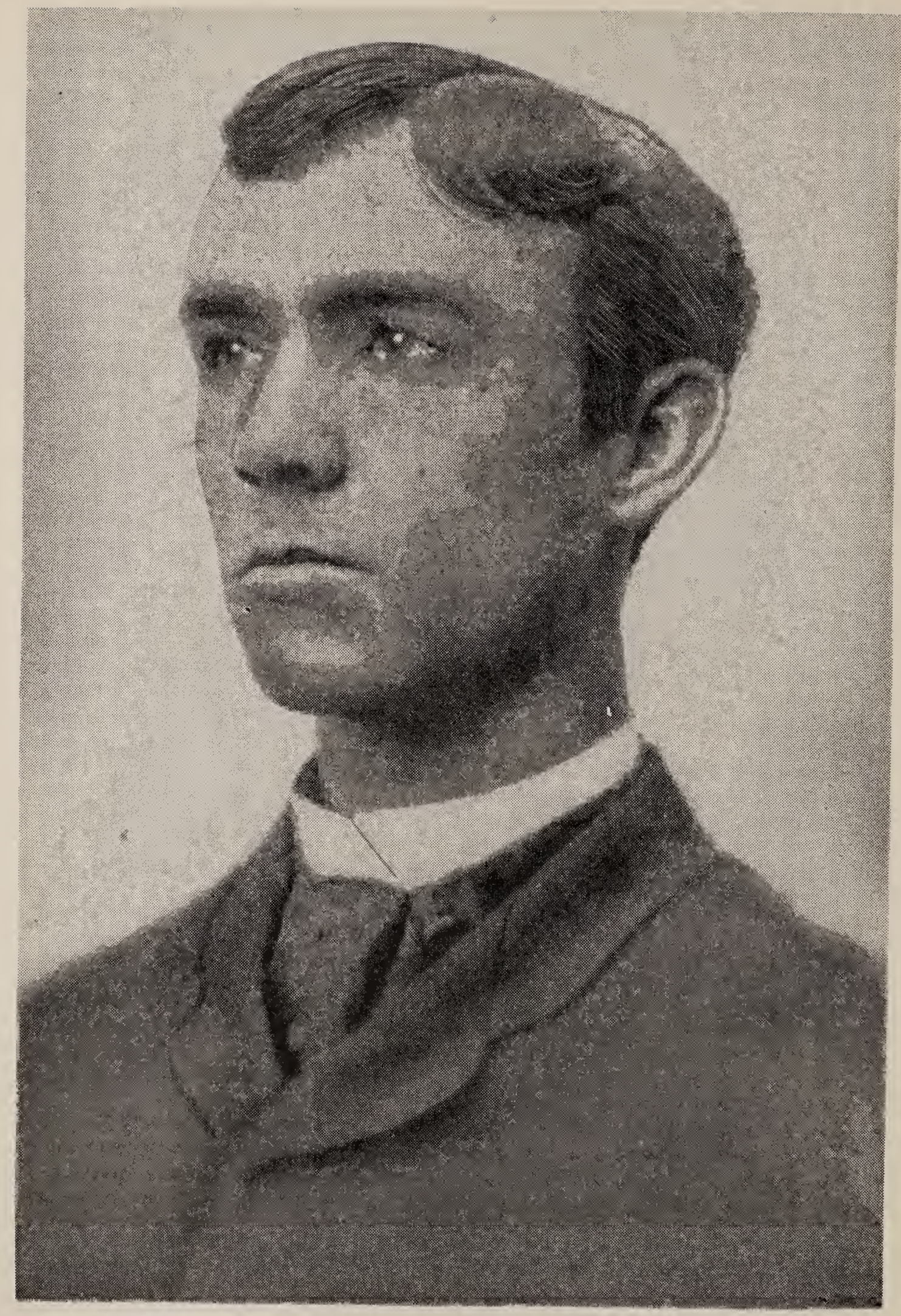
I well remember the afternoon I got on the "shoo-fly" train that was being operated by the Central of Georgia Railway between Atlanta and Savannah. My mother went to the depot with me. It was in December, a cold, gray day. Up to that time I had never owned an overcoat. The fact of the matter is that very few country boys owned overcoats. When the weather became very cold they wore their mothers' shawls. On this occasion I did not have an overcoat. It was very cold. My mother went with me up the steps of the coach. She took her shawl off of her own shoulders and put it over my shoulders. This was a moment

that I never forgot and never can forget. Instead of wearing the shawl around my shoulders I put it over my legs until the train arrived in Macon. I looked around to see if there was anyone looking at me before I left the coach, and being a very foolish boy, as it seems, I purposely left the shawl on the car seat. It was a very beautiful cashmere shawl. We don't have anything now like the shawls the people wore in those days. It took me a long time before I could tell my mother what became of her shawl. If I could find it now, and it was in good condition I would gladly pay a good price for it.

When I arrived in Macon, I secured a position on a weekly newspaper owned by a cousin of mine, Mr. Azmon A. Murphey, a member of the well known Murphey Family of Barnesville, Georgia. He paid me $12.50 a week in place of $12.50 a month which I had asked Capt. McMichael to pay me.

I had become a very efficient typesetter. In just a very few months I had an opportunity to get a good job setting type on the Macon Telegraph, the morning newspaper. A few weeks later I was assigned to handle the market quotations, which were received by telegraph, mostly in code. I quickly learned the codes, however, and soon had the best position in the composing room, which paid me about $40.00 a week.

In the meantime, I moved my mother, brother, and sister, from Barnesville to Macon. Mr. Harry Stillwell Edwards was one of the editors on the Macon Telegraph during my employment there. During that time Mr. Edwards married a very lovely young woman of the wealthy Lane family. After the wedding she came to the composing room and asked me if printers liked cake. I told her that as far as I was concerned I liked cake and I was sure every printer in the composing room would like to have some of her wedding cake. She brought it to us in abundance and we thoroughly enjoyed it. Mr. Edwards was a brilliant writer and won a $10,000.00 prize for one of his stories in the Chicago Daily News.



JEROME B. POUND at the age of 17

Jerome B. Pound launched the Macon Evening News at the age of sixteen years, with no publishing experience. This newspaper has been published continuously since its launching and is a prosperous and popular newspaper under the management of the Anderson brothers.

Central of Georgia Railway

During my life-time, much of which has been spent in Georgia, I have realized that one of the great factors in the state's development was the Central of Georgia Railway. Much of my time and activity as a business man was centered in both Macon and Savannah, terminals of the road when it was first built and completed.

This was, of course, long before my day, but the road's completion of the 191-mile line between Savannah and Macon marked the beginning of a new era for the entire southeast. It was in October, 1843 that the first train was operated. Macon's population was around 4,000 souls, white and colored, and in honor of this first appearance of a "smoky devil" and a train of cars, even the Indians were petrified with amazement. William Shiver's Central Hotel on Mulberry Street, Laniar's Washington Hall, and other inns and taverns were filled to overflowing. Politics were also at fever heat then for George W. Crawford, a Whig, had just defeated Mark A. Cooper, a Democrat, for governor in a close and bitter contest. But it wasn't of politics the milling crowds were thinking, but rather of the fact that the long-dreamed railroad was a reality, and that it was the longest railroad under one management in the entire world. Whiskey was bringing fifty-cents a gallon, hotels were charging $1.75 per night for a man and his horse, including lodging, supper and breakfast. The first president of the road was William Washington Gordon, in whose memory a huge monument stands on Bull Street, Savannah, in one of its many beautiful squares.

In my youth I can recall such officials of the Central as T. M. Cunningham, H. M. Comer, Mr. Egan, and others and, as I write this, I enjoy frequent contacts with T. M. Cunningham, Jr., Marion Wise, now president of the railroad, and others who are perpetuating the splendid policies of the Central.

A dramatic episode was when the Central of Georgia Railroad and Banking Company was placed in receivership at midnight. A Mrs. Rowena M. Clark, so the story goes, who was a widow residing in Charleston and owning fifty shares of stock,

filed a petition in the United States District Court for the Southern District of Georgia. Her attorney was Daniel W. Roundtree of Atlanta and the suit was against the Central of Georgia and against the Georgia Pacific Railroad Company, lessee. The basis of the suit, it was said, was a move to have the lease cancelled. Judge Emory Speer issued an order at midnight, March 4, 1892, naming General E. T. Alexander, then president of the company, as Receiver. Later the Circuit Court of Appeals denied the bill.

I had the privilege of making a trip from Barnesville to Macon on the first "Nancy Hanks" which ran between Atlanta and Savannah. At that time it was one of the fastest trains in this country. It was later discontinued because the roadbed and the rails were insufficient to carry a train that traveled as fast as this "Nancy Hanks."

In 1947 the Central of Georgia Railway placed in operation a new Nancy Hanks, covering the same territory as the first one. This train is far superior in every way to the original one. It is superbly equipped to serve its patrons. The people of this section are very proud of this train as they were of the first Nancy Hanks.



Emory Speer
A Great Southern Jurist

When I started my first newspaper, the Macon Evening News, in Macon, Georgia, I was very much impressed with the trial which was being held in the Federal Court Room with Judge Emory Speer presiding. This was the celebrated case of various people vs. Dodge who, for many years, owned thousands of acres of land in Dodge County, which was made up from a number of adjoining counties and named after Hon. William E. Dodge of New York City, who was a very wealthy man.

This was one of the most celebrated cases that was ever tried in a Southern Court and lasted nearly a half hundred years, when it was tried and disposed of finally by Judge William H. Barrett, District Judge of the Southern District of Georgia.

My memory has been refreshed by reading the History of Dodge County by Mrs. W. P. Cobb, which I have received from Lawton W. Griffin, of Eastman, Georgia.

This was a large parcel of land consisting of nearly a half million acres. On this property was millions of feet of the finest long leaf pine timber. The most impressive part of this story to me was the fact that the purchasers, that is Mr. Dodge and his partners, paid from six to ten cents an acre. There were millions of pine trees on this property, and I estimate that each pine tree was worth more than fifty cents. Another startling thing about this story was that during nine years the State of Indiana owned five hundred square miles of this Georgia land. Many people, including some of the best lawyers in the country, took the position that one State in the United States could not own land in another State. On this point, presiding Judge Speer made the following comment, which apparently settled the contention:

"It must be understood that when the State of Indiana bought these lands, it came as a subject and not as a sovereign. If the State of Indiana is to be regarded as an alien, it is laid down in Washburn on Real Property that an alien may purchase and hold lands against all the world except the State; and Briggs, Hall and Sleeper may not say with Louis XIV: 'I am the State.' (27 Fed. 160)."

There were many complications as to ownership and titles in the State and Federal Courts. There were hundreds of lawsuits about individual parcels of land, as well as the ownership of the land as a whole. Most of this land was used in carving the County of Dodge, which was named after Hon. William E. Dodge.

A large number of homes had been built on this property during these years, and some of the owners were surprised to find suit after suit filed against them on account of what they claimed unsound title. Many of these people were honest in their opinions and thought they had good titles, while others were known as squatters who squatted on the land and defied anyone to run them off.

After going through the State Courts for a period of nearly fifty years, the suits by agreement between a large number of litigants and even by agreement with the State Legislature of Georgia, were transferred to the Federal Court. After many years litigation in the Federal Court, the case was tried under the direction of Judge Emory Speer.

Most of the land was awarded to the Dodges, who made settlements with the claimants, which included many of the so-called "squatters."

Other cases that made history in Georgia included the trial of the Banks County Whitecappers when Judge Speer was District Attorney; the famous Green and Gaynor trials at Savannah when these men were charged with conspiracy and it was alleged that a man named Carter, an engineering corps officer, favored these men and assisted them in fleecing large sums of money from the government. After a three months' trial they were convicted.

Judge Speer was one of the most brilliant lawyers and jurists which we had on the bench. He was a very austere man and a very pompous kind of a fellow. I met him and used to talk with him when I was a young kid in Macon. I met him frequently in his court room where he held court. He acted and looked like a king. I was a great admirer of Judge Speer from the first time I saw him. He fascinated and awed me, and, as a young boy he made a profound impression upon me. In fact, while admiring him very much I was afraid of his great ability and power. You could see him any day riding up and down the streets of Macon and nearby highways on a beautiful horse, followed at a respectful distance by a well groomed colored man, on a good mount, who always kept his eyes on the judge. While horseback riding the judge was meticulously dressed in riding costume. Judge Speer was formerly a Congressman from one of the districts in North Georgia and was appointed by a Republican President to the office of Judge of the Middle Georgia District, with headquarters at Macon.

Judge Speer was noted for doing spectacular things. For instance, he would not permit anyone to sit down when he entered his court room. Everyone had to stand and receive his greeting before he would permit them to sit down, and he did not allow any interruptions in the court room, like eating peanuts, talking, etc. Lawyers, when talking together, often bring up the unique sayings and doings of this judge.

It is told that on one occasion an attorney representing a client in a case before Judge Speer was striding up and down in front of the witness box, thinking over the questions he would ask, and nervously clinking together some silver coins in his

pocket. The Judge became restive under this noise and asked: "Colonel, what is that in your pocket that is making a clinking noise?" "I have three silver dollars," admitted the attorney, pulling the money from his trousers. "Well, you can just pay them over to the clerk," ordered Judge Speer. This was done and the trial proceeded.

The First Successful Artesian Well in Georgia

When we lived on the farm in Dooley County, Georgia all the children especially, were subject to chills and fever at certain seasons every year. I well remember getting up in the morning and sitting in the sun. About ten o'clock the chill would start, which was followed by fever. At the end of the chill and fever season, the chills would disappear until the next season. This went on from year to year.

Many people had made experiments with the land and with the drinking water with the hope of finding some remedy or prohibitive of these chills and fever. One of the men who took a great interest in this matter and spent a lot of his own money was Colonel John P. Fort, a prominent citizen of Georgia who lived on one of his plantations, "Hickory Level," in the western part of Dougherty County, near Albany, Georgia. He bored the first artesian well in Georgia.

Where good drinking water was used, the chills and fever disappeared. Nearly all water which was used for drinking purposes in South Georgia was from what they called shallow wells. Some of these wells were not over fifteen feet deep and the average well was probably twenty or twenty-five feet deep. After the boring of this artesian well by Col. Fort, other deep wells were bored in many sections. This campaign started by Col. Fort revolutionized the health conditions in that section of Georgia and finally through its influence spread all through Florida and a good many sections where the water settled in puddles and attracted mosquitoes and things of that character. This not only kept sickness away, but through the advantage of good water, which was the result of Col. Fort's efforts, I have

understood that these lands increased in value many millions of dollars.

I remember once when I was motoring through a small town in South Georgia, which is a good little town on the main highway and railroad, I stopped at a filling station and asked for a drink of water. They pointed to a water cooler in the service station. As I put the cup to my lips, I happened to look down and there were many wiggletails in this water. These wiggletails caused many hours of sickness and perhaps deaths. I feel sure, however, that this condition does not exist anywhere at the present time in South Georgia, as today it is healthy. The land is cultivated and grows the finest cotton, corn, sugarcane, peanuts and also the finest tobacco in the world. Thanks, again, to Col. Fort, who, in my opinion, redeemed South Georgia through the boring of an artesian well in Dougherty County.

Mr. John P. Fort, Jr., has loaned me a copy of the book, "John Porter Fort—A memorial and Personal Reminiscences," written by Martha Fannin Fort, which contains full particulars about the boring of this well on his plantation in Dougherty County, Georgia, near the city of Albany.

It seems that for many years people had tried to dig artesian wells in the South, and throughout the West, but had made complete failures until after this well was started by Col. John P. Fort, who drilled it under the most hazardous, peculiar, and laborious circumstances. The well was started by Col. Fort and his associate, Mr. J. Marshall Johnston, a capitalist of Macon, Georgia, February 1, 1881. Work proceeded on this well until August 4, 1881 when water began flowing out of the well, coming from a depth of 547 feet. Col. Fort was the recipient of many honors from the people of Georgia and the entire South.

They did not at that time, however, realize the tremendous importance of this source of pure water into this vast territory where sickness prevailed and where Col. Fort followed the hunch in the belief that what this country needed was an abundance of pure water. Personally, I am very much surprised that the State of Georgia did not erect an enduring monument to Col. Fort's memory and build it on the grounds of the State capitol, in Atlanta, where it would be for all time to come a monument to his faith in the belief that he could secure pure water on his plantation in Georgia and especially South Georgia, where he lived for so many years.

Col. Fort not only secured this pure water for human beings, but also for stock and cattle of all kinds.

He also improved the land of Georgia for agricultural purposes, especially the raising of fruit. He grew apples that took prizes at the great horticultural Fairs, and astounded the people by showing them what the land could produce.

I am quoting the following from the book "John Porter Fort" which I consider most interesting and really very wonderful:

"During the boring of my artesian well, we drilled through a limestone stratum, eighty feet from the surface to one hundred and ten feet. When this stratum was reached, all the water which could be pumped down the pipe would disappear. I considered this a strange thing. I inquired of contractors in Albany and the neighborhood if they had met with similar strata. They informed me that they had. On receiving this information, I felt confident that water let down into this stratum from a pond would disappear. I became so interested in this proposition that I determined to make the experiment.

"This section of Dougherty County is not over two hundred feet above the sea level and has on it a great many shallow ponds which have no natural drainage and which, because of the flatness of the land, cannot be drained by ditching. Near the artesian well on my Hickory Level plantation there was a pond of this character. It was not over twelve feet deep and covered several acres of ground. I thought that this stagnant water contributed to the sickness of the place, and to the high death rate from malaria. Later scientific research concerning the mosquito has proved the connection of stagnant ponds and malaria.

"I determined to drain this pond into that subterranean limestone stratum eighty feet below the surface. I had a boat built and transported pine logs to the center of the pond, laid them in a square, building this up until it was above the surface. I then had a platform put upon this crib, connected a small derrick, made a large swinging maul, and drove a three-inch pipe down to the hard-rock stratum. I then attached a chisel to a two-inch pipe which was let down in the three inch one and cut the rock by continually raising it up and down, thus cutting through the rock until we reached that honeycombed stratum which I was looking for. When the chisel struck this porous rock it fell about two feet. A large quantity of air rose to the surface, startling the two negroes who were working on the chisel. The top of my

three-inch pipe was several short pieces screwed together. I now unscrewed and left open at the bottom of the pond the three-inch pipe. The roar of the water as it went into this subterranean cavity sounded like a small cascade. The water in the pond decreased gradually for about two weeks, when it disappeared. The drained bottom presented a remarkable sight—many fish, alligators, and trunks of ancient trees were exposed to the sun.

"This was a complete drainage and cost about one hundred and fifty dollars. By preventing the pipe from being stopped up with debris, the pond was kept successfully drained for several years. But finally, through the difficulties of keeping it open, as there were only negroes on the plantation, and because of general inattention, the pipe became stopped up and the pond filled again."

I regard Col. Fort as one of the real developers of South Georgia. He lived on his plantation in Georgia during the winter and in the summer he lived at his summer home at Mount Airy, Georgia. He was a genial, pleasant man and I was proud to call him my friend.

Col. Fort's son, John P. Fort, Jr., who married the daughter of Ex-Governor James B. Frazier of Tennessee, lives on Lookout Mountain. Mr. John P. Fort, Jr. is a newspaper man and also an author of much renown, having written and published several books. Mr. Fort's wife is the sister of Congressman James B. Frazier, who now represents the Sixth District of Tennessee in the National Congress.

Mr. John T. Boifeuillet and the Macon Evening Graphic

While living in Macon I met a very fine man by the name of John T. Boifeuillet, who was operating, as owner, the Macon Evening Graphic, Macon's only afternoon paper. He was a very fine man and seemed to take a fancy to me. He was not a practical man. He married Miss Nutting who had a fortune and he spent a big part of it in trying to establish this newspaper.

One day he came to me and told me that he had lost his money and he didn't know where in the world to go or where to turn, as he owed everybody and nearly everybody had his checks

which he promised to pay. He asked me to quit my job on the Macon Telegraph and come over with him on the Macon Evening Graphic. He stated that he would give me any position that he had at his command. At that time I was only about fifteen years old. I demurred at making this change because I knew, in the first place, that he did not have any money and that he was on the edge of failure. I knew also that if he put me, just a mere kid, in charge of the paper that his men, most of whom were mature men, would walk out because they looked upon me as just an upstart of a boy. In fact, the printers told Mr. Boifeuillet that if he put a kid like me over them they would walk out and that would be the end of the Macon Evening Graphic.

When Mr. Boifeuillet talked with me about it I said, "You probably won't lose anything by letting them quit but I probably will be able, if I stay there awhile, to find out something about where your money went."

Everything turned out just as I expected. I soon discovered that the majority of these men were stealing from him $100.00 to $250.00 a week. These men denied it at first but when it came to a show-down they acknowledged it.

Mr. Boifeuillet asked them to meet him at eight o'clock at night in the office of Dr. J. M. Mason, a very fine man and the leading dentist in the city of Macon. He warned them not to try to get out of town, telling them if they did he would follow them with the officers of the law wherever they went. Of course, he felt very bitter toward them at first, but he had a very kind heart.

We had the meeting. I was very much frightened, because I did not know what they might do to me, knowing that their liberty was in jeopardy and I was the only person by whom Mr. Boifeuillet could prove what they had done. They were, of course, anxious to get me out of the way. Mr. Boifeuillet also had the chief of police at the meeting. We went over the matter thoroughly. The men confessed their misdeeds and there was considerable silence. Mr. Boifeuillet had the chief of police, Dr. Mason, and one or two other friends advise him what to do. I could see his face at that time for many many years afterwards. Tears came into his eyes. Finally he turned to me and said, "Jerome Balaam Pound, I'm going to let you be the judge and jury as to the fate of these men."

When you consider at that time I was just a mere shaver almost fifteen years old and that I could, at my suggestion, have sent those men to jail for many years, you can realize the tremendous responsibility I faced. I tried to get out of it, but Mr. Boifeuillet insisted that I be the judge and jury.

I knew these men. I knew their wives and children. I stepped out of the office for a few minutes to make up my mind just what I would do or say to them. When I returned to the office I addressed these men just as you would address a court and jury. I gave them the best lecture that I could possibly give. I told them what they had done to their benefactor, Mr. Boifeuillet, that they had stolen from him, that they had taken the bread out of the mouths of his wife and children, and that they had succeeded in breaking him and ruining his business. I told them that this was the hardest job that anybody in the world could have. I said, "Men, I don't want to see you go to jail, many of you for from five, ten, or thirty years. You don't deserve any consideration, but your families will suffer more than you could possibly suffer if you were put in jail for all these years." Then I turned around and said, "Mr. Boifeuillet, Dr. Mason, Mr. Chief of Police, I can't be the cause of these men going to jail. They deserve every punishment that they could get, but I'm thinking about their wives and children. If you mean what you say, you will tell them this verdict—that they must leave Macon just as soon as possible, and if they are caught in Macon or Bibb County ever afterwards they are to come into Court, confess their sins, and take their sentence accordingly."

This was quite a surprise to all of them, so they said. It was then about ten o'clock at night. There were eight or ten men in the crowd. They went into a huddle and by a vote accepted the proposition of banishment that I suggested, which was approved by Mr. Boifeuillet, Dr. Mason, and the Chief of Police. Every one of these men left Macon before sunrise, and so far as I know not one of them ever returned.

A Young Coal Dealer

While living in Macon, when I was about fourteen years old, I conceived the idea of selling coal, having met a very smart coal dealer who represented an East Tennessee mine. In connection with my other work I ordered coal by the carload. I think it was selling then for about $15.00 a ton delivered. I sold it at retail, or rather it was delivered to the purchaser from the car. I did not have any office and had no selling expense. I made a very nice profit on a large number of cars of coal. As long as these cars did not run into great proportions the other coal dealers, who paid licenses, did not kick for they knew I was trying to make an honest living. When the volume of sales increased, however, the coal dealers went before the City Council and had them stop me. The Chief of Police told me that if I wanted to continue in this business I would have to take out a license, rent a coal yard, and do business like the other coal dealers. I, of course, discontinued selling coal and have never sold any coal since that time.

Macon Evening News
Macon, Georgia

In another chapter of this book I told about my connection with the Macon Evening Graphic, Mr. Boifeuillet's paper, and its failure.

This paper went into bankruptcy and the printing outfit was stored. A short while after this time the thought occurred to me that I should endeavor to buy this equipment and continue the publication of an afternoon paper in Macon. I went to see the attorneys representing the companies who had mortgages on the physical property of the Macon Evening Graphic and succeeded in buying the equipment with no cash payment and the balance in small monthly payments over a period of four or five years.

At the age of sixteen years I started the Macon Evening News. I had a capital of only $8.00, which I paid to a Jewish paper dealer named Wolfe for enough newspaper to print five

hundred copies of the Macon Evening News for six consecutive days.

I conceived the idea of delivering the paper six days to the homes in Macon and surrounding country for the price of ten cents a week. Later, a large number of newspapers adopted this system of handling their circulation. I also conceived the idea of collecting weekly for the advertising. This was the first time that this was done so far as I ever knew. I did this because at the end of each week I had to collect for the subscriptions and for the advertising in the paper to enable me to continue its publication.

The equipment of the Macon Evening Graphic which I purchased was a very good newspaper outfit. It did not have any typesetting machines, but it did have a rotary press which was operated by manpower, and turned out newspapers at the rate of about 1200 an hour.

It took a lot of manpower to run this printing press an hour or two every day. Frequently I sent out in all the sections of Macon trying to get some colored man who had the nerve and strength to stand up and turn this press around for an hour without stopping. I remember one time I found a colored man who was of giant size. I immediately asked him, "My good man, would you like to have a job for two or three hours?" His reply was, like nearly all the previous replies I received, "Boss, what kind of a job do you want to give me?" My answer was, "Well, I own this new newspaper that's just been started. I want someone to turn the press." Then he shook his head and said, "No, Boss, that thar machine has already killed more niggers in Macon than thar are here now. You'll just have to 'scuse me." Help became so hard to get that I had to put in steam power to operate the press.

I successfully published the Macon Evening News for five years. I not only received enough money from the paper's earnings to carry on for five years, but at the expiration of that time I had an opportunity to sell it, which I did to Mr. E. C. Machen, who built several short line railroads running into Macon from the surrounding country. He paid me $5,000.00 for this paper and its good-will. It had no other property. Mr. Machen was backed by Mrs. Gould, a member of the famous Jay Gould family.

I believe that I accomplished some things during that period

that probably were never equalled or surpassed by anyone else, especially a young boy. Shortly after starting this paper I had an opportunity to secure the lease on the Macon Telegraph Building, which had housed that morning paper for thirty or forty years. A Mr. Campbell, a wholesale liquor dealer of Macon, had purchased the stock of the Macon Telegraph. Prior to the sale of the Macon Telegraph stock to Mr. Campbell the owners of the Macon Telegraph had built a new building on Cherry Street. It was generally understood that Mr. Campbell would move the Macon Telegraph into the new building. Mr. Campbell decided, however, that he did not want to move the newspaper and said he wanted to stay in the old location which he considered much better. Having secured a lease on the old Macon Telegraph Building I expected to move my Macon Evening News into this building. The Macon Telegraph had to move. Every effort was made by the new owner of the Macon Telegraph to make me voluntarily give up my lease. I would not do this, as I felt that there was a good profit in it and I needed the money. Mr. Campbell offered me $1,000.00 for the lease. I refused it. I stood firm on the matter and sold this lease to Mr. Campbell for $3,000.00. I was my own broker and received $1,000.00 cash and $2,000.00 in notes, payable $100.00 each month with interest. I sold the Campbell notes to I. C. Plant & Son, bankers in Macon.

During these five years I did a large part of the work on the Macon Evening News. I helped set the type, wrote many of the editorials, did reporting, and daily attended police court for news. When the carrier failed to appear to deliver the papers I took them under my arms and delivered them to their destination. I often was so tired when I arrived home from one of these journeys that I could hardly walk. I worked from four o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night for five years, including Sundays. My mother prepared each one of my meals and sent them to me at the office by a colored boy. My brother, Eugene Lee Pound, who died at an early age, gave me a great deal of help in the establishment of the Macon Evening News.

A Bit of Personal History

My name is "Jerome Balaam Pound." A great many people have asked me where I got the name Balaam. This is the story—

My mother was the favorite niece of an aunt, Mrs. Lausia Peters, who lived in Jones County, Georgia, whose husband was named Balaam Peters. She asked my mother to name me "Balaam" for her husband, stating that if she would do so, she would will me $1,000.00 at her death. My mother named me "Jerome Balaam Pound." The name "Jerome" was for my mother's only brother, Jerome Pitts, and "Balaam" for her aunt's husband, Balaam Peters.

When I was about eighteen years old, and lived in Macon, Georgia, and was publishing my first newspaper, the Macon Evening News, I was notified by the Ordinary of Jones County, which adjoins Bibb County where I lived, that my great-aunt, Mrs. Lausia Peters, had died and that she had made a request that I administer her estate. Of course, this was something new to me. I was not out of my teens and I looked around to get a good lawyer. I selected Mr. N. E. Harris, a man who stood well at the top of the bar in Macon, Georgia. Mr. Harris advised me of my duties. I was appointed executor of the estate and afterwards I collected the $1,000.00 she had willed to me.

It was very lucky for me, however, that this incident occurred, as Mr. Harris became a great friend of mine. He advised me in legal matters until I moved to Chattanooga where I changed my attorney to Alexander W. Chambliss. I kept up with Mr. Harris, however. He was a native Tennessean. He was born and lived near Jonesboro, Tennessee. He was a great friend of the Taylor family, known all over America.

It was a hobby of Mr. Harris to secure an appropriation from the State Legislature of Georgia to establish a technological school for the State of Georgia. In order to push this matter, he was elected as a member of the Georgia Legislature. He was appointed Chairman and head of the technological school building program. The Georgia School of Technology, generally known as "Georgia Tech," was built largely and almost solely through his interest in the boys of Georgia whom he thought needed a place where they could be educated in a way that would make them able to earn their living throughout their lives.

Later Mr. Harris was elected Governor of Georgia for two terms.

He always made it a habit to take his vacation at his old home place in Tennessee. On account of the railroad schedule he nearly always had to stop in Chattanooga for the night to make train connections. Rarely did he ever go through Chattanooga without calling me up or coming to see me. I valued the friendship of Nat E. Harris as one of the best of my career.

Early Experiences in Macon

In my early beginning in the newspaper business in Macon I had many experiences and pitfalls. I remember one thing that gave me a considerable amount of worry. When one of the big cotton mills had a boiler explosion, a statement was made in one of the articles in my newspaper, the Macon Evening News, that it was the fault of the company and the president of the company because he had been notified that the boiler was leaking and that he paid no attention to it, hence the explosion and the loss of one or more lives. Of course, the statement had been inadvertently made and printed and should not have been published, as I had been misinformed. Major J. F. Hansen, a good citizen of Georgia at that time, was president of the Bibb Cotton Mills. He threatened all kinds of lawsuits against me and, of course, I was glad to apologize and do the manly and honorable thing about it. I don't think Major Hansen ever liked me after this time and I didn't blame him for it.

While I had many friends in Macon, many people thought I was just a young upstart. They thought I was trying to show myself off and was trying to do things that had never been done before and things which they thought were impossible. I was very polite. I took off my hat to every man I met and, of course, to all the ladies.

One day I went into the office of a photographer named Pugh. I remember him very well. He was a gentleman about seventy or seventy-five years old. He had a huge mustache and little or no hair on his head. When I went in and introduced myself to him and told him that I was the publisher of the Macon Evening

News and wanted to get an advertisement of his business for my paper, he, like some others, laughed at me. He said, "Look here, son, most people do laugh at you for many reasons. You are too youthful looking. You should make people think you are much older. Otherwise they will not give you the consideration you are due and credit for the efforts which you are making to establish the Macon Evening News." I thought a great deal about what Mr. Pugh had to say. I asked him how this could be done. His suggestion made me realize that if I could look older, people would pay more attention to me and not think I was just a boy who didn't know what he was doing. Then he said, "Come over here and sit down in my chair." I went over and sat in his chair. He stood back of it. He said, "You can grow a large mustache and grow it quickly. You have the proper temperament, a fine condition of the skin, and if you will let me undertake it, I will do the work. Within sixty or ninety days I'll make you look five to ten years older." So, many afternoons after accepting his proposition I went up to see Photographer Pugh. He sat me down in a chair, fixed up something like a barber's chair, and began to massage my face. He first brought out sideburns. Later when I told him I would rather have a very large mustache he kept massaging my upper lip, and I grew perhaps the largest mustache ever owned by any man in the country. In fact, it was larger than the huge mustache worn by Emperor Wilhelm II, of Germany. I found that this transition from youth to manhood made me very much more impressive and was worth a great deal to me. Mr. Pugh also was gratified, and we both had a good time and many hearty laughs over it. I finally said to him, "What do I owe you?" He said, "Nothing, but I tell you what you can do, if you can transplant your mustache to the top of my bald head, we'll call it quits."



MADELINE PALMER POUND
First Wife of Jerome B. Pound

My Marriage to Madeline Palmer

I HAVE been married twice. My first marriage was to Madeline Palmer, of Green's Cut, Burke County, Georgia. The wedding took place at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. Virginia Palmer, who lived at the home owned by her late husband, Dr. John Turner Palmer. Madeline's father had died some time before the wedding. Father Pentegast, a well known and popular Priest, performed the ceremony. I was a Baptist and she was a converted Catholic, and we had to get permission from the Catholic Church authorities before the ceremony could be performed by a Priest.

I first met Madeline at a Church Fair operated by the Catholic Sisters in Macon, Georgia. These fairs were very popular and were well attended. Later, I had the opportunity of seeing her two or three times at Mount de Sales Academy. We lived very near Mount de Sales Academy, where Madeline went to school. We threw notes to each other over the high brick wall that surrounded the place. Of course, I was very impetuous and wanted to get married before she graduated, but we did not marry until after her graduation from Mount de Sales Academy. We married in 1885, and after a nice honeymoon we settled down at my home with my mother, my younger brother, and my sister. My sister, however, did not remain at home very long, as she taught school out of town. She was very fond of Madeline, and Madeline was very fond of her. My sister was a member of the Baptist Church in Macon, but through the association and influence of Madeline, she became a devoted Catholic and a Nun.

Our first child, Jerome Gordon Pound, was born in Macon, Georgia. We moved to Chattanooga in 1888 and brought Gordon with us. He was a very fine little fellow and, of course, was a great joy to us. Prior to that time, my mother died—July 22, 1886, and my brother died the next September—which occurred before we left Macon and moved to Chattanooga.

Five children were born from this marriage, and were named as follows:

Jerome Gordon Pound
Aloysius Ferdinand Pound
Kathleen Madeline Pound
Carmelite Mercedes Pound
Virginia Palmer Pound



Children of Madeline Palmer Pound and Jerome B. Pound
Top: Jerome Gordon Pound
Center: Carmelite Mercedes Pound and Kathleen Madeline Pound
Bottom: Virginia Palmer Pound

We spent three years in Knoxville, Tennessee, and about two years after we left Chattanooga my wife became ill and died in Knoxville. Her body was carried to Macon, Georgia, our old home, and buried in Rose Hill Cemetery.

Recently I wrote to Sister Mary Aquin, who has been a teacher at Mount de Sales Academy for many years, and who knew Madeline probably better than any Sister there. In a recent letter, she wrote me the following tribute:

"Madeline Palmer, your beautiful, gifted wife, Gordon's mother, I remember her very well. She arrived at Mount de Sales as a boarding student in 1880 (September) and remained until 1885, her graduation year, always bright and happy, always a prime favorite with Sisters and girls.

"I graduated in 1882 in the first graduating class of Mount de Sales, so I was closely associated with her as a schoolmate and as a young Sister, and later on when she lived in Macon, as your happy, devoted wife.

"Madeline had every characteristic of gentle birth."

Madeline was a very devoted wife and mother, and she never hesitated to do what she thought was right. She was a lovely woman and a fine friend to those who were in need of help.

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Sister M. Aloysius
My Only Sister

Sister M. Aloysius, my only sister, was born in a Baptist family and in the Baptist denomination. Her grandfather was the Reverend Isaac Pitts, a Baptist preacher, who served four churches in or near Drayton, Dooley County, Georgia, for forty years.

When our mother died, Sister Aloysius, who loved her very dearly, was heartbroken, and as the months passed after the death of our mother, she became more closely attached to my wife, Madeline Palmer Pound, whom she had known when Madeline was a student at Mount de Sales Academy in Macon. We lived near the Convent and the Sisters of Mercy at Mount de Sales were exceedingly nice to her and my sister became deeply devoted to them. In a comparatively short time, she embraced the Catholic Faith and for more than forty years was a



SISTER M. ALOYSIUS POUND
Only Daughter of Beatrice Lausia Pound and Newman Pound, and
Sister of Jerome B. Pound

member of the Catholic Church in Macon and a teacher in the school there, conducted under the joint supervision of the City School Department and the Catholic Sisters. She was a very remarkable woman in many ways.

She was a great admirer of most Rev. Gerald P. O'Hara, who formerly occupied the position of Bishop of Georgia. Since World War II he has been serving on the Staff of the Pope in Rome, doing special duties. At the present time, Bishop O'Hara is located in Bucharest, Roumania.

Sister Aloysius was always very fond of boys and taught them almost exclusively. Many of her former pupils are prominent citizens of Macon, Georgia and other southern cities, and are held in highest esteem.

Sister Aloysius died December 1, 1943 and is buried in the Sisters of Mercy lot in Riverside Cemetery, Macon, Georgia, a stone's throw from Rose Hill Cemetery where her mother and other dear ones sleep in peace.

Seeking a New Location

Shortly before my 21st birthday I arrived in Chattanooga. I was undecided whether I would remain in Chattanooga or select some point in the Middle West or Southeast. I arrived in the city on a Sunday about one o'clock via the W. and A. Railroad and went across the street to The Read House, where I spent one or more days looking over the city, suburbs, and its environments. As soon as I had lunch I took a street car, drawn by mules, connecting the city with St. Elmo and the Old Incline going up Lookout Mountain. It was a very small car, holding perhaps about twenty people. When I reached the Incline Station, located at that time near the Chattanooga Medicine Company, I took the incline car to a place called the "Point Hotel," which overlooked the entire valley. The hotel had comfortable benches on the verandas where their guests and would-be guests would sit for hours, looking at the beautiful scenery and amusing themselves as they saw fit.

I spent about four or five hours there; in fact, I sat on one bench until the lights of the city began to flicker. I was especially

impressed with a city which had such a marvelous place overlooking it. Immediately I made up my mind that I would not look for any other place in which to live but would locate in Chattanooga and live on Lookout Mountain.

The next morning I called at the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce. At that time Mr. John C. Grant was president and Capt. B. L. Goulding was secretary and manager of the Chamber of Commerce. I found both of these gentlemen very courteous. I told them that I expected to try to buy The Chattanooga Sun, an afternoon paper, which had been published in Chattanooga for about 2 years by a gentleman from Kansas. I also told them if I couldn't buy it, I was going to start a new afternoon paper in Chattanooga. They both advised me strongly against locating in Chattanooga for this purpose. They called my attention to the fact that many newspapers had started in Chattanooga and failed, and I would probably have the same fate.

I immediately called on the gentleman who owned the Chattanooga Sun. I told him that I wanted to buy his newspaper. He did not seem to be very much interested when I told him that if he did not sell out to me that I would start an afternoon newspaper anyway. Finally, he asked me to see him the next day. However, at that time he said he would be willing to sell at a price, which I considered very exorbitant. I felt that with my experience in Macon, Georgia, I could establish a newspaper that would be a winning one in Chattanooga for less money than he quoted.

I brought with me three or four of the boys that I used in operating the Macon Evening News, among them the late Ed Cherry, and started an active circulation campaign. We secured in Chattanooga and the surrounding country approximately eighteen hundred subscribers.

Then I got in touch again with the owner of the afternoon paper. He said he would not reduce his price and that I could start the new publication immediately. However, things rocked along for about a couple of weeks. He kept in touch with what we were doing, and when he saw we were hustlers and intended to come into Chattanooga and stay, he offered to reduce his price very considerably. I told him that it was too late, as I had already bought my equipment which was all new and modern. I suggested to him that he move his equipment back to Kansas where he came from and where he had a better chance of establishing a

paying enterprise. Then he tried to bargain with me. I finally told him that I was not interested in purchasing any part of his equipment. In about two weeks he took my advice, or suggestion, and moved his equipment back to Kansas, and I had the field to myself.

I was very much surprised that the President and Manager of the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce at that time would discourage any industrious young fellow from locating in the city, as getting new citizens was a big part of their jobs. Many readers of this book will remember Captain B. L. Goulding. His greatest claim to fame was that his brother was the author of a boys' book called "The Young Marooners," which had a tremendous sale.

I continued the publication of the Chattanooga News for a period of about twenty years, finally selling it. It would take many volumes to record what happened during these twenty years and the ups and downs which followed my entering the Chattanooga newspaper field.

The only other daily newspaper in Chattanooga at that time was the Chattanooga Times, owned and controlled by Mr. Adolph S. Ochs who had been publishing the paper, and a good one, for several years. Mr. Ochs had an idea, however, that he had the exclusive claim on the Chattanooga newspaper field, and he was a good fighter. At that time afternoon newspapers had no chance to get Associated Press service. The Associated Press was organized by Mr. Ochs and several other owners of morning newspapers. At that time there were two Associated Press organizations, one in the north and one in the south. Mr. Ochs and the owners of several other daily newspapers organized the Southern Association, at a meeting in Atlanta. Afterwards the two associations were combined under the title of the Associated Press.

Each newspaper was given veto power whereby no other newspaper could get the use of the Associated Press news without the consent of the newspaper which was already using the Associated Press news and held a so-called veto power for the exclusive use of this news. I tried every way in the world to get the Associated Press members to change this veto clause in their by-laws, and give the Chattanooga News a membership in the Associated Press but could not get them to do so. Recently, the multimillionaire, Marshall Field, went into the courts under the

Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and after securing prominent lawyers to conduct the case and spending a large sum of money, reputed to be $700,000.00, the Supreme Court decided that, under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, this so-called veto power was illegal. After defending this so-called veto power for several years, the association members decided to change this by-law in their constitution, which had been declared by the court as being illegal under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. The court gave Mr. Field the right to purchase news of the Associated Press, and be a member of the association under the same terms and conditions as other members.

One of the last tilts I had with the Associated Press Organization was in Chicago, May 17, 1898, when we appeared before the Association and made our final fight to get the news service. Mr. A. W. Chambliss, a very fine man and lawyer, had been my attorney for a number of years. He had charge of my case in this fight, but we did not have the money to pursue it. The members of the Associated Press knew that. They passed a resolution referring our application for full membership in the Association to Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, Chairman of a Special Committee. I understand the committee never reported. This was the last fight which I made for this franchise.

Later, however, I got the use of the Associated Press, with the grace of Mr. Ochs. The terms and conditions under which we used the service of the Associated Press was that if the Chattanooga Times wanted to start an afternoon newspaper, they could also have the privilege of using this Associated Press service both day and night. Of course, this was a threat to our very existence but we had to acquiesce. We had started a Sunday morning edition, "The Chattanooga Sunday News." Mr. Ochs threatened to start an afternoon newspaper if we did not cease to issue our Sunday morning edition. Mr. Ochs went so far as to put the name of the "Afternoon Times" on the windows of the Times Building fronting Georgia Avenue. By agreement with Mr. Ochs I discontinued publishing our Sunday morning edition, and Mr. Ochs withdrew his threat to publish an afternoon newspaper.

Many years after I sold the Chattanooga News, the Chattanooga Times did start an afternoon paper. I understand it cost them a lot of money, which I have heard has been estimated at

No. _____

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP

This is to Certify That J. B. Pound

is a member of The Associated Press and, as such, is entitled to a news report of The Associated Press solely for publication in the Chattanooga News an Evening newspaper published in the English language at Chattanooga, Tennessee upon and subject to the payment of such dues and assessments as may be fixed and apportioned therefor by the Board of Directors, and also subject to the obligation on the part of said member, in accordance with the By-Laws to furnish for the use of the Corporation the news of the following described territory, viz: The City of Chattanooga, Tennessee and within a radius of fifty miles therefrom.

The said member, in accordance with the provisions of Article III of the By-Laws and subject to the limitations contained in Section 2 of said Article, shall have the right to protest against the election by the Board of Directors of any member representing any Evening newspaper published in the City of Chattanooga, Tennessee, or within a radius of fifty miles from the City of Chattanooga, Tennessee, except as to the election of a member representing an evening paper owned and published by the proprietors of the Chattanooga Times.

The said member has signed the Roll of Members and assented to the By-Laws and has become and is in all respects subject to and bound by the said By-Laws. This Certificate of Membership shall not be transferable except to some other owner or part owner or to some other executive officer of the owner of the said Chattanooga News. Such transfer, however, shall entitle to membership only after the transferee shall have complied with all the prerequisite conditions to membership imposed by the By-Laws.

In Witness Whereof, the Corporation has caused this Certificate to be signed by its President and its Secretary, at New York City, New York, this twenty ninth day of September 1900

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Frank B. Noyes, President

Melville E. Stone, Secretary



Officers and employees of the Chattanooga Evening News in the year 1891 when located at 607 Market Street, Chattanooga. Those recognized are as follows: J. B. Pound, President and Manager, William M. Bearden, Secretary and Treasurer, R. H. Hart, Sr., Henry J. Stewart, Lon A. Warner, George Hatcher, Frank Hobbs, Sam Treece, Henry Wiltse, Houston R. Harper, William Dixon, Hugh Bearden, R. J. Adair, Ed Cherry, Ed Hale, and S. C. Peeples, a visitor. (★ J. B. Pound)

$200,000.00, which preceded a merger or joint operation of the Chattanooga Times and the Chattanooga News-Free Press.

The Chattanooga Times and the Chattanooga News-Free Press are now being published in the former News building to which an addition has been made, using the same facilities, such as type-setting machines, and a press that cost nearly $100,000.00.

Moving My Family from Macon to Chattanooga

When I decided to make Chattanooga my home I returned to Macon for my family, consisting of my wife and young son, Gordon. We moved to Lookout Mountain for the summer and lived at the Point Hotel, which was one of the most picturesquely located hotels to be found anywhere in the world. It was practically built on and among the rocks overlooking Moccasin Bend, Tennessee River, and the City of Chattanooga. A balcony ran all around the hotel. My son, Gordon, had somewhat of the same characteristics that I had as a boy, that is, loved to run, jump and climb, and was also quite adept for riding tricycles. He had a new tricycle and he raced around the balcony at great speed and several times he came very near having accidents to himself and others. He kept his mother and me always uneasy about what might happen to him. However, he passed over the first summer on the mountain with a whole skin and no very bad bruises.

This is where I first met two men whom I always loved and who were among my best friends. One of them was Thomas R. Preston, who is still active and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Hamilton National Bank in Chattanooga, the other was Gus Meehan. Mr. Meehan was president of the Ross-Meehan Foundries and also president of Meehanite Metal Corporation. He was a director of several other corporations including the Hamilton National Bank. Before he came to Chattanooga he was interested in the gold mining and smelting business in Mexico, where he made a fortune. Mr. Meehan died April 15, 1933, and his passing was much lamented by me and also the people of

Chattanooga. Mr. Meehan left a large part of his fortune to Mr. A. Lee Read, one of his favorite nephews.

Point Hotel on account of its age and its position on the very point of the mountain was condemned and the material in it sold to various parties. It was never replaced. This property was later sold to the United States Government and is now a part of the Government's Park System.

On a part of this site also stands the Ochs Memorial built by and named for Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, who was the owner of the Chattanooga Times when I arrived in Chattanooga.

Having started in business in Macon, Georgia with a capital of only eight dollars, but with high hopes and ambition to make good, I was looking ahead and my ambition was to own a good paying newspaper, my own home, and a building for my own newspaper, all paid for. I am glad to say that I succeeded in all three ambitions.

The Chattanooga Evening News

The Chattanooga News was first located at 21 Market Square. The second location was at 607 Market Street, and the third location was at 106 East Eighth Street, in the Adams Block. The fourth location was at the southeast corner of Georgia Avenue and Tenth Street, where I built a beautiful little building with large plate glass windows in front and on the side. The large printing press could be seen through these windows. This press which turned out the newspapers at the rate of thirty or forty thousand an hour could be seen from the sidewalks and street, and there was always a crowd around when they heard the humming of the press.

At this point in my life, I thought I had realized my ambition. I had accomplished what I thought was all that I wanted. I had no debts, my home was paid for, my newspaper was paid for, and I also had paid for this beautiful little building. Having accomplished this, however, I felt that I was capable of tremendous additional developments. At this time I had confidence in myself. I thought that nothing could ever keep me down and I said to myself that I had just started in life's activities.

I had purchased the lot at Tenth Street and Georgia Avenue from the Stone Fort Land Company. I soon found that the building at Tenth Street and Georgia Avenue was too small for the Chattanooga News and what I believed to be its certain future growth. I made a trade with the Stone Fort Land Company to sell them this property, for which they paid me $15,000.00 cash plus the lot at the corner of "A" and Eleventh Streets (now Lindsay and East Eleventh Street).

I built at that time the most modern and tallest building in the City of Chattanooga as another home for my newspaper. This building was eight stories high and built mostly of brick and steel and cost nearly $100,000.00. The newspaper occupied three floors of this building and other parts of the building were rented to architects, builders, lawyers, etc. Among my first tenants were A. W. Chambliss, J. B. Sizer, and Robert Pritchard, one of the largest and best law firms in Chattanooga. R. H. Hunt & Company had offices in the building, and also among the first tenants were several builders of note, who had been attracted to Chattanooga by its splendid location.

The Pound Building was dedicated with a banquet which was served on the eighth or top floor of the building. Many distinguished citizens of Tennessee and other states attended. Mr. H. M. Wiltse, a distinguished newspaper man and dean of the newspaper profession in Chattanooga was toastmaster.

Hon. John I. Cox, then Governor of Tennessee was the principal speaker. I regret that Governor Cox passed away on the first day of October, 1948. He was a grand man, who loved his friends and whose friends loved him. His loyalty to them was undisputed. He made an outstanding Governor of Tennessee.

When I sold the Chattanooga News it had reached a point where the basement of the building where the large press was located was too small for a larger press and the growth of the paper. My successors occupied the building for several years under a lease contract. They erected a building on Tenth Street, near the corner of Lindsay Street, and moved to the new location.

I had several managers of the Pound Building, among them John M. Burger and J. Garnett Andrews. Mr. Burger worked for me about thirty-five years. He was critically injured one dark, rainy night by running his automobile into the viaduct on East Eleventh Street under the Southern Railway tracks and

died within a few hours at Erlanger Hospital. Mr. Andrews is now the General Manager of the Hotel Patten and is my assistant in the operation of my hotels.

There are several things I especially remember about this Pound Building, which I erected with day labor. When I was having the foundation built, Mr. Robert Hooke, the City Engineer, came by and talked with me for some little time. We were having difficulty getting a supply of gravel and rock with which to build the foundation walls. Mr. Hooke made the suggestion that instead of using the scarce materials, that I build the foundation of this building with cinders mixed with the right kind of sand and cement. This I did, and I believe that this is the only building of this kind of construction ever put up in Chattanooga. It has stood all the storms and winds of many years and is now as sturdy as it was when it was built. Someone started the story that the building was unsafe because when high winds came, the building would rock. Mr. Hooke replied to these reports by stating that the fact that it would sway, was the greatest testimony to its everlasting safety. This building was sold. The building was remodeled as an office for the Tennessee Valley Authority. At this time the question of the safety of the building on account of this rocking from high winds was brought up and investigated and the building pronounced perfectly safe.

The only neighbor that the Pound Building had at that time was a very handsome stone building which was then occupied by the Post Office and the United States Government. It is now occupied by the Tennessee Valley Authority.

J. Frank Peck

One of my early employees in the newspaper business, on the Chattanooga News, was J. Frank Peck. Frank was a smart young man, born in East Tennessee, and had a great sense of humor. In addition to this, he was a regular news hunter, a fine subscription-getter, and a very fine personal friend.

One day he failed to show up, while he was reporting on the paper. I didn't hear a word from him. In about a week he called

me on the phone and said, "Colonel Pound,"—he always called me "Colonel"—"This is your friend, J. Frank Peck." I said, "Frank, where in the world have you been? I thought maybe you had an accident, or had died, or something of that kind." He said, "No, Colonel, I ain't dead yet, but I've got the smallpox and am in the pest house. Ain't I in a hell of a fix?" I agreed with him that he was.

Since that time, although a young man, he has passed to the great beyond.

William Gibbs McAdoo, Jr.

One of my earliest and best friends in Chattanooga was a man who was destined to become world famous in politics and statesmanship. This was William Gibbs McAdoo, Jr., who was born near Marietta, Georgia in 1864 and afterwards lived in many places. He came to Chattanooga and lived here with his sister who married Mr. J. S. O'Neale, the cashier of the Chattanooga National Bank.

Mr. McAdoo's father was a famous teacher, a scholar, and much of his knowledge was imparted into the mind of his son, Bill McAdoo, so-called by his friends.

Mr. McAdoo practiced law in Chattanooga and built up a very nice practice for a young barrister. However, he was not satisfied to remain a young barrister in Chattanooga, as he wanted to climb the dizzy heights that lead to fame and fortune, and he did climb these golden stairs. However, it was a hard row and he had many ups and downs and many disappointments.

As a side line, he formed a partnership with a man named Pemberton and established the firm of Pemberton and McAdoo, with offices in the old Third National Bank Building, corner Seventh and Market Streets in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Later, they decided to move to New York where they visioned great opportunities in law and also in the field of finance and politics. They opened very attractive offices on Wall Street in New York.

At that time I was owner and publisher of the Chattanooga News and made trips to New York and other large cities every

three months searching for advertising for my newspaper. I saw a great deal of Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Pemberton and they offered me free desk space in their offices, which I accepted.

Mr. McAdoo secured an old franchise, or permit to build the Holland Tunnel from New York to Jersey City, under the Hudson River, and later after it was completed the name was changed to McAdoo Tunnel. Mr. McAdoo, who had charge of this matter almost exclusively, made a contract with one of New York's oldest banking houses to finance this proposition, which I understand cost about $60,000,000.

This story was related to me by Mr. McAdoo, in person, and I have heretofore considered it a personal communication and absolutely true in every way. This is the story—after securing the franchise which was represented by a stock issue of the old company which was considered not worth the paper on which it was printed, Mr. McAdoo was in great spirits, and coming into the office he went by the desk of his partner, Mr. Pemberton, and said, "Pemberton, I want to make you a present. Here's some stock. It isn't worth much today but some day it might make you rich." His friend Pemberton looked it over and said, "Thank you." Not considering it of any great value he placed it in a pigeonhole of his desk. All the preliminaries of the deal were made between the banking firm and Mr. McAdoo, when it was discovered that the shares of stock which Mr. McAdoo had given to Mr. Pemberton were missing. It was necessary for Mr. McAdoo to produce the missing shares. Thereupon, Mr. McAdoo asked Mr. Pemberton to let him have this stock back, stating that he would make it good with him, or something of that kind. Then followed a controversy between the two men about the value of this stock. McAdoo offered Pemberton $10,000.00 for it, which he refused. Later, McAdoo raised the offer, which was also refused. Finally, in desperation, McAdoo asked, "How much WILL you take for this stock?" Pemberton replied, "$300.000.00 in cash and not a cent less." Of course, this made McAdoo very angry and he proceeded to tell Pemberton what he thought of him in brimstone terms. However, Pemberton was obdurate. McAdoo told me that he then went back to his bankers, told them the circumstances, and they furnished him with $300,000.00 to buy this stock from Pemberton, and the great project was launched. After many trials and tribulations the great tunnel was completed and became one of the world's finest engineering

feats. I have heard that Mr. McAdoo made a fortune out of this venture estimated at five million dollars and that everyone who went in with him made good money out of it. When Mr. McAdoo left Chattanooga he did not have enough money to pay his grocery bill. Captain C. A. Lyerly, President of the First National Bank, Chattanooga, told me that he loaned Mr. McAdoo enough money to pay his past due grocery bill, his expenses to New York, and an additional amount for himself and family to live on for a year.

When Woodrow Wilson became President of the United States, he appointed Mr. McAdoo Secretary of the Treasury, and during World War I he gave him charge of all of the railroads in the United States, which were greater in number and mileage than any country in the world.

The world was at McAdoo's feet. I remember being in Jacksonville, Florida and looking out one of the windows on the second floor of my Hotel Seminole and seeing him at the head of a great parade in one of the campaigns for the sale of securities to carry on World War I. In the parade were the finest and best men in the State of Florida and the adjacent Southern States. Mr. McAdoo made a fine appearance, and at the banquet that evening he was given a great ovation.

Mr. McAdoo married President Wilson's daughter. When he moved to California he became a great figure in the State's politics and was elected to the Senate of the United States from the State of California.

Mr. McAdoo died in 1941.

Mr. McAdoo was a very smart man and, in my opinion, did a great job.

Gus and Frank Miller

Among my early friends in Chattanooga were the two Miller brothers Gus and Frank. When I was publishing the Chattanooga News, I had charge of the advertising department. This brought me in close contact with all the merchants and business men in the City of Chattanooga, with whom I had frequent talks about business and conditions generally.

Gus and Frank Miller were two of my best friends and did as much as anyone in Chattanooga to develop the city. I remember very well the first time I ever met either one of them. I understood that there was going to be a new store opened in Chattanooga. Of course, it was my duty as the one in charge of the advertising of the Chattanooga News to go and meet the people who were to operate it. I could not get an opportunity to see them during the daytime, so one night after supper I went down to their new store, which was located at 510 Market Street.

This was a large and spacious storeroom, but the thing that impressed me about the place was that most of the work in arranging the stock, etc. was done by the two brothers. The next thing that impressed me was the fact that I had never seen so much tinware in a store in my life. Row after row of everything that was made of tin was on the shelves. From the very first time I saw the Millers up until my last meeting with them I was always welcomed into their stores.

Although they started in a small way, like myself, their business methods were sound. They were hard workers, progressive, and built up a business in Chattanooga second to none in the Southeast. I often saw Frank Miller at West Baden Springs, where we had many long walks and conversations together. He was probably a more quiet man to deal with than his brother Gus.

I also fraternized a great deal with Gus. In those days he was very much interested in the books that he was writing about dreams. He was one of the smartest men that I have ever met and he could tell you more about dreams than any man I ever talked with. He wrote in a very characteristic, clever manner, and after you finished reading one of his dream books, you would say like I said, "Gee, that's a smart man." He would talk for hours about these books when he had half a chance to do so and gained a national reputation as a dreamer as well as a merchant prince of the South. He was also a great developer of real estate and later the brothers owned many of the finest pieces of real estate in the city. Gus always told me that Chattanooga real estate was too low in price and that some day we would see Market Street property selling for several times more than it sold for at that time.

When I sold the Knoxville Sentinel in Knoxville to George

Fort Milton, Sr. I received in part payment a storeroom on Market Street between Seventh and Eighth Streets, on the west side of the street. I took this property in for $15,000.00 and rented it to the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company. Later I rented it to Oscar Miller and his brother who were cousins of Gus and Frank Miller. Then later I sold this property to the Miller brothers for $20,000.00.

I saw Gus Miller one time when he was not his usual optimistic self. He had just built a store on the corner of Seventh and Market Streets across from the Hamilton National Bank, which Miller Brothers now occupies. Chattanooga had just lapsed into one of its dull seasons. It was the first time that they had branched out into carrying a very fine and very large stock of goods. They had as fine dresses and women's fixings as could be found anywhere in the country. I imagine that it took some time for a re-adjustment. One day Gus telephoned me to drop by and see him, which I did. He said to me, "J. B., we have a large contract for advertising with the Chattanooga News, which you own, amounting to quite a tidy sum per year. Things have not been so good and, to tell you the truth about the matter, I am just a little discouraged. I want to ask if you won't let me cancel that contract. If things get different I shall be glad to use that much space, or more, when I think things justify it." My reply to him was, "Gus, I will be very glad to do as you say, although, of course, I will miss your advertising in my newspaper and the receipts therefrom." Miller Brothers also was advertising in the Chattanooga Times and Gus had made the same request of the Times and he told me that the Chattanooga Times had refused to cancel or modify their advertising contract in any way. Gus never forgot this instance.

Gus was a hard worker. For instance, many years after he came to Chattanooga and I was living on Lookout Mountain, he told me that he had never ridden on the Incline up Lookout Mountain. I expressed astonishment at this remark. He then told me that he not only had not ridden up the Incline but he had never been on top of the mountain. Later, however, he did go on top of the mountain and built himself a nice home on the West Brow Road and liked it very much.

I kept my contacts with Gus for many, many years through the Hamilton National Bank. We were members of the First

Board of Directors of the Hamilton National Bank, and we served together for many years. His son, Felix Miller, succeeded him on this Board of Directors.

I could do a lot of reminiscing about persons who have made themselves famous in Chattanooga, and I may try my hand in this line at some future time.

Gus and Frank Miller both left very fine families. Gus Miller's only son, Felix Miller, is President of Miller Brothers Company. Mr. Frank Miller had two sons, Frank, Jr. and Clyde. Mr. Frank Miller, Jr. is the president of the United Hosiery Mills Corporation, one of the largest in the country.

A Summer Vacation

During the summer of 1894, I took a little pleasure trip to the cities of Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, etc. and also took a fishing trip into Minnesota. We went to Lake Minnetonka, which was one of the great favorites with fishermen. I saw thousands of fish, but for some reason they would not bite that day, and it took a lot of dexterity to catch one of them. I don't know the reason, except, perhaps, the fact that these fish thought I had no business coming to Minnesota to fish when we had such fine fishing in the lakes in Florida. Perhaps they were right.

The high spot, however, on this trip was being in Chicago and Minneapolis during the great railroad strike ordered by Eugene V. Debs, President of the Socialist Party, who had great influence over the party.

This strike was aimed primarily at the Pullman Company, who had a big split with their workers. Other railroad employees joined the strike and they refused to pull the Pullmans on their trains. President Grover Cleveland took over these railroads. The only way that they could get the Pullman cars carried was to place all the mail cars at the end of the train and the Pullman cars next to the engine. This was a ruse which was upheld by President Cleveland, and for a time it worked. There was much rioting, much of the equipment was destroyed, many people were hurt, and some killed in this strike.

Eugene Debs was known as an American Socialist and his

followers belonged to the same party. He was a Socialist Candidate for President of the United States in 1900, 1904, 1908, and 1912, but he was not elected. Mr. Debs was born in 1855 and died in 1926.

Challenged to Fight a Duel

One day I was sitting in my private office at the Chattanooga News and in walked a very handsome man about fifty years old who asked for me. He told my secretary that it was a very serious and personal matter and that he would like to see me at as early an hour as possible.

This man walked into my private office at the invitation of my secretary and told me that he was the bearer of a most important letter. He introduced himself as Park Woodward and stated that he was in charge of the City Water Works and the City Parks of Atlanta. Then he handed me a letter signed by W. H. Rhett. As I read this letter, my face began to get redder and redder. After I read it, it seemed to me to be very ridiculous.

I asked Mr. Woodward what it was all about. This letter went on to say that I had printed in my newspaper, the Chattanooga News, something very scurrilous and uncomplimentary about Mr. Rhett's wife and Mr. Rhett demanded that I do the honorable thing by fighting a duel with him. I talked with Mr. Rhett's representative for probably a couple of hours. I assured him that if anything of that kind had appeared in the Chattanooga News that it was certainly placed there by mistake. I told him that, of course, I would apologize through the paper and personally, if necessary. He showed me a clipping from the Chattanooga News which was evidently written as a space filler, that is, the man who wrote it did not have anything better to do and he sat down and wrote the story that had offended Mr. Rhett. Neither the name of Mr. Rhett, his wife, or any member of his family were mentioned in this story complained of by Mr. Rhett.

I assured him that in my opinion Mr. Rhett had made a great mistake, and as for me, I did not want to stand up and be shot at, or pierced by a sword. I also told him I had never fought a duel in my life and did not know anything about the dueling

code. I then said to him, "Mr. Woodward, where can I see this man Rhett? I want to have a talk with him." He told me he was at The Read House, waiting for me, and that he expected me to call on him with my Second that afternoon or early the next morning. I said, "Mr. Woodward, let's go see Mr. Rhett in person and get this thing out of his mind." Thereupon, we went to see Mr. Rhett.

We found Mr. Rhett waiting for us in a first floor parlor at The Read House. I saw a large scabbard case, or something of that kind, that lay on the table in the middle of this room, together with two dueling pistols. I told Mr. Rhett that I had no idea of fighting a duel, that I never fought one, and that I certainly didn't want to get into that business. I finally convinced him of this fact and that the article in question which he complained of was just something that "just happened," that it was not intended to reflect on his wife, any member of his family, or anyone else. After that we did what gentlemen usually do who start on errands of this kind which end up as practically a farce —we all took a drink and shook hands.

I said to Mr. Rhett, "Won't you please show me your dueling paraphernalia?" He opened the case. He had two very wonderful swords, whose sharp points attracted my attention, and two dueling pistols. He informed me that the swords and dueling pistols had been used by some of his ancestors, who had participated in several duels.

It was agreed, and so requested by Mr. Rhett and Mr. Woodward, that nothing would be published about this affair in the next morning's Atlanta Constitution, or any other paper. On parting, Mr. Rhett said, "Let's call it quits on this matter" and we all took another drink.

Two very strange incidents followed.

As soon as Mr. Rhett and Mr. Woodward reached the Southern Railway Station, one of them telephoned the Constitution in Atlanta and next morning they printed the whole story under big headlines, "RHETT CHALLENGES POUND TO FIGHT A DUEL." Of course, I was very much embarrassed at this.

The other incident was one that occurred a couple of days after the one mentioned above. One of Mr. Rhett's lawyer friends, on going to Mr. Rhett's office in one of the office buildings in Atlanta, found Mr. Rhett stretched over his desk with a bullet hole through his head. He had undoubtedly committed

suicide, his friends said, probably on account of heavy drinking.

Mrs. Rhett was a very fine and lovely woman, I understand, and the daughter of a fine Baptist minister. Mr. Rhett was a member of the well known Rhett Family of South Carolina.

Purchase of the Knoxville Sentinel
Knoxville, Tennessee

In 1891, while I was publishing The Chattanooga News, I saw an advertisement in the local newspaper stating that The Knoxville Sentinel, the only afternoon paper in Knoxville, was in the hands of a Receiver and was for sale. I knew that Knoxville was a good town, but handicapped by the fact that the city already had two morning papers and one afternoon paper, which made the city top-heavy in newspapers and, therefore, the newspapers were not a desirable investment. However, I was very much intrigued with the idea of purchasing the afternoon newspaper and arranged with the Receivers of the paper to buy it.

Not having sufficient money of my own to swing the deal, I organized a company among my friends to purchase the paper and operate it. Among these friends were Mr. J. B. Frazier, a leading lawyer of Chattanooga and a candidate for Governor of Tennessee. He was elected. After serving a part of his term he resigned. This caused a vacancy in the Governorship. Hon. John I. Cox, Speaker of the Tennessee State Senate was appointed to succeed him as Governor. Later, Governor Cox appointed Mr. Frazier to the United States Senate. Among other stockholders were his partner, Mr. W. B. Swaney, attorney, Mr. C. E. Buek, a capitalist, and Mr. W. R. Hall, a capitalist.

I retained the controlling interest in the Knoxville Sentinel and had an understanding that I could purchase the stock owned by these gentlemen when I was able to buy it. This I did and paid the other stockholders a good profit and became the sole owner.

Mr. R. H. Hart, a good newspaper man and friend, and an employee of The Chattanooga News at that time, was sent by me to Knoxville to manage the Knoxville Sentinel. He was an excellent manager and money maker, and the paper prospered.

A Luncheon with President Cleveland

During the last presidential term of Grover Cleveland, I believe it was in 1897, I had the rare pleasure of lunching with the President of the United States, through the courtesy of the Honorable Hoke Smith, who was the strong, vigorous United States Senator from Georgia at that time.

Senator Smith invited a small group of newspaper men, of which I was a member, to visit the President at the White House. President Cleveland invited the members of this party to lunch. We did not know when we received this invitation that we also were to be members of a party which included the President's wife and small daughter.

After we went sightseeing through the White House lunch was announced and we proceeded to one of the semi-public dining rooms. Just before lunch was served, President Cleveland and his wife came into the dining room, accompanied by their little daughter, and the daughter's constant companion, a small spaniel dog. When the entire party was seated, a blessing was said. We enjoyed a delicious lunch interspersed with not too deep conversation from those present. This was the first and only time I ever dined with a president of the United States and his family. I enjoyed the party and appreciated the opportunity to see the workings of the White House.

I was just a little bit surprised at the personality of the President. His wife was a very charming and younger woman who seemed to be very capable and had the ability of making strangers feel at home. The President seemed to be just an ordinary man, and was at home in his conversation and demeanor. If you had seen him among a thousand men you probably would not have been able to pick him out from any other nice, polite and genteel looking business man. He was a great man. In politics he broke many records in his administrations. He was a man who had been elected President of the United States, then defeated, and came back four years thereafter. Mrs. Cleveland was married to President Cleveland in the White House. Mr. Cleveland was a great President and one of the greatest that America has ever had.

I was deeply grateful to Senator Smith and also President Cleveland for the courtesies and hospitality which I enjoyed on that day.

The Birmingham Age-Herald

In 1898, I received a letter from Joseph F. Johnston, the Governor of Alabama in which he stated that he had purchased the Birmingham Age-Herald for political purposes; that is, to help him be elected Governor of Alabama. He wanted to sell me this newspaper which was a very strong and well located publication. He asked me to come down to see him in Birmingham and spend the week end with him at his home there.

I had very little money with which to purchase another newspaper, so I decided to see Mr. E. Y. Chapin, a young lawyer and business man of Chattanooga. Mr. Chapin was my friend and had also written many articles of general nature and editorials on political topics, etc. for my Chattanooga News. Knowing that Mr. Chapin had a tendency for newspaper work, I showed him Governor Johnston's letter and asked him if he would be interested. He immediately replied that he would be, and suggested that we go down to Birmingham, spend the week end with Governor Johnston, and see what he wanted for this newspaper.

Upon our arrival in Birmingham we went to Governor Johnston's home, where we were very graciously received and entertained. Much to my surprise he offered to sell the Birmingham Age-Herald to us for $25,000.00. He further stated that we could make our own terms. Believing at that time that it was too good to be true, and that we had an opportunity to get one of the South's leading newspapers in one of the South's leading cities for a very low price, we informed him that we would consider the matter very carefully, but before giving him a definite answer, we wanted to look over the City of Birmingham and the surrounding country. We devoted nearly a day to this purpose. At that time Birmingham was passing through or had just passed through a steel panic, and many people were unemployed. One thing that made us decide we would not buy the newspaper was that it seemed to us that

every house, building, and cottage in the town and surrounding country needed painting, and from the many people with whom we talked, we found that the people were very discouraged.

Looking at it from this standpoint, I can hardly believe that we could have misjudged the place so badly, and could have turned down the purchase of this newspaper. It was later sold for approximately a million dollars and probably could be sold today for a million and a half. We informed Governor Johnston that we would not take it, and we threw away a fortune. We have always regretted our action in this matter, and I have said to myself many times, "O, ye of little faith." We were just afraid to take a chance.

After that time Mr. Chapin discontinued practicing law and devoted his time to business. He was the organizer with the late H. S. Probasco, of the American Trust and Banking Company, now the American National Bank and Trust Company, located in Chattanooga. He is now honorary Chairman of the Board. Mr. Chapin's son, Mr. E. Y. Chapin, Jr. is President of the bank. Mr. Scott L. Probasco is Chairman of the Board and a large stockholder.

A Sunday Night Conference with Attorney-General George W. Pickel, of Tennessee

One Sunday night I had a telephone call from some party who was stopping at the Read House, Chattanooga, who said he wanted to see me on an important matter. When I went to the phone, the gentleman introduced himself in the following way:

"My name is George W. Pickel. I am Attorney-General of the State of Tennessee. Mr. Pound, I know you very well by reputation. I'm not so sure that I ever met you personally. I have a proposition that I want to make to you. One of my associates and myself are at the Read House." (The Hotel Patten had not been built at that time.) "We will appreciate it if you will come down to the hotel, as we want to talk with you about a very important matter. I think it will interest you and probably will be a profit to you. We must get back to Knoxville tonight on the midnight train."

I immediately called a cab and in a few minutes I was in the hotel shaking hands with General Pickel and an associate. After the usual exchange of salutations, he told me that what he wanted to see me about was that he wanted to sell me the Knoxville Morning Tribune. He followed this by saying, "Of course you know almost as much as I do about the Tribune. This newspaper has been in existence for more than fifty years and has represented the Democracy of Tennessee and the surrounding states all this time. Of course, I also want to say that the newspaper has not been profitable; however, I think that under your management and owning the Knoxville Sentinel (the evening paper), and having such splendid equipment, you could publish the paper for less money than we could publish it. You have experience and know the business, and we think it would fit into your plans very nicely indeed."

I replied by telling General Pickel that I felt very highly complimented by what he had said about me and wanting me to have the Knoxville Morning Tribune, but I did not want it. I told him the only change I wanted in the newspaper situation in Knoxville was that we should get rid of one of the morning newspapers, as he knew very well that the three newspapers could not succeed and that one of them had to lose money, and that this had been the Tribune's fate.

General Pickel said, "We will sell you this newspaper at a very low price, much less than it is worth." I said again, "General Pickel, I'm not interested. I would not give you five cents for that newspaper if I had to publish it, because I know it would saddle a great loss on my neck and I'm not able and willing to take this chance for myself, or for the Democratic Party. I'm a Democrat by birth, but I'm publishing the Knoxville Evening Sentinel as an independent Democratic newspaper.

I suppose that General Pickel and his associate talked with me for two or three hours about this matter, without making any impression on me. I think they were disgusted with the results of their trip to Chattanooga and my attitude about the matter. Finally, in desperation, General Pickel said, "What will you do about the matter? We people who own this newspaper have a lot of money in it, have spent a lot of money keeping it going, and we don't feel that we can carry it very much longer. Make me a proposition."

So I replied, "General Pickel, there is only one way that you

can get rid of this newspaper, and that is to give it to me, lock, stock and barrel. This must include whatever assets you have, money in bank, if any, paper, type, subscription list, presses, furniture, and other equipment. I would agree to publish it for three years as a Democratic morning newspaper and publish a much better newspaper than you have been publishing. At the expiration of three years, I would have the privilege of discontinuing this newspaper, selling it, or doing anything I wanted to do with it."

Finally he said, "Well, I don't think that would be acceptable to my people, but I will present it to them in Knoxville tomorrow and will let you know the next time you come to Knoxville what they say about it." I said, "All right, General, good night."

Knoxville Morning Tribune

In a day or two after my conference with Gen. Pickel in Chattanooga he telephoned me and asked me to come to Knoxville, as he thought the proposition I made might be put over in some shape. I said, "Those are my terms, and if you don't think these people will trade on this basis, there is no use for me to bother about it anymore." However, I went to Knoxville and talked with some of the stockholders—at least the controlling number of them—and they agreed to it. I also told them that I would devote more time to the newspaper business in Knoxville than I had been doing, and would move to Knoxville with my family and remain there for three years. At that time I reserved the right to do anything I wanted to do with it, sell it, discontinue it, or give it away.

I moved my family to Knoxville and spent three years there.

At the expiration of three years I went around to see Col. E. J. Sanford, head of the Sanford-Albers Drug Company, who not only owned the controlling interest in the drug company but also owned the Knoxville Journal, the Republican morning newspaper there, which was edited by Capt. William Rule, a very nice man.

I said to Col. Sanford, "Now, we both can make some money by getting one of these newspapers out of the field. You have made offers in the past to purchase the Knoxville Morning

Tribune, but never succeeded.'' I showed him my contract where I had absolute control of it, and could sell it to him. I put a price on it of $20,000.00 cash. His son, Judge Sanford of the United States District Court of Appeals, was in Knoxville at that time and we had several conferences with him. We prepared an agreement that Col. Sanford would pay me the sum of $20,000.-00 cash for this newspaper. The only thing that he would secure for the $20,000.00 was less competition, a copy of the Tribune's subscription list, and an agreement with me, owning the Knoxville Evening Sentinel, that I would continue in the afternoon newspaper field; he would take the morning newspaper field; and we would cooperate in publishing both newspapers. After thinking over this matter, and before actually signing this contract with Col. Sanford, I thought that conditions might change and that I might be put in a very unfavorable position. In that case I wanted a chance to withdraw my proposition to Col. Sanford if I desired, and we placed a clause to this effect in the contract.

Nothing more was said about this contract until I went to Gen. Pickel and told him that I had made a deal with Col. Sanford to sell him the Knoxville Morning Tribune for $20,000.00 cash, and that I expected to do so on a certain date. When I told General Pickel that I had made this contract, he seemed to be very sore about it. The very thought that I expected to sell the paper to persons who were Republicans made him a sick man. When I first notified him in person of my action in the matter, and what I intended to do, he walked up and down his office floor for a long time without saying a word. Then he turned around to me and said, ''Pound, I don't think these people here will let you do that. You are probably running into a lot of trouble.'' I said, ''General Pickel, I would regret very much to have any disagreement at all with any of these people. I have, however, made an agreement with Col. Sanford that if you people who formerly owned this newspaper will pay me $20,-000.00 cash for the newspaper,—the amount which Col. Sanford has agreed to pay me—in part compensation for my three years' work here, I will sell it back to you for $20,000.00 cash and conditions can continue just like they are with the three newspapers in the field. Of course, I know it will be greatly to the advantage of all the stockholders of the Knoxville Morning Tribune to give their stock away and forget all about their losses.''

Knoxville was a very strong partisan town and the Democrats and Republicans were nearly always spoken of as a Democrat or a Republican, and they were always ready for a fight. A representative of the former stockholders of the Knoxville Tribune told me that I would not be permitted to sell this newspaper to Col. Sanford, a well known Republican, as they would not let me. My reply was: "I'm going to deliver the Knoxville Morning Tribune to Col. Sanford on a certain date, provided you do not want to purchase it."

My Life Threatened

The next day after my conference in Knoxville with General Pickel, I had a telephone call from Major D. A. Carpenter, a well-known and prominent citizen of Knoxville, occupying the lucrative position of Government Pension Agent in Knoxville, disbursing all pensions in the Southeast that were paid to Government pensioners. He phoned my office and asked me if I was coming down town. My office was only a short distance from the Federal Building where Major Carpenter had his office. He said, "I'm going to ask you to please stop in at my office in the Federal Building, as I want to see you about an important matter." I told him that I would be glad to call on him, as I was going to the Post Office which was in the same building for my morning mail.

In about an hour's time I appeared in the Federal Building and found Major Carpenter's office locked, or at least closed like it was locked. I knocked on the door and Major Carpenter unlocked the door from the inside, waving me to enter. When I entered, he closed the door behind me, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. There were no other persons present. Then he pointed to the vacant chair on the other side of his desk, without ever saying a word. Then he very deliberately sat down at his desk, opened a drawer, and pulled out one of the largest pistols that I thought I had ever seen. After he waved me to sit down, I sat down across from him at the same desk. When he took the pistol out of his desk, he laid it down where I could see it, but beyond arm's length where I could not reach it. He kept his

eyes on this pistol all during the conversation. He did not say a word for probably three to five minutes. He then told me that he understood that I was going to sell the Knoxville Morning Tribune to the damn Republicans, that he was not going to let me do this, and if I did do it, he was going to kill me. I knew his reputation as a very stern man and one that I had heard had fought a number of duels. Up until this time he had done everything that he wanted to do. I said, "Major Carpenter, my secretary and the people in my office know that you called me up here and it looks like you called me here for the purpose of murdering me. I am not armed—I haven't even a penknife. If you should use your gun on me and kill me, you would be hanged for murder in cold blood, because you could never prevent being hanged for doing a thing of this kind to me without any cause whatever. Everything I have done about this sale has been regular; I have carried out my contract with General Pickel; I have signed a conditional contract with Col. Sanford to sell him the Morning Tribune. I am going to carry it through, and what you say doesn't make any difference with me, murder or no murder." Evidently, I convinced him that I was going to do what I said I would do. He sat there for about five minutes longer, looking at me, then picked up his gun, put it back in its accustomed place in the drawer, got up from his chair, walked to the door, unlocked it and opened it, and waved me out. I never saw Major D. A. Carpenter after that time. I understand Major Carpenter died several years ago.

The next day after the conversation with Major Carpenter, I had a call from Mayor Sam G. Heiskell, who also tried to convince me that it was my solemn duty not to sell the Knoxville Morning Tribune to the Republicans, and he wound up by saying, "And if you do, Pound, I am going to organize a torchlight procession, put you on a rail at the head of this torchlight procession and run you out of town." The Mayor was a fighter himself. He had always had his way about everything and also was a great bluffer. He did not discourage me in any way from carrying out my project, and I told him so. The last words he said to me were, "I mean what I say—I'm going to organize the biggest torchlight procession Knoxville has ever seen, and I'm going to see that you ride out of this town on a rail at the head of the procession."

I told Mayor Heiskell that so far as I knew, a Pound never

ran or showed a white feather. He could try to do what he wanted to do, but I was not afraid of any man, especially a man who had no cause. However, I kept my eyes open, but the torch-light procession was never held.

I did not confide this story to the newspapers or anyone else, because I knew it would not do any good, and might do a lot of harm. I telegraphed my attorney, Alexander W. Chambliss, and we had an interview with Col. Sanford's son, Judge Sanford, who was acting for his father. I delivered the sale papers and received a check for $20,000.00.

In a few days, as arranged, after delivering the contract papers and receiving the money, I moved my family back to my old home in Chattanooga after a residence in Knoxville of three years.

That was the end of the episode concerning the gift to me of the Knoxville Morning Tribune, and all of its equipment.

Few people can realize the tenseness of my mind during these last few days. I hope I will never go through a stormy period like that again.

I still retained the ownership of the Knoxville Evening Sentinel, the afternoon paper. In a few months I sold the Sentinel to George Fort Milton, Sr., my editor on the Sentinel.

Merchants' and Manufacturers' Free Street Fair and Carnival Knoxville, Tennessee

When I first moved to Knoxville, Tennessee, caused primarily by accepting the Knoxville Morning Tribune as a gift, I found the city a very quiet and lovely place in which to live. In fact, it looked like it was largely a rural community, with beautiful homes. The city had fine private and public schools, in addition to the University of Tennessee. The streets were clean and a number of buildings adorned the skyline.

I had an idea that I could help stir up the city and get them to do more civic work, thereby advertising the city and increasing its population.

I conceived the idea of having very large annual Street Fairs and Carnivals, and exhibitions of products manufactured in



Executive Committee Merchants' and Manufacturers' Free Street Fair and Carnival, Knoxville, Tennessee, 1896
Standing: Left to Right: J. E. Willard, Col. B. Rush Strong, Col. William M. Epps, Col. C. C. Howell
Sitting: Left to Right: Henry V. Maxwell, J. B. Pound, C. R. McCormack, D. B. Bean, Henry Proctor Waugh

Knoxville, which we called "Merchants' and Manufacturers' Free Street Fair and Carnival," the first of which was held in 1896.

At my suggestion, a meeting was held with some of the most active and progressive men in Knoxville. We elected the Executive Committee which was composed of the following gentlemen:

Henry V. Maxwell
J. B. Pound
C. R. McCormack
D. B. Bean
Henry P. Waugh
J. E. Willard
Col. B. Rush Strong
Col. William M. Epps
Col. C. C. Howell

The Executive Committee elected Mr. C. R. McCormack as President. I was elected Vice-President, and Mr. Henry P. Waugh, a young newspaper man was elected Secretary. In this book is a photograph of this group taken at that time.

All the space in the front windows of the different stores on the main streets was filled with agricultural exhibits of products raised in Knox county and neighboring counties. A large vacant building located near where my newspaper was being published was secured and used as a "Manufacturers' Hall," the exhibits being articles manufactured in Knoxville and Knox County. It was very surprising to see the large number of exhibited articles. It was really a great sight. Even members of the committee were astounded at the manufacturers' exhibits. Knoxville was considered a very fine manufacturing town. The city had plenty of water, plenty of coal at a reasonable price, and plenty of electricity, as well as many other natural resources. Knoxville was also surrounded by a very fine agricultural country.

Many thousands of people visited Knoxville each day of the Fair. There were many musical shows and a lot of fanfare to entertain them. Of course, we had a Smoky Mountain Queen and plenty of parades, and everybody had a good time. The Fair was a great success. It was given great publicity all over the United States and was imitated by many other communities.

The last night of the Fair was a get-together meeting held in part of the Manufacturers Building. I can say, with modesty, that I was overwhelmed with compliments. My wife was presented with bouquets of beautiful flowers in recognition of my work on this Fair.

William Jennings Bryan's Campaign through East Tennessee

When I owned and published the Knoxville Morning Tribune, which was the Democratic organ for East Tennessee, I organized a committee of East Tennesseans and North Carolinians to escort Mr. William Jennings Bryan during his campaign for the Presidency from Knoxville to Asheville, North Carolina, where he addressed a great gathering of many thousands of people in the natural bowl used by the citizens of Asheville for occasions of this kind.

I organized the committee consisting of a number of prominent Tennesseans and representatives from other states and was chairman of this committee. I notified the chairman of the State Democratic Committee that I would like to take charge of Mr. Bryan at either Chattanooga or Knoxville and escort him on a special train to Asheville, where I would turn him over to the North Carolina Committee. I also agreed to provide this special train.

The State Democratic Committee accepted my offer and selected Knoxville as a starting point for this trip as they had already made arrangements to carry Mr. Bryan to Knoxville.

Arrangements were made by me with the Southern Railway for a special train to run from Knoxville to Asheville and return. I raised the money to pay for it by the sale of tickets which were sold to persons desiring to make the trip on this special train. All seats were promptly sold and no expense was charged to the State Democratic Committee.

I was in entire charge of this train. All of the employees of the train, including the conductor, were put under my supervision and direction. We stopped at practically all of the stations between Knoxville, Tennessee and Asheville, North Carolina. When the train left Knoxville it was full to overflowing. Mr. Bryan had a private car at the end of the train. When the crowds demanded he always came on the platform, where I introduced him to the crowds. He shook hands with everyone who could get to him. He always had a very friendly and winning smile and on this trip he was at his best. I have never seen any idolatry from any person or persons for a man as was shown Mr. Bryan on this trip. Many of the people in the crowd who could not reach him otherwise took hold of his coat and kissed his gar-

ment. In fact, he was worshipped, and it reminded me of the Bible stories about Jesus and the people crowding to kiss the hem of his garments. He had millions of worshippers throughout the country. Of course, he made mistakes in judgment. If it had not been this way Mr. Bryan would have been President of the United States. In my opinion, the real cause for his not being elected was his lack of conservatism. He wanted to change things too fast and too far.

When the train reached Asheville and I turned him over to the North Carolina Committee there was a great welcome and mammoth street parade. The crowd in the Asheville natural bowl that heard his address was estimated at more than 50,000 people. Nearly everybody seemed to agree with him.

Mr. Bryan was a very fine man. I met him again at his home in Miami. I also heard him teach his famous Sunday school lessons in the park located in front of the McAllister Hotel in Miami. Each Sunday hundreds of people attended and many did not attend because they could not get near enough to hear the speaker. Many people listened to him from the windows of the adjoining hotels and buildings.

I tremendously enjoyed the trip with Mr. Bryan to Asheville. It was a red-letter day of my life. He was very gentle and kind, and endeared himself to all who met him.

Wedding of J. B. Pound, Knoxville, Tenn. and Caroline Willingham, Chattanooga, Tenn. January 5, 1898

This wedding was held at the First Baptist Church, Chattanooga, Tennessee, and was one of the most largely attended weddings ever held in Chattanooga.

The church was beautifully decorated. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. B. Garrett, who at that time was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chattanooga.

The morning preceding the wedding, a large number of friends arrived from other cities. Practically all of the groomsmen were from Knoxville, where I resided at that time.



CAROLINE WILLINGHAM POUND
Wife of Jerome B. Pound

The Southern Railway, through its Vice President, generously gave the use of a private car, bountifully stocked, to me and my party of friends. The invitation to use this car specified that it was to be used by me and my wedding party exclusively and was furnished with the compliments of the Vice President of the Southern Railway.

After the wedding and the reception which followed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Willingham on Vine Street, we left for a trip which took us all through the West, including Los Angeles, San Francisco, and all the sights to be seen in Colorado and the Western country.

The next afternoon the Chattanooga News carried the following account of the wedding:

WEDDING BELLS

Yesterday afternoon at half-past five Miss Caroline Willingham was married to Mr. Jerome B. Pound, of Knoxville.

The ceremony occurred at the First Baptist church in the presence of one of the largest and most fashionable assemblages ever seen in the city.

It has eagerly been looked forward to by society both here and in Knoxville.

Long before the hour announced for the ceremony to take place Georgia Avenue for within a half-block of the church was alive with friends of the contracting parties waiting for admittance.

When the doors were opened a constant stream flowed into the aisles and within ten minutes the large auditorium was filled to overflowing. Loveland's full orchestra discoursed sweet music before the arrival of the wedding party.

The decorations were of palms and evergreens and made a handsome effect.

The altar was banked with palms, holly and cua roses, arranged with exquisite taste.

The scene was inspiring.

At half-past five the orchestra played Mendelssohn's wedding march and the bridal party entered from four doors. The bridesmaids entered in single file from each side of the altar and marched up to the center aisle where the bridal procession was formed.

First came Mr. E. M. Carey, of Knoxville, and Mr. Mark J. O'Brien; next came Mr. Carey Spence and Mr. Thos. H. Calloway; following them were Mr. Houston R. Harper, of Rome, and Mr. Leon D. Bailey. Miss Blanch Divine entered with Mr. Frank Petway, of Knoxville; Miss Mildred Cabiniss, of Atlanta, with Mr. William Epps, of Knoxville; Miss Adelaide Divine with Mr. Joseph Borches of Knoxville; Miss Jessal Holtzclaw with Mr. Albert Hope, of Knoxville; Miss Emily Payne with Mr. W. P. Jenkins; Miss Barbara Scales of Clarksville, with Mr. Chas. Mitchell, and Miss Louise Oehmig with Mr. Archibald Willingham.

The attendants were preceded by little Miss Lillian Nelson and Master Fred Fritts, bringing baskets of beautiful flowers. They mounted the pulpit dais, crossed over, the gentlemen forming slightly behind the ladies.

Miss Martha Merriam, the maid of honor, entered alone and stood at the chancel until the bride had entered.

The lovely bride entered upon the arm of her father, Mr. W. J. Willingham.

Never did she appear more strikingly beautiful than last evening.

At the chancel rail she was met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Alexander W. Chambliss.

Here the bridal couple formed in the center of the pulpit platform where they faced Rev. Dr. R. B. Garrett, who performed the ceremony in an unusually impressive manner.

The scene was strikingly beautiful.

After the words which made Mr. Jerome B. Pound and Miss Caroline Willingham man and wife had been pronounced the bridal party left the church to Lohengrin's wedding march.

During the ceremony the orchestra played a soft sweet melody that added to the impressiveness of the scene. The bride was gowned in white duchess satin, en traine, with a bridal veil of tulle, caught with a diamond clasp in the hair. She carried an immense bunch of bride roses.

The bridesmaids wore pink taffeta silk with the exception of Miss Barbara Scales, who wore white veiling in mourn.

During the performance of the ceremony a greater part of the assembled guests stood. They were again seated as the party passed from the church through the Georgia Avenue door and remained seated until the party left the church.

THE RECEPTION

After the marriage the bridal party were driven to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willingham on Vine street, where from half after six until half after eight a reception was held.

Hundreds of guests called during the evening to extend their congratulations.

At 8:30 Mr. and Mrs. Pound left for Memphis and will go from there west, extending their trip far into Mexico and California.

The wedding party were afterward entertained by a theater party and after that a dance by the Cotillion club.

MANY PRESENTS

The wedding presents were numerous and costly. They were arranged in four groups and were much admired. One group was of China, one of silver-ware, one of cut glass and the other of embroidery, etc. Among these were an elegant silver service given by the Knoxville Sentinel, a glass set, given by the executive committee of the Knoxville Street carnival of which Mr. Pound was the master spirit, and a complete set of Haviland china, consisting of 100 pieces, the gift of the Chattanooga News.

There was considerable romance connected with our marriage. During the time that my first wife and I lived in Knoxville we entertained Miss Caroline Willingham in our home and at that time none of us ever dreamed what the future held for us. My wife died a short time after her visit with us.

The next Summer I invited Mr. and Mrs. Alexander W. Chambliss to go with me on a trip to Virginia Beach, Virginia. I suggested to them that they invite Miss Willingham to go along and make a foursome. Of course they had to come through Knoxville and when they arrived there and I got on the train, it seemed to be a great surprise to Miss Willingham, but not to Mr. and Mrs. Chambliss. I escorted them on this trip to Virginia Beach, Washington, New York, and other cities. It was on this trip that Caroline and I fell in love with each other and set the date for our wedding, which was to be the early part of 1898.

The announcement of our engagement was a great surprise in Chattanooga and one which was probably little dreamed of or thought of prior to that time. When Mr. and Mrs. Chambliss and Caroline Willingham returned from the trip to Virginia Beach and the East, someone connected with the Chattanooga Times, supposed to be Col. Milton B. Ochs, who is noted for his wit and humor, put a squib in the society column of the paper asking the readers of the paper to guess what young lady had returned from an Eastern trip and gained five pounds on the trip. Of course, they used the small letter "p" but very few people dreamed that I was one of the "Pounds" which she gained and that the other "Pounds" were my four children.

After our trip through the West, which took about two months, we returned to Chattanooga for a few days and then left for our home in Knoxville, which was located on Main Street, where we found my four children waiting for us—Gordon, Kathleen, Carmelite, and Virginia, and also Mrs. Virginia Palmer, the mother of my first wife, who had had the home in charge and looked after my children. We had a very happy home together. Later, Mrs. Palmer returned to Chattanooga to live with one of her sons.

In those days Caroline was a marvelous cook. I remember very well the two things which she made that were delicious and which I always enjoyed—one was chocolate cake and the other was blackberry pie.

We remained in Knoxville until about July 1, 1898, and then moved to Chattanooga and purchased a home on the corner of Douglas and Vine Streets. We had this remodeled by Mr. L. J. Wilhoite's father, who was a contractor, veneering the house with brick. I afterwards sold this home to Col. Tomlinson Fort.

I used a greater part of the proceeds from the sale of this home in building the Hotel Seminole in Jacksonville, Florida.

The Willingham Family not only took me into their love and confidence but also my children. We had many many happy hours together. The families lived about two blocks from each other on Vine Street and each of us had a home at the Willingham place on the side of Lookout Mountain.

All the Willinghams I have ever known were true blue and certainly among the finest people on earth.

Turney-Evans Gubernatorial Campaign for Governor of Tennessee

Shortly after my arrival in Knoxville, and before I sold the Knoxville Morning Tribune, I remember one of the very thrilling things that occurred. It was during the campaign for Governor of Tennessee between H. Clay Evans of Chattanooga and Peter Turney, who at that time was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee and lived at Winchester. The Tribune Office, which was the unofficial headquarters of the Democratic Party, was filled with people from all sections of Tennessee, day and night, and as the bulletins came in showing Peter Turney ahead, the Democrats in the crowd made the welkin ring. The people of Knoxville were very expressive, and were always ready for a political fight. Many of my readers will probably not remember who was elected Governor in the election. Finally, after several days of counting, Peter Turney was declared elected, although many Republicans and some Democrats thought that his plum should have gone to Mr. H. Clay Evans.



Governor James B. Frazier of Tennessee, and members of his Staff at the christening of the United States Armored Cruiser "Tennessee" at Cramp Shipbuilding Yards, Philadelphia, Pa., December 3, 1904. The young lady in the picture is Miss Annie Keith Frazier, the Governor's daughter, who was sponsor. (See story)

Front row seated, left to right: Col. William H. Gass, Knoxville; Gen. Joe H. Hardwick, Cleveland; Gen. Harvey H. Hannah, Oliver Springs; Gov. James B. Frazier, Miss Annie Keith Frazier, Governor's daughter, sponsor; Gen. L. D. Tyson, Knoxville; Gen. Jerome B. Pound, Chattanooga; Capt. Charles B. Rogan, Gallatin

Standing, second row, left to right: Col. Sam L. King, Bristol; Col. Walter Bell, Bells; Col. Leon Caraway, Big Sandy; Col. G. T. Fitzhugh, Memphis; Col. P. A. Shelton, Nashville; Col. H. C. Alexander, Union City; Col. W. K. Abernathy, Selmer; Col. R. W. Martin, Nashville; Col. L. W. Buford, Franklin; Col. Geo. Fort Milton, Knoxville; and Col. Harris Brown, Gallatin.

The Christening of the United States Armored Cruiser "Tennessee"

The United States Armored Cruiser "Tennessee" was launched December 3, 1904 in the Cramp Ship Yards at Philadelphia. As was the general custom, this was made a State occasion and even a Southern occasion.

The committee was organized under Mayor A. W. Chambliss who had general charge of all arrangements. Mayor Chambliss appointed me chairman of the committee having charge of the special train from Chattanooga to Philadelphia, which was furnished by the officials of the Southern Railway. The Railway Company also furnished a private dining car for the Governor's special party. The Governor of Tennessee, the United States Senators from Tennessee, Members of Congress and nearly every public official were members of the party.

Honorable James B. Frazier was Governor of Tennessee at that time. I was on his staff as Quartermaster-General with the rank of Brigadier-General. The Southern Railway put me practically in charge of the train and also in charge of the Commissary Department as I was Quartermaster-General. I had the sole right to invite special guests who were to be entertained in the private dining car. I remember that someone had furnished about fifteen or twenty dozen quail and they were greatly enjoyed by those lucky enough to be served one of them.

Governor Frazier and Mrs. Frazier were very delightful and very gracious to everyone on the train. I think all members of the party enjoyed the trip.

Miss Annie Keith Frazier, daughter of Governor and Mrs. Frazier was sponsor. The maids of honor were Miss Mary Guy Trigg of Chattanooga, Miss Augusta McKeldin of Knoxville, Miss Lorraine Meeks, Nashville, and Miss Estelle Bailey of Memphis. After the christening Miss Annie Keith Frazier was presented with a pearl necklace, said to have cost $10,000.00, by the Cramp Shipbuilding Company, who built the United States Armored Cruiser "Tennessee."

In Philadelphia, after the christening, which occurred about eleven o'clock in the morning the Cramp Shipbuilding Company also entertained several hundred guests at luncheon.

Some of the people on this special train had made arrangements to leave Philadelphia after the festivities. Many of them

were going to Washington and New York on sight-seeing trips. I was looking after the Governor, who seemed very anxious to get away, as he, too, was going to New York when he left Philadelphia. He kept asking me if our party, or any part of it, were the guests of the Cramp Shipbuilding Company at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel, which is one of the finest hotels in the country. He kept saying, "General Pound, go see the hotel manager or a representative of the Cramp Shipbuilding Company and find out if our party are guests of this hotel or the Cramp Shipbuilding Company. I understand that the rate of this suite which we have here is $1,000.00 a day." I replied, "Of course, I will go see them. I have been making an effort for two or three hours to see them, but I haven't been able to see the proper person or the hotel manager; they're all out." He said, "Go on, try it again, you've got a lot of nerve." I said, "All right Governor." I finally saw the hotel manager and he told me, "This whole party are guests of the Cramp Shipbuilding Company." Then I rushed back to the Governor's suite and told him I had something to tell him that he would be very glad to know. The Governor was rather perturbed. He looked at me and said, "What made you stay so long?" I couldn't help but laugh. The Governor had all his things packed. He was ready to check out immediately. When I told him that the entire party were guests of the Cramp Shipbuilding Company and that the Governor could stay as long as he wanted to stay, he sat down and almost fainted. "Well," he said, "now I am in a predicament. I would like the best in the world to stay here another night, or maybe a couple of days but I just couldn't stand $1,000.00 a day. My salary doesn't justify such an expense. Here are the boys for my baggage and I'd be ashamed not to check out now." He went in and talked with his wife and she said, "Well, I'm packed up too. I'd like to stay longer but I guess it's too late now." The Governor had the boy put their baggage in a taxicab and off they went to the railroad station.

As a matter of interest I am including a list of the members of the "Governor's Party" and others who were present as listed in the Chattanooga Times of December 4, 1904.

Gov. and Mrs. James B. Frazier
Senator and Mrs. E. W. Carmack
Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Carroll
Gen. H. H. Hannah and mother

Gen. and Mrs. L. D. Tyson
Gen. and Mrs. J. H. Hardwick
Gen. and Mrs. J. B. Pound
Gen. R. E. Fort
Col. H. C. Alexander
Col. L. W. Buford
Col. Sam L. King
Col. G. T. Fitzhugh
Col. R. W. Martin
Col. Leon Caraway
Col. R. L. McKellar
Col. and Mrs. P. A. Shelton
Misses Mae and Elizabeth Maguire
Col. and Mrs. W. K. Abernathy
Col. and Mrs. Walter Bell
Col. and Mrs. N. G. Robertson
Col. and Mrs. J. L. Dibrell
Col. and Mrs. Harris Brown
Col. and Mrs. W. H. Gass
Col. and Mrs. A. M. Shook
Capt. and Mrs. Chas. B. Rogan
Miss Estelle Shook
Miss Elizabeth Thomas
Miss Lorraine Meeks
Miss Estelle Bailey
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Thomas, Jr.
Hon. and Mrs. A. W. Chambliss
Miss Margaret Willingham
Miss D. Sunderland
The Misses Dibrell
Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Dibrell
Rutledge Smith
John W. Fry
Miss Fry
Miss Kemp
Jack O'Donohue
Miss Anne Lee Penn
Percy Warner
Col. and Mrs. G. F. Milton
Miss Augusta McKeldin
Miss Mary I. Baxter
Col. and Mrs. Ed Watkins
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Davenport
Dr. Raymond Wallace
Mr. and Mrs. Reau E. Folk
Capt. and Mrs. John W. Morton
Frank Dibrell of Nashville
Mrs. John W. Bailey of Memphis

Gen. R. E. De Montreville
Col. H. H. Gouchenour
Col. G. E. W. Martin
Col. E. D. Hancock
Col. M. W. Maguire
Col. E. A. Price
Col. J. J. Jones
Col. J. D. Pulin

I am indebted to Mrs. John P. Fort of Chattanooga, for securing and sending to me the photograph of Governor Frazier, members of his staff, and Miss Annie Keith Frazier, the sponsor.

In addition to the Chattanooga News, which was printed every afternoon, I also printed several other publications.

Returning from New York one day, I was sitting in the Pullman car, thinking about starting a farm paper in Chattanooga, and considering a name for it. I decided to call it the Tri-State Farmer, as Chattanooga was located practically in the corner of three states, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. I sketched the name and other things that went with it and decided to use the following words as a motto:—"The Successful Cultivation of the Soil is the Basis of All Prosperity." When I reached Chattanooga I at once began work on this farm paper. Using modern methods of securing circulation, I soon had a fine farm paper circulation in the Tri-State territory. In addition to this, we had a very nice advertising clientele. Things went along pretty well for a few years. Then something seemed to happen that caused the circulation of all farm and weekly papers to fall off.

In the early days of my residence in Chattanooga, I made a contract with Rev. E. E. Folk who owned the controlling interest in the Baptist Reflector, the organ of the Baptist Denomination in Tennessee. I made him a proposition that he would do all the editorial work for the Baptist Reflector and I would do the actual publishing of it. I controlled all the advertising and accepted the revenue from this advertising as payment for the part of the job which I had to do. I carried on this work for several years.

I also published the Chattanooga Weekly News, which had a circulation of several thousand copies. I only charged twenty-five cents a year for this weekly. I had several hundred agents in different parts of the South, East and West. I gave them a commission of ten cents on each subscription they secured which brought us fifteen cents a year net. Of course, we had to have other revenues, but this circulation was the basis of our earnings, because we depended upon it to help us sell the advertising for this paper. After publishing it for several years, I disposed of it. Strange as it may seem, in Greenville, Texas and the surrounding territory, we had a circulation of 3,000 copies a week. In this paper we printed all the news from Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, and many of the people who lived in Greenville and that section of Texas formerly lived in Tennessee.

About that time I also published one side of the Asheville Morning Gazette, in this way: We listed all the general news and suitable special articles from the Chattanooga Evening News, made it up into a form that would be one to two complete pages and dated it the following morning. The sheets were printed by the Chattanooga News and shipped from Chattanooga via Southern Railway about six o'clock every afternoon, reaching Asheville about three or four o'clock next morning. After it arrived in Asheville, the Asheville Morning Gazette printed the other pages, inserting their local news, advertising and press service. This was a fine scheme for the Asheville Gazette, also for the Chattanooga News, except once or twice when the train was late or something caused them to miss connection. Several years later there was a meeting of Asheville boosters at one of my hotels in Savannah. I was invited to make a talk and when I told them that I had really published half of their newspaper for many years at my office in Chattanooga, they couldn't believe it. Many of them said it was impossible and they thought I must be talking through my hat.

I also published more than seventy-five country newspapers; that is, we printed one side of them and shipped them by express or freight to where the other side of the paper was printed. They delivered them by carrier or mailed them to their subscribers. The remuneration for this was as follows:

We furnished the paper, printed it on one side, making a two or four page paper as desired, and shipped them to their home towns. For this service we secured a contract with the papers to receive pay for all the advertising that we could secure and place in these pages.

Later, when I was publishing the Knoxville Morning Tribune and the Knoxville Evening Sentinel, I published the Business Magazine. This was a monthly publication and was the only paper that I knew of in this part of the country that was published in the interest of business, and especially the jobbing business. Knoxville had a splendid wholesale trade and it was easy to get advertising from them for this publication. The editor of this magazine was Mr. W. M. Goodman. The circulation was almost entirely among retailers and these were the people the jobbers and manufacturers wanted to reach.

My favorite job in the newspaper business was the securing

of advertising on which the newspaper lived. I made a tour of the eastern part of the United States from Chattanooga to New York and Chicago and the territory between about every three months. I never returned home without having a very nice lot of what we called "Foreign Advertising," that is, advertising that did not originate at home. I kept a crew of trained advertising men all the time and sent them over the country looking for advertising. Immediately after the discovery of oil in Beaumont, Texas, I had two of my best advertising solicitors, Jeff R. Palmer and Will N. Hudiburg, in the field. The place was full of promoters, and there were plenty of men who would advertise in any paper where they thought they might sell some stock. It was a rich harvest from a rich field. Palmer and Hudiburg sent and brought home a great many advertising contracts for the Chattanooga News. These contracts were secured largely on the basis of selling the advertising space for half cash and half stock in oil companies.

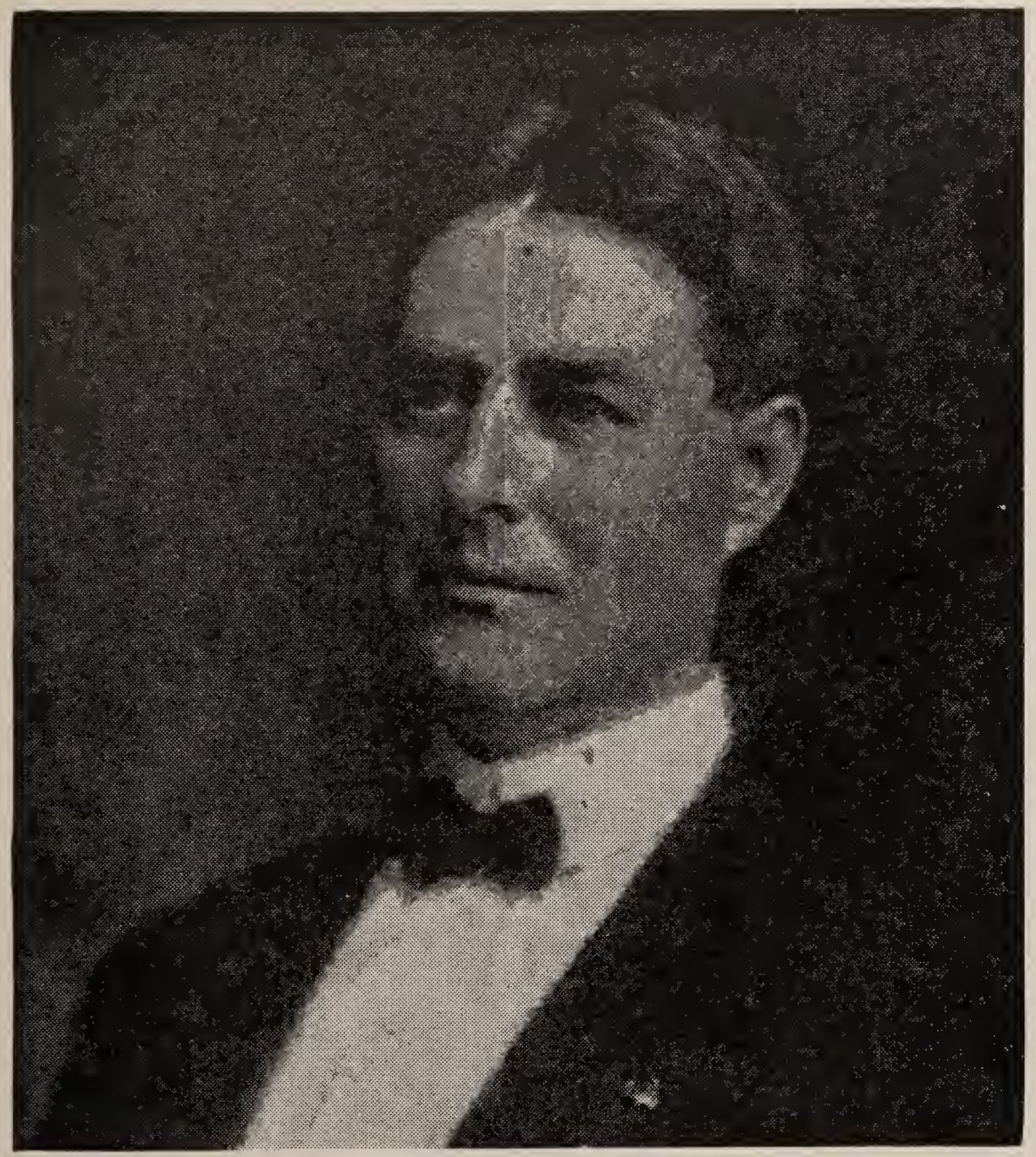
Later, I sent these two young men to California and throughout the West. They secured a great deal of advertising from brokers in Denver and from brokers and oil promoters all through the West. They secured a lot of advertising from the owners and promoters of the gold fields in California and other states. I also sent them to Tonopah, Nevada, where a very rich gold discovery had been made. They frequently sent me telegrams and postcards, "Picking is good."

I was one of the few men in the newspaper business who went out of town to sell much of his advertising space.

I also published, for several years, editions which I called the "New York Edition of the Chattanooga News," the "St. Louis Edition of the Chattanooga News," the "Louisville Edition of the Chattanooga News" and/or the "Chicago Edition of the Chattanooga News" and many other editions of this kind. These newspapers were especially edited for this purpose: It was a novel way to advertise and through our experienced advertising solicitors we secured many thousands of dollars of advertising.

Palmer and Hudiburg were known as top solicitors and told many stories about the methods they used in getting into the offices in big office buildings in different large cities.

One day they entered an elevator in one of the tall loft buildings in New York. The first sign they saw in this elevator was



JEFFERSON R. PALMER



WILLIAM N. HUDIBURG

Famous and Successful Advertising Salesmen for the J. B. Pound Newspapers

one that warned all advertising solicitors not to enter the elevators or go up in the building. Hudiburg conceived the idea of taking this sign down, which he did and put it under his coat. The gentleman they went up to see happened to be a Jewish jobber and manufacturer. He appeared to be very angry and wanted to know what they were doing up there, and asked them if they saw the sign in the elevator. Hudiburg replied, "What sign?" "A sign warning advertising solicitors not to come into this building" replied the jobber. Then Palmer looked at Hudiburg and Hudiburg looked at Palmer, and they both looked the man straight in the eye and one of them said, "There isn't any sign in the elevator." Of course, there was an argument and finally Palmer and Hudiburg made the man this proposition: "Will you be willing to do a little betting that the sign is there?" The jobber replied, "Yes, I saw it there this morning." Then one of them said, "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll bet you $150.00 that the sign isn't there." The man looked a little suspicious, hesitated, but accepted the bet, and all three of them went to the elevator—the sign was missing. The price of an advertisement in the Chattanooga News was $150.00, and the jobber paid for the advertisement because he couldn't find the sign. Then Palmer and Hudiburg began laughing at him and the jobber said, "Boys, where is that sign?" Then Hudiburg pulled it from under his coat and gave it to him. The Jewish jobber also laughed with them and after that time he was one of their best patrons on their routine trips to New York in search of advertising.

We also specialized in securing advertising from Summer and Winter resorts, both in this country and in Europe.

My instructions to the advertising solicitors were that there was plenty of business and to go out and get it. They generally did. I found the advertising business a great business, especially for a man who had imagination, the will power, and the nerve to spend his money and go out and get the business.

John M. Burger, who was a well-known citizen of Chattanooga, and a very substantial one, was in my employ for many years in the circulation department. He was a very hard worker and very resourceful. He would go to the small towns surrounding Chattanooga and secure subscriptions to the Chattanooga News. He would also go to coal mining towns and sometimes would send in a hundred subscriptions from a mining town when or-

dinarily that many subscriptions could not be secured because there weren't that many people living in the town. Later when I inquired about this, I found that one of John's favorite places to solicit subscriptions was down in the coal mines. He would go to one of the miners and talk to him while he worked, and get his subscription to the Chattanooga News. I talked with Mr. Burger about this situation and asked him to make another trip to the mines and find out if these papers were ever read. He made a visit to the mines where he had secured subscriptions and found that many of the newspapers, after being read, were used as wall paper in their homes and in the mines, which created an additional demand for our newspaper.

Memphis Morning News
Memphis, Tennessee

In January of 1901, I was publisher and owner of the Chattanooga News having sold the Knoxville Morning Tribune and the Knoxville Evening Sentinel. I was always ambitious to have more than one kind of business. Following the line of least resistance, I organized a company to publish a newspaper in Memphis, Tennessee, which seemed to be a very fertile field. I interested in this venture a number of well-known men, among them the late Judge A. W. Chambliss, who was a very fine lawyer, Mr. H. Bond, a very fine citizen of Chattanooga and Memphis, who was also a capitalist, and Mr. E. G. Richmond, a very wealthy man of Chattanooga and New York. I also had associated with me from Memphis Mr. George W. McRea, who was president of the Memphis Savings Bank, which was later changed to the Memphis National Bank, Mr. Gus Fitzhugh, one of the leading lawyers in Memphis and in the State of Tennessee, and a number of our mutual friends. I also had associated with me Mr. Walter C. Johnson, who afterwards became the manager of the Chattanooga News, and Mr. Henry Hart, who at one time was manager of the Knoxville Sentinel, and others, all well-known newspaper men.

After building an organization in Memphis and securing a large subscription list and many advertising accounts, we were

ready to launch our new venture, the Memphis Morning News.

Many things were thrown in our way by competitors and political enemies of some of the people who were engaged in this enterprise with us. Sometime before the organization of the Memphis Morning News, the Memphis Commercial Appeal had made a contract with the Southern Railway to run a special train for the purpose of delivering its morning edition into the very heart of Mississippi. In other words, no other newspaper would be carried on this train except the Memphis Commercial Appeal. I was not a lawyer, but I knew that the railroad under its charter and under the charter of the State of Tennessee, was a public carrier and could not deny us rights they had given to others. I consulted Mr. Fitzhugh, our Memphis attorney, and Judge Chambliss, our Chattanooga attorney, and they gave me a letter addressed to Mr. S. S. Pegram, Vice President and General Superintendent of the Southern Railway at Memphis, whom I already knew, saying that the Memphis Morning News was within its rights in demanding that the Southern Railway carry our paper on this special train, and we made a demand that we be permitted to do so.

Mississippi was one of the finest trading territories for Memphis. Many of the largest merchants of the city had a big trade from the Mississippi Delta, and had we failed to succeed in what we were trying to do, we thought it would prevent us from making a success of the Memphis Morning News.

We put the case in the hands of our able attorneys. After a number of conferences with Mr. Pegram and the attorneys of the Southern Railway, as well as friendly talks with the United States Judge of the District, the Southern Railway agreed to carry our paper on the same terms and conditions as the contract which they had with the Memphis Commercial Appeal. The Memphis Commercial Appeal had been trying to get the Southern Railway to run this train for a number of years and finally made them a proposition that if they lost any money on it that they would stand the deficit. Of course, we signed the same kind of contract with the Southern Railway that the Memphis Commercial Appeal had signed.

I made many friends in Memphis and enjoyed the excitement of trying to establish a new morning paper in Memphis against great odds, as the Memphis Commercial Appeal was one of the best money-making papers in the South. It was a hot fight, but

finally I had an opportunity to get out with a profit. I sold the paper to Mr. Gilbert Raine, who owned and published the Memphis Scimitar, an afternoon newspaper. He consolidated these papers under the name of the News-Scimitar. Mr. Raine later sold it to the Scripps Syndicate. It is still published and is a very prosperous and influential newspaper.

Another Duel

I was General Manager and Chief Executive of a new morning paper which I had just established in Memphis, Tennessee, called the Memphis Morning News. Memphis was a very hot town for politics. Duels between citizens of Tennessee were sometimes fought in Mississippi, where dueling was also a violation of the law.

The editor of the Memphis Morning News was Mr. A. C. Floyd, who had been editor of my Knoxville Sentinel at Knoxville, and later was editor of my Chattanooga News in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

There was considerable throwing of printer's ink between Mr. Floyd, editor of the Memphis Morning News, and Mr. Crawford, president and editor of the Memphis Commercial Appeal. This newspaper rivalry and personal criticism came very near resulting in a duel. Mr. Crawford challenged Mr. Floyd to fight a duel in Mississippi. They both left Memphis for the dueling grounds in Mississippi. Both were arrested by the officers of the law in Mississippi and returned to Memphis, where temporarily the trouble between the two men was settled. When Mr. Floyd found out he had to fight a duel, he invited me to be his Second. Of course, I declined the invitation.

Organization of the Hamilton National Bank

On or about July 1, 1905, Mr. Thomas R. Preston, who at that time was president of the Hamilton Trust & Savings Bank, Chattanooga, called on me at my office in the News Building, Georgia Avenue and Tenth Street, and asked me if I would be affiliated with him in the establishment of the Hamilton National Bank, which he was organizing, and which was to be located in the building at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets. We discussed the matter very informally and our conversation ended by my signing an application for the charter of this bank.

I became one of the directors of the bank, and served for about twenty-five years. I enjoyed my work with this bank and also my association with the many fine men connected with it during all of these years.

The first officers of the Hamilton National Bank were:

T. R. Preston	President
H. T. Olmsted	Vice President
G. H. Miller	Vice President
C. M. Preston	Cashier
C. L. Knoedler	Assistant Cashier

The first Board of Directors was composed of the following:

T. R. Preston	H. T. Olmsted	John Thompson
G. H. Miller	J. C. Miller	Frank O. Rettig
A. A. Stong	J. B. Pound	F. A. Seagle
John Stagmaier	W. A. Burns	Sol Moyses
John H. Cantrell	S. T. Dewees	C. M. Preston
Chas. L. Loop	M. H. Ward	G. F. Meehan
	T. G. Garrett	

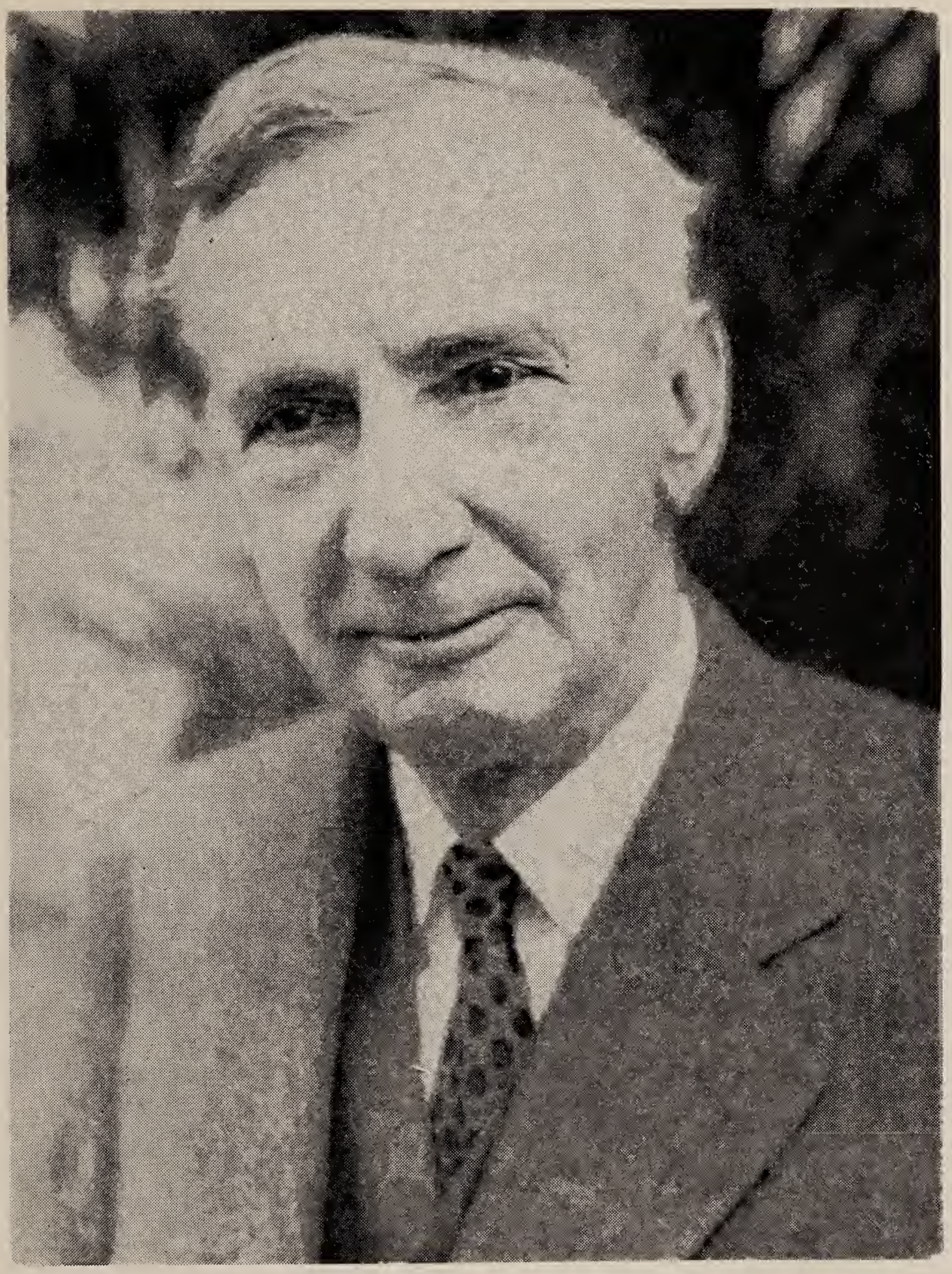
I am sorry to say that all the members of the first Board of Directors have passed away except Mr. Thomas R. Preston, Mr. Frank O. Rettig and myself, Jerome B. Pound.

Mr. Preston informed me that all members of the first Board of Directors were appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and later confirmed by the stockholders. He also stated that the Hamilton Trust and Savings Bank and its predecessors have not missed paying a dividend in fifty-five years.



First Board of Directors of Hamilton National Bank
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Chartered July 28, 1905

1. John H. Cantrell
2. G. H. Miller
3. T. R. Preston
4. C. M. Preston
5. John Stagmaier
6. F. A. Seagle
7. H. T. Olmsted
8. W. A. Burns
9. Sol Moyses
10. J. C. Miller
11. M. H. Ward
12. T. G. Garrett
13. G. F. Meehan
14. S. T. Dewees
15. Frank O. Rettig
16. Chas. L. Loop
17. A. A. Stong
18. J. B. Pound
19. John Thompson



Mr. Thomas Ross Preston

Chairman of the Board of Hamilton National Bank, a National Financier.

One of my best and most valued friends is Mr. Thomas R. Preston, the well-known banker.

Thomas Ross Preston was born near the little town of Woodbury, Tennessee, being the second oldest in a family of six sons

and one daughter. He graduated from Woodbury Academy and his first job was as teacher in a little country school near Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Mr. Preston began his banking career in the employ of a small bank in Woodbury and his next position was with the Traders National Bank, Tullahoma, Tenn.

In 1889 he came to Chattanooga and secured a position as messenger for the South Chattanooga Savings Bank, now the Main Street Branch of the Hamilton National Bank.

In 1905, he and his brother, Mr. C. M. Preston, and associates organized the Hamilton National Bank. Mr. T. R. Preston was elected president of that bank which position he held until January, 1948, when he was made Chairman of the Board.

He is president of the Hamilton National Associates, Inc., which was also organized by himself and his brother. In 1930 they organized the Hamilton National Bank of Knoxville, of which he is a director.

Mr. T. R. Preston is a director of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway and also a director in a number of other outstanding concerns.

In 1927–28 Mr. T. R. Preston was president of the American Bankers Association. For many years he was a director of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Mr. Preston has had much to do with the growth and development of this city. He is a quiet, unostentatious, but effective worker for anything he considers to be good for his community.

A Flare in Real Estate Development

While publishing the Chattanooga News I also took a flare in real estate development, and purchased four blocks of property on Eleventh Street east of the Pound Building and began to develop it.

My first building of any consequence was a theater building, which I first named the Shubert Theater. The name was changed two or three times and finally it was changed to the Albert Theater. Many famous actresses and actors played in this theater.

Chattanooga at that time stood badly in need of a new theater. We had planned this one and had all arrangements made to build it and the contract was let to a man named Johnson, a builder of playhouses and theaters, who lived in St. Louis. At that time a rival syndicate had purchased the lot on the corner of Sixth and Walnut Streets and they interested Jake Wells, a theater owner and promoter of Richmond, Virginia. They came to Chattanooga, and with the help of other people, built the Bijou Theater, which was sold later to Mr. Z. C. Patten, Jr.

The competition between these two theaters was terrific. Many people predicted disaster for both of them as they did not see how Chattanooga could support two new theaters.

I sold my controlling stock in the theater company to Mr. R. J. Miller, the well-known druggist, who for years had a drug store at the corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets. Later, the company owning this theater sold it to Bennett and Hubbard Candy Company and it was changed into a manufacturing plant.

I also built the Garage Building at the corner of Newby and East Eleventh Street and owned it for a number of years. Mr. Eston Howell operated this garage when it was first built and for more than fifteen years.

I sold to Trotter Brothers, well-known wholesale grocers, who had a wholesale grocery located on Market Street near the corner of Sixth and Market Streets, the vacant property at East Eleventh and King Streets, and on it they erected a very fine building for their wholesale grocery business. Trotter Brothers sold their business to King, Dobbs Company, of which Mr. Henry King was president. Mr. King died August 19, 1945. It is now owned and occupied by the Fleetwood Coffee Company. I worked very hard in the development of East Eleventh Street and sold my holdings at a fair profit.

Later, I built the Eastern Hotel on a piece of property at Eleventh and Market Streets, which was under lease by the State of Georgia to C. E. James. I purchased this lease from Mr. James.

I also sold to Mr. Henry Bond a lot on East Eleventh Street across from the Bennett-Hubbard Candy Company and he erected a nice building on it.

Before the development of East Eleventh Street, it was used for Street Fairs and Midways of the May Festivals, as well as many other civic events.

Living on Lookout Mountain

As a matter of some interest, I might say that I formerly owned a cottage on the side of Lookout Mountain, where a number of citizens had summer cottages. Among them were members of the Frank and Gus Miller families, the Chambliss family, all the Willingham families, the Bond family, the Sholar family, and others which I do not remember at this time.

Later, I thought it would be more convenient to live on top of the mountain, so I purchased a house from Mr. O. D. Gorman. Mr. Gorman and his wife were new residents of Chattanooga and they had built this house. The location was 1111 East Brow Road. It was the second house from Point Park on the East Brow, the first house next to Point Park being owned by Mr. T. C. Ervin. Mr. Ervin owned a large dry goods store next door to the store of D. B. Loveman Company on Market Street. The Ervins were from Rockwood, Tennessee, and T. C. Ervin, Jr., who is now president of the Lucey Boiler & Manufacturing Corporation, still lives in the Ervin home.

We soon found that this house which we bought from Mr. and Mrs. Gorman was too small. It was built on a fifty-foot lot. We bought an additional fifty feet from Mr. N. H. Grady and remodeled the house, doubling its size and erected a two story garage. My family and I had some very happy days there together and with our friends. It was a real paradise.

I remember one year that we had a very cold summer. We had two fireplaces on the first floor, one in the living room and one in the dining room. On the Fourth of July it was so cold that we couldn't stay outdoors and both fireplaces were put in use.

Mr. W. J. Willingham, my wife's father, had just come up from Florida. He told me when I arrived home that afternoon that he had suffered terribly that day on account of the very cold weather.

My next move was to purchase the tract of land known as the Lookout Mountain House property consisting of sixteen or more acres of land, where I built my present home, which I have described in another chapter. Later, I added more acreage to this site.

A Strange Story about Lookout Inn
Lookout Mountain, Tennessee

A DRAMATIC incident in my life was when John Shamotulski, a well-known citizen of Chattanooga, came to me and wanted to interest me in the Lookout Inn. Mr. Shamotulski had represented the Moerlein Brewing Company of Cincinnati, Ohio for many years in the sale of beer. Among other things he had induced the Moerlein Brewing Company to buy the Lookout Inn because the hotel owed the company so much money, practically all of it for beer, and a loan in addition. Mr. Shamotulski thought that I was probably his lucky star. That was the story he told me, and without any frills, he said, "J. B., I am going to make you a present of the Lookout Inn."

Lookout Inn was one of the finest hotels ever built in the Southern part of the United States. It was erected by a number of Chattanooga and Mississippi people who were interested in developing Lookout Mountain. They owned a lot of land on the mountain. A standard gauge railroad had been built from the foot of the mountain to Lookout Inn, which, in addition to carrying local traffic, brought Pullman cars from Boston and other cities to the Inn. When the hotel was filled, many of the passengers occupied their berths in the Pullman cars while they remained on the mountain. Others came in their private Pullman cars.

It was a very alluring proposition. It almost swept me off my feet, because I never thought that anyone would offer to give me such a magnificent present that cost more than a million dollars. Mr. Shamotulski finally convinced me that he was in earnest, and showed me a letter from the Moerlein Brewing Company stating that he might dispose of the hotel in any way that he desired to do. I accepted the proposed gift, although I had never operated a hotel before that time. Mr. Shamotulski's attorneys were Williams and Lancaster (Robert H. Williams and George D. Lancaster), two of the leading attorneys of Chattanooga. Mr. Shamotulski made an engagement with me to meet him at the office of Williams and Lancaster. When I arrived at their office, the deed had already been written and I was standing around, very excited, waiting for Mr. Shamotulski to sign the deed. Mr. Lancaster said to Mr. Shamotulski, "Sit down at the desk, read this deed over, and if it is all right, sign it and turn

it over to Mr. Pound.'' George Lancaster and I walked to the window, where we had a wonderful view of Lookout Mountain. Lookout Inn was plainly visible. About that time we saw a tremendous blaze. Mr. Lancaster turned around and said to Mr. Shamotulski, ''John, your damn old hotel is burning up.'' That fire, coming at just that time lost me one of the most beautiful hotels I ever saw in my life.

Building of Hotel Patten
Chattanooga, Tennessee

The Hotel Patten, Chattanooga's leading hotel, was finished and opened April 1, 1908.

At that time I was president of the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce, of which I had been a member for many years. I was also publisher and owner of the Chattanooga News, which was Chattanooga's good afternoon daily.

One of the things which I advocated in my paper and personally for many years, and also through the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce, was the building of a new hotel in Chattanooga. Other persons talked about it, but it was all talk and nothing was done until I resolved that I would endeavor to get Chattanooga a new hotel, which was very badly needed. At that time the Read House was the largest hotel in the city.

I had preliminary plans drawn and an estimate made of the probable cost of the new hotel. Having these things in my possession I started out to either build a hotel myself or get someone else to build it.

Mr. Sam Read, who owned the Read House, was a very nice gentleman. I called on him two or three different times. On these visits he told me that the Read House supplied all the hotel accommodations that Chattanooga needed and that he would not undertake to rebuild his hotel or do anything about it.

I called on him again and I said, ''Mr. Read, if you won't build a new hotel for Chattanooga, I'm going to build one myself.''

He looked at me in a very cynical way and said, ''What do you know about the hotel business?'' I said, ''Mr. Read, I don't



Opening Banquet—Hotel Patten—Chattanooga, Tennessee
April 1, 1908

know a thing about the hotel business. I have had large experience in the newspaper business and have been successful. I feel if a person can successfully run a newspaper he can run anything.'' Mr. Read replied, ''Have you the money to build a hotel?'' I said, ''No, I personally haven't the money to build it but I have faith that I can find men in Chattanooga who have the money and who have faith in the future growth of the city to put their money into a hotel.'' That was about forty-one years ago, but I remember it just as well as if it had been yesterday.

Mr. Charles T. Alexander, of Dallas, Texas, had been having some correspondence with the Chamber of Commerce about a new hotel in Chattanooga. I invited him to come to Chattanooga and talk with us about the proposed hotel. This he did. I found, however, that he had no personal experience in the hotel business but he was a good talker and a good statistician. I suggested that

Mr. Alexander accompany me to St. Elmo and talk with Mr. Z. C. Patten, Sr. and John A. Patten, his nephew, owners of the Chattanooga Medicine Company. At first these gentlemen were not very favorable to putting up $650,000.00 on something that they knew nothing about. Mr. Alexander returned to Texas. Later I made an agreement with Mr. Z. C. Patten, Sr. and Mr. John A. Patten for them to put up the money, approximately $650,000.00 to build a hotel. I agreed to secure $100,000.00 to go into an operating company. I succeeded in raising more than this amount.

The first stockholders in the operating company were: J. B. Pound; Charles F. Reif; Mrs. Lena M. Jones; F. O. Coleman, Trustee; Sligh Furniture Company of Grand Rapids, Michigan; Chas. J. Kriel; S. T. and W. A. Dewees; Edw. A. Abbott; Fred Ferger; Herman Ferger; J. C. Howell; Houston R. Harper; Carl White; Mrs. Daisy P. Long; M. McClellan; R. B. Jones; Capt. H. S. Chamberlain; and John Cummings. Later I purchased all outstanding stock of the Company and became the sole stockholder.

I invited Mr. Alexander to return to Chattanooga. He was made Secretary and Manager and became a stockholder in the operating company. The money was collected and put in the Hamilton National Bank for the purpose of carrying out the contract to furnish the hotel and operate it.

In the meantime, before work was actually started or a contract made by Mr. Z. C. Patten, Sr. and Mr. John A. Patten to build this hotel, I made arrangements with Mr. Ross Faxon, a well-known citizen and capitalist of Chattanooga and San Francisco, to take a third interest in the building ownership which was approved by Mr. Z. C. Patten, Sr. and Mr. John A. Patten.

The date was set for a meeting between the gentlemen putting up the money for the hotel building and the stockholders of the hotel operating company. Next morning, and before the proposed meeting of the two companies, I was awakened about five o'clock by a telephone call from Mr. Ross Faxon. I could tell by his voice when he first spoke that he was in deep distress. He said to me, "Mr. Pound, have you heard about the great earthquake last night in San Francisco?" Of course, I realized that something terrible had happened to him. I said, "No, I have not." He said, "The worst damage to the city was done in the neigh-

borhood where my wife has her most valuable investments in the way of real estate, and also where I have my investments. I am sorry to tell you that I can not agree to put a dollar into your hotel proposition." It was a dark morning for Mr. Faxon, his wife and family. It was also a dark morning for me, and I was afraid it was going to be a dark morning for Chattanooga.

I phoned Mr. Z. C. Patten, Sr., and Mr. J. T. Lupton. Mr. Lupton had just purchased the interest of Mr. John A. Patten in the hotel enterprise. I told them what had happened and asked permission to come out to their office in St. Elmo to talk the matter over with them. I told them they were men of means and foresight and suggested that they take the interest subscribed for by Mr. Faxon. After much consideration, they did this and, of course, this made me extremely happy and made the city happy, for everyone knew that these gentlemen would do what they agreed to do.

The operating company had money in the Hamilton National Bank and I drew a check for $100,000.00 to place in escrow in the bank guaranteeing the owners of the hotel that the operating company would carry out its contract. By the way, this was the largest check that I had ever signed up to that time. It was drawn on the Hamilton National Bank, who became the depository for this money until the hotel was finished and turned over to the operating company.

We had another meeting and all details were ironed out. A contract was made with Architect W. T. Downing of Atlanta to make the plans for the hotel and superintend its construction. R. H. Hunt & Company were selected for the local architects. George Baker Long, a well-known contractor of Boston, was given a contract for the erection of the hotel. Work was started immediately on the site which the hotel occupies at this time, which was owned by the Stone Fort Land Company. This site was used by the Federal Government in the War Between the States and was well known everywhere as Stone Fort.

The building was started in 1907 and, as stated above, was finished and opened April 1, 1908.

Mr. John A. Patten took a leading part in the movement for the hotel. He was a great church man and was a leading member of the Stone Church at Georgia and McCallie Avenues, which was the downtown church of the Methodist Episcopal Denomina-

tion. Mr. Patten was later elected head of the book concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church with headquarters in Chicago, which was one of the most outstanding positions that any man could hold in this church organization. Unfortunately, this was perhaps the indirect cause of Mr. Patten's death, which shocked the entire country, especially the South. While in Chicago he caught a cold and died within a short time. The whole city was in mourning when Mr. Patten passed away.

Mr. John A. Patten did a very fine thing for his friends in the ministry. He asked me to get out a special card for him to sign, which he sent out to approximately three hundred ministers, inviting them to come to the Hotel Patten at their convenience and be his guest for a week for room and meals. This was, to me, one of the finest things that any man ever did. I am sure these ministers appreciated such liberality.

The Hotel Patten was opened for business with a large civic banquet that completely filled the main ballroom, and was participated in by several hundred prominent citizens of Chattanooga. Large and beautiful silver cups were presented to Mr. Z. C. Patten, Sr. and to Mr. J. T. Lupton, who were the owners of the building, and to J. B. Pound, as promoter and president of the operating company.

The Hotel Patten was considered the largest and finest hotel of strictly fireproof construction to be found in the South. Many cities sent delegations to Chattanooga to attend the opening banquet. An especially large delegation came from Birmingham who had under consideration the building of a hotel of like character in that city. They returned to Birmingham and recommended to the committee to go ahead with it, and the Tutwiler Hotel was built, which is a fine companionlike hotel to the Hotel Patten.

Later an addition of 140 rooms was added to the Northeast wing of the Hotel Patten. A place for this purpose was left when the original structure was built. This gave the hotel about 400 rooms and made the Patten one of the largest and finest hotels in the Southern country. It has few equals anywhere.

Recently two new Otis elevators have been installed, a great deal of air conditioning has been done, and thousands of dollars of improvements have been made to the Patten, making it up-to-date and one of the most modern in the South.

There were about 350 guests at the opening banquet. It is sad

to relate that 80% of those who were present have passed away.

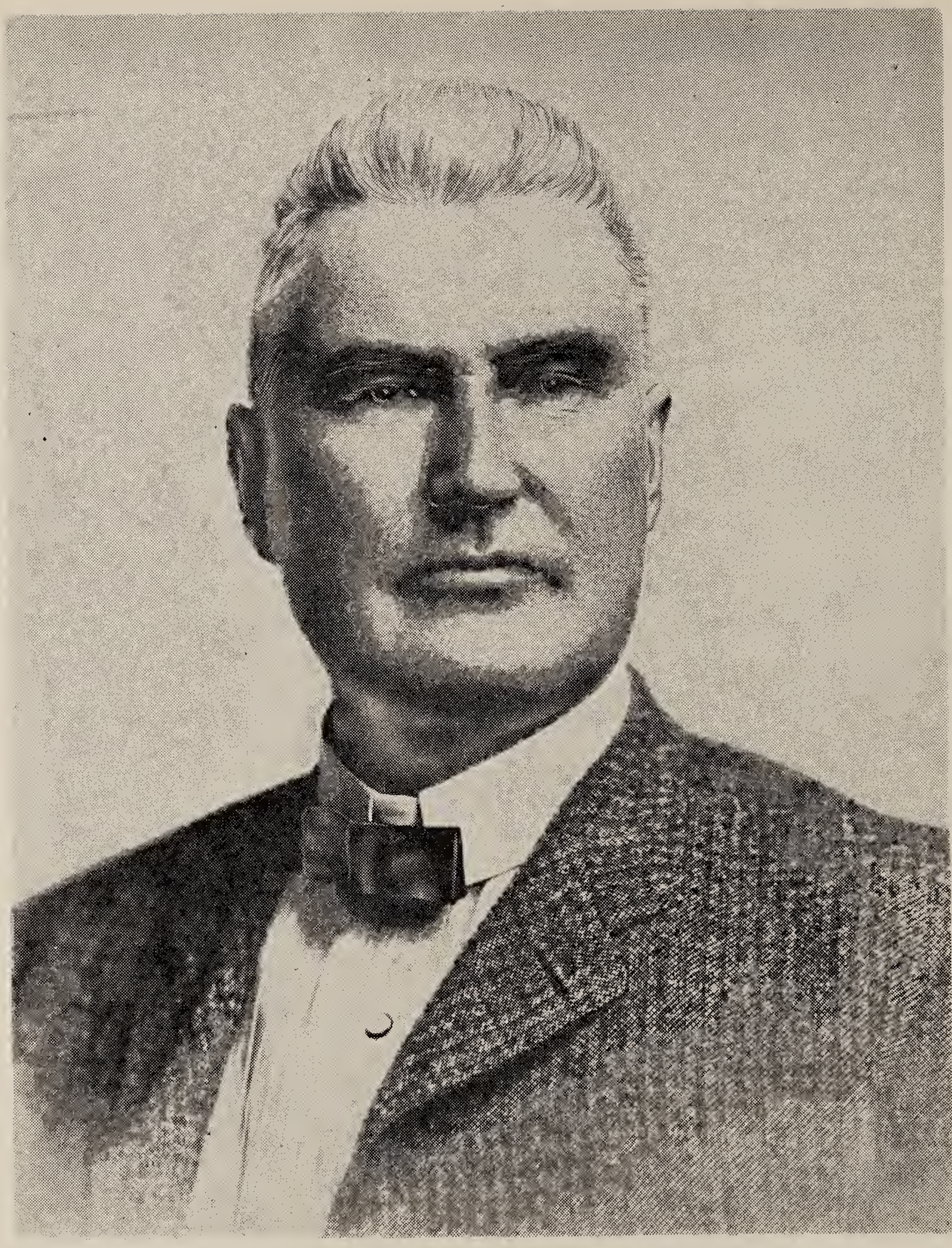
I have been president and directing head of the hotel for the past forty years with the exception of a short period.

Plaza Hotel
Chattanooga, Tennessee

I LEASED from the State of Georgia a building erected by the Southern Express Company located west of the Hotel Patten, in the triangle bounded by Georgia Avenue, Tenth Street, and Market Street. This building was used by the Southern Express Company as an office building. I converted it into a hotel, which was first called the Annex Hotel and later the Plaza Hotel. I spent $75,000.00 in remodeling the building and $35,000.00 for furniture and equipment. This hotel was leased to Mr. Paul McQuiddy.

Eastern Hotel
Chattanooga, Tennessee

I LEASED from C. E. James, who held a lease from the State of Georgia, the property on the Southeast corner of Eleventh and Market Streets, Chattanooga, and erected thereon a three story office building. At that time this location was just a bit too far off the beaten path for an office building, so I turned it into a hotel.



Mr. Z. C. Patten, Sr.
Capitalist and City Builder
Chattanooga, Tennessee

I TAKE much pride in the fact that I knew Mr. Z. C. Patten, Sr. for many years. I always admired his very fine qualities that few men possess in such great numbers.

In stature he was a very fine proportionately-built man, al-

ways meticulously dressed, and for many years he was one of Chattanooga's leading citizens.

Mr. Patten was, more than any other man, responsible for the building of the Hotel Patten. I talked with him about building in Chattanooga a magnificent hotel, about his many fine promotions for the city, the city's needs for future growth, and the pride that he had in Chattanooga. This had more effect on him than anything else. Mr. Patten and his son-in-law, Mr. J. T. Lupton, furnished all of the money to build the Hotel Patten.

Mr. Patten did not seek to have his name placed on the Hotel Patten. The city was lined with buildings that he had helped erect. As President and Executive Manager of Hotel Patten, and controller of the stock in the operating company, I had the privilege of naming the hotel, as I had been the prime promoter in the erection of this building. I went to Mr. Patten and told him that I wanted the hotel named for him; he demurred in the matter, and, as usual, said he did not want any undue publicity. I told him that his name was the most fitting name for the hotel, and unless he absolutely forbid me to do so, I would call the hotel "Hotel Patten" in his honor. Finally he acquiesced and that is how the Hotel Patten was named.

The Chattanooga Times, on the occasion of his death, in their issue of March 21, 1925, gave a most complete story about Mr. Patten. I wish I had the space in this book to reprint every word of that story.

Mr. Patten was a great and good man and in many respects the greatest citizen of Chattanooga.

Mr. Cartter Patten, the only son of Mr. Patten, is carrying on in the same splendid way that his father did.

Mr. John Thomas Lupton
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Mr. John Thomas Lupton was born on Cloverdale Farm, near Winchester, Virginia, March 6, 1862, son of Jonah J. Lupton and Rebecca C. Lee, a remote relative of General Robert E. Lee.

He was educated in a graded school at Strasburg, Virginia, and graduated as a Bachelor of Arts at Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia, at the head of the class of 1882, taking also the medal in mathematics. In 1844, he took up the study of law at the University of Virginia, graduating as B.L. in 1886. In 1887, Roanoke College conferred on him the degree of M.A. and in September of that year he came to Chattanooga, where he practiced law alone for several years, and then for one year, in partnership with Mr. Frederick Giddings.

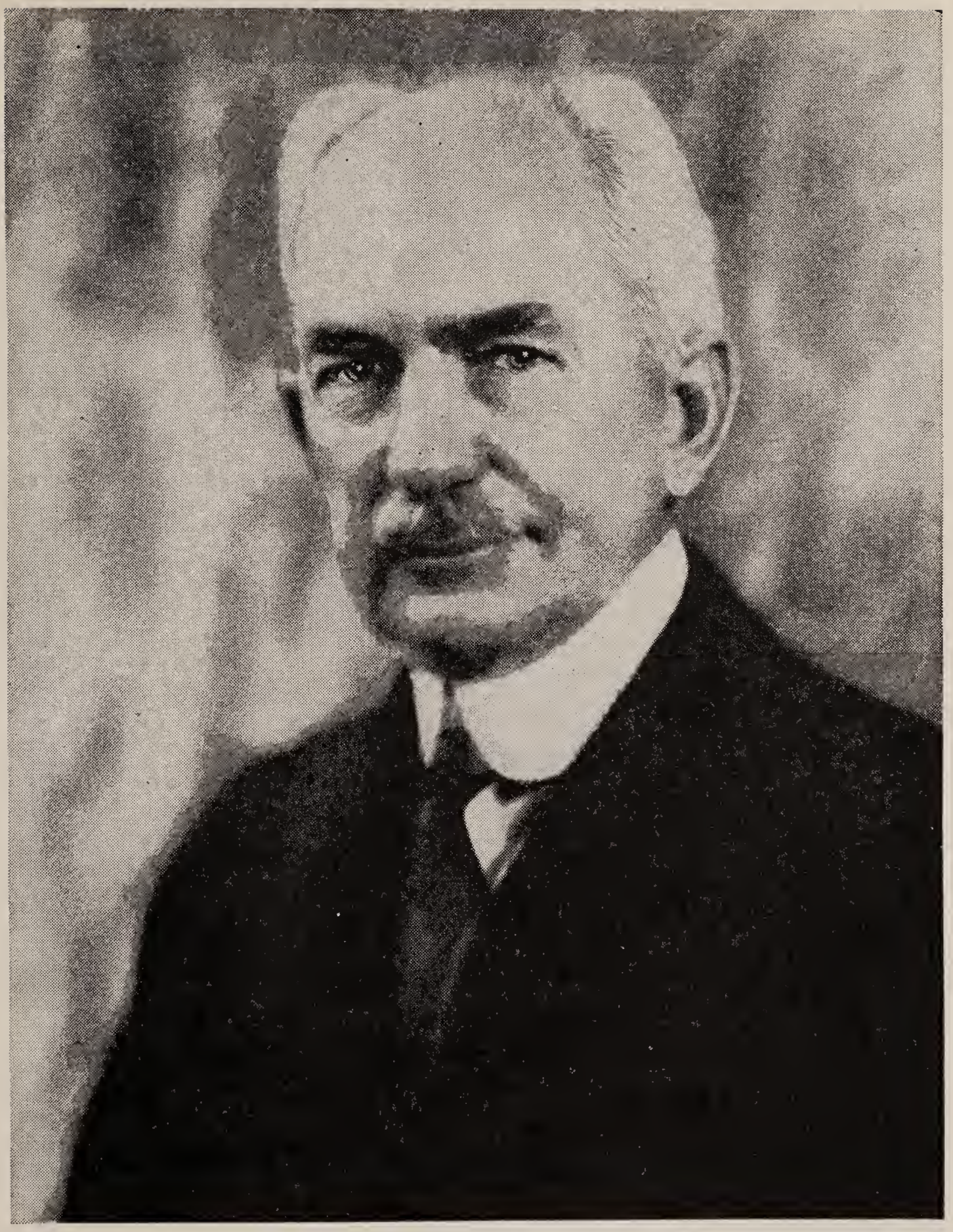
I met Mr. Lupton in the office of the Chattanooga-Lookout Mountain Railway, located on the second floor of the Bates Block on East Ninth Street. If I remember correctly, Mr. Ed Watkins, a well-known lawyer, who was president of this railway company at that time, introduced us.

Tom Lupton, as he was popularly known, was not so very long out of the University of Virginia, was exceedingly nice looking, and had many attributes except money. He was seeking his future in Chattanooga, and I might say here that no young man who ever located in Chattanooga had more success in making a large fortune and also making an enviable career than Tom Lupton. He had few equals in this, or any other city.

Mr. Lupton married Miss Elizabeth Patten, daughter of Mr. Z. C. Patten, Sr. and later he became interested with Mr. Patten in the Chattanooga Medicine Company, the Stone Fort Land Company, and numerous other enterprises.

In the early days of the Coca Cola Company, he became associated with Mr. Joe Whitehead and Mr. Ben Thomas, the founders of Coca Cola Bottling Company, and spent a tremendous lot of time in helping to develop this business.

He gave generously to Oglethorpe University in Atlanta, Georgia. I was attending the First Presbyterian Church in Chattanooga one Sunday morning and Dr. Jacobs, the President of Oglethorpe University and a good money-getter, delivered the sermon. After the service, Mr. Lupton told Dr. Jacobs that he liked his sermon and he wanted to give him a contribution



J. T. Lupton
Capitalist and City Builder
Chattanooga, Tennessee

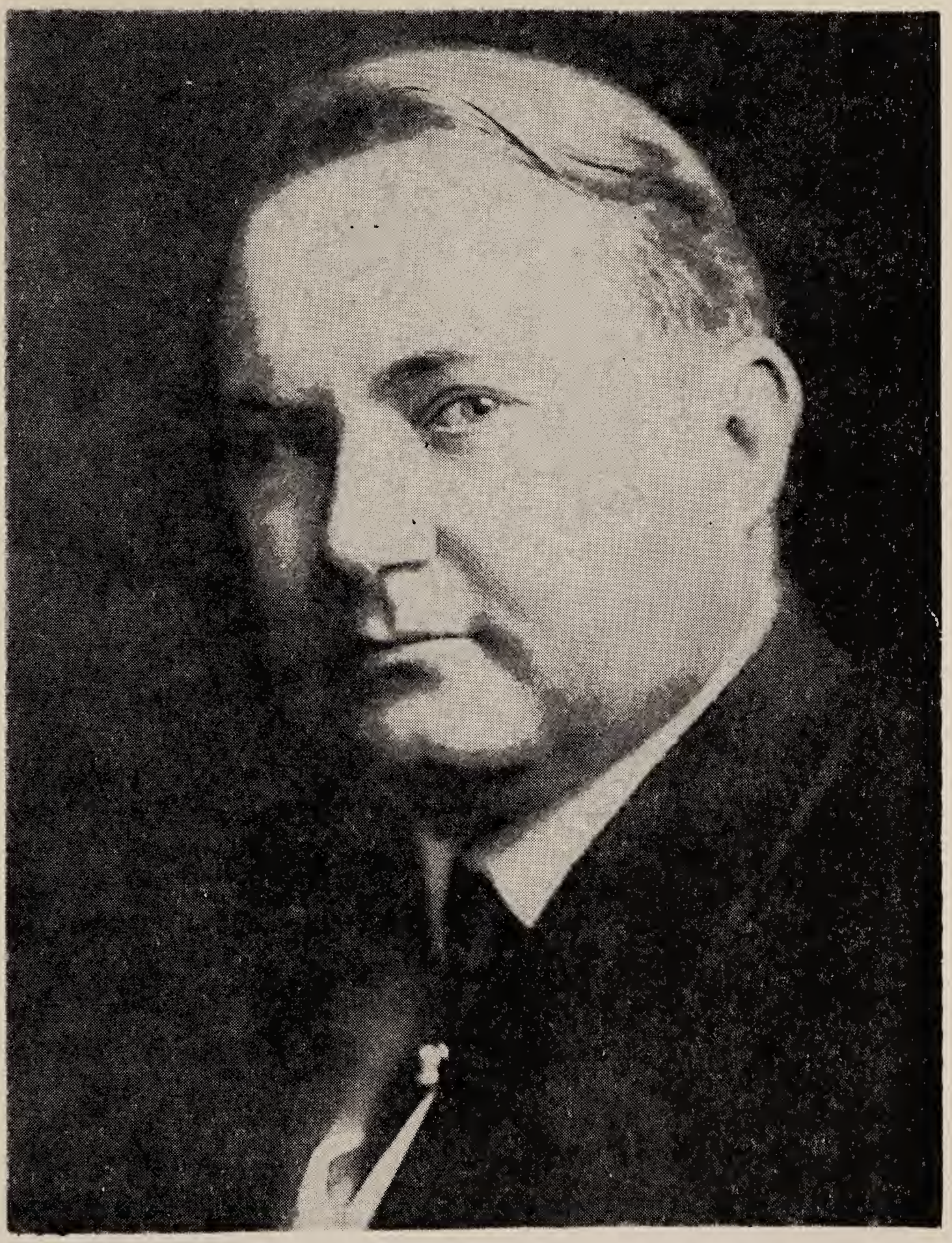
for the University. "How much would you expect from me?" Mr. Lupton asked him. Dr. Jacobs replied, "Mr. Lupton, we will be very happy to receive any amount that you want to give us." Next day Mr. Lupton told me that he sent Dr. Jacobs a a check for $10,000.00.

Mr. Lupton liked Professor John Roy Baylor, who founded Baylor School, Chattanooga, Tennessee, and who was head of that school for so many years. Mr. Lupton gave a large sum of money to Baylor School, which made it possible for the school to acquire the splendid location and erect the beautiful buildings on its campus. The site of Baylor School overlooks the Tennessee River a short distance from the Signal Mountain Highway.

Mr. Lupton's son, Mr. Cartter Lupton, is also a fine friend of Baylor School and has made generous contributions to it, among them being a special building.

Mr. Lupton also gave liberally to other colleges, including Agnes Scott, Peabody College, Roanoke College, and King College.

Mr. Lupton built some of the largest manufacturing plants in Chattanooga, all of which have been very successful.



Mr. John A. Patten

Capitalist and City Builder

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Mr. John Alanson Patten was born September 27, 1867, at Delavan, Illinois, a son of Major George W. and Charlotte Holmes Patten. With his parents' family, Mr. Patten came to Chattanooga in December, 1883, and was a resident of Chattanooga until his death, April 26, 1916.

Mr. Patten was a very successful business man. He took a leading part not only in all philanthropic projects carried on in the City of Chattanooga but also in the building of better homes, better churches, and better citizenship.

He was one of the most successful presidents of the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce.

His passing away was a great loss to the City of Chattanooga and to the entire Nation. Mr. Patten left his memory written in letters of gold that time cannot erase.

Mr. John E. Lovell
Chattanooga, Tennessee

For many years, nearly forty, John Lovell was a familiar figure around the Hotel Patten.

He first entered the hotel business as an employee at the Maxwell House, Nashville, Tennessee.

In 1910 he came to Chattanooga as auditor of Hotel Patten and within a few years was made assistant manager. In 1918 he was advanced to Manager, a position which he held up to the time of his death on December 13, 1947.

Mr. Lovell was one of the best-known and best-liked hotel men in the South. He was also one of the most popular men in Chattanooga. He specialized in doing favors and also in the use of human kindness to all persons.

Mr. Lovell took great interest in aeronautics. It was largely through his influence that Lovell Field was built. This airport was named for Mr. Lovell in appreciation of the work which he did in connection with the establishment of this airport.

During all the years that Mr. Lovell was associated with me, we never had an unkind word to pass between us and the cooperation was ideal. His death was a great personal loss to me and to the City of Chattanooga.



JOHN E. LOVELL, Manager of Hotel Patten
From 1918 to 1947; Died December 13, 1947
A Loved and Popular Citizen of Chattanooga, Tennessee

Southern Railway Terminal Station
Chattanooga, Tennessee

The public had been clamoring for years to get the Southern Railway to build a new station in Chattanooga, as the old one located at Thirteenth and Market Streets was entirely inadequate. There was much speculation as to where this station was to be located. This question was very much discussed, especially by the real estate men, as many of them had considered purchasing and selling property at or near the new station.

Previous to that time, I had given Mr. E. M. Prigmore, a real estate man, an option on some lots which I owned which were formerly a part of the old baseball park. I refused to extend the option and demanded that the option money due at twelve o'clock on a certain day, be paid. Mr. Prigmore asked me to go with him into the People's Bank on the corner of Cherry and Eighth Streets. He gave me a draft on the Treasurer of the Southern Railway, Washington, D. C. for the amount of the option. Then it quickly dawned upon me that I had found out where the new passenger depot was to be located.

I immediately went to the Hamilton National Bank and borrowed some money and went into the market to try to secure some of the property which I thought would be valuable. Much to my surprise, I discovered that most of the property adjoining had been optioned to a party connected with the Southern Railway, through the same agent that had secured the option on my piece of property. However, I was very active and succeeded in purchasing a number of pieces of property which I later sold at a good profit.

The Stanton House, one of the leading hotels of Chattanooga, and a landmark at that time, was built by and named for Mr. J. C. Stanton, a former president of the Alabama Great Southern Railway. It occupied the large plot of land on which the new station was to be erected.

Bids were asked by the Southern Railway, the new owners of the Stanton House property, for the purchase and removal of the hotel from the property. Tom Preston and I formed an agreement for the purpose of purchasing and wrecking the Stanton House. I had charge of this wrecking and sold the brick and material.

Tom Preston purchased enough brick from this Stanton House

to build one of the most beautiful homes in Chattanooga, located at 122 N. Crest Road, Missionary Ridge. The bricks were very large and made principally of mud and straw baked in the sun. These bricks helped to make a beautiful mansion, where Tom and his family have enjoyed many years of happiness. I have heard a number of builders remark that these bricks were good for all time to come and would last forever.

On November 19, 1909, the completion of the Southern Terminal Station was celebrated with a banquet. W. W. Finley, President of the Southern Railway, was the guest of honor.

The first train came in on December 1, 1909. One train was lost in the station and yard the first night the station was used, due to a blizzard and snow storm.

Southern Railway Tunnel through Lookout Mountain

When I first moved to Lookout Mountain and lived on the Eastern slope, I purchased from Mr. Charles H. Anderson, a very active real estate developer, a large number of acres of land fronting on the Lookout Mountain Boulevard and running north to the eastern brow of the mountain at the top.

Included in this tract of land was the proposed right-of-way of the Memphis and Charleston Railway Company, later known as the Southern Railway.

The Southern Railway wanted to build a tunnel through Lookout Mountain. This property was the most desirable place for the location of a tunnel.

One day Mr. W. S. Beck came to me and said, "Mr. Pound, you and the Southern Railway have always been good friends. I'm going to tell you a secret and I don't want you to mention it. We are going to build the railroad tunnel through the mountain and I want to buy the right-of-way from you. It does not affect the property in any way as it is several hundred feet away from the surface of the land. What will you sell it to us for?" My reply to him was: "Mr. Beck, I would like to give that right-of-way to the Southern Railway, but I don't feel justified financially in doing so; however, I will deed it to them for a price to be named by you." Mr. Beck replied, "The Southern Railway

Company will appreciate that very much and if you say so I will make you an offer for it." I said, "Go ahead." Then he laughed and said, "How about $1,000.00?" I said, "Perfectly satisfactory. If you want it the right-of-way is yours." The deed was made out immediately. This right-of-way was supposed to be worth $20,000.00 or $25,000.00 as it was the best place to build a tunnel.

Building the Hotel Seminole in Jacksonville, Florida

The successful financing, building, furnishing and opening of the Hotel Patten by me in Chattanooga at a cost of nearly a million dollars, amazed many men in this line of business and also those who thought their cities were in need of new hotels. Many delegations were sent to Chattanooga for the purpose of inspecting the new Hotel Patten. I received many letters asking me to visit different cities and help in organizing companies to build new hotels.

I had an invitation from the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce urgently requesting me to come to Jacksonville, Florida, and assist them in building a new hotel there. They asked me to bring my family so we could see and learn about the cultural and business advantages of Jacksonville. We were to be the guests of the Chamber of Commerce and the City of Jacksonville for not less than one week. The invitation came in such a way that I accepted it and went to Jacksonville with my family where we were royally entertained.

I went all over the city thoroughly, studied its resources, etc. and finally had a conference with the officers of the Chamber of Commerce and representatives of the city. They informed me that they had already selected a location on which they wanted me to build a hotel.

I did not like this location. I told them if they could secure the corner of Hogan and Forsyth Streets that I would undertake to build a hotel there. They told me that this could not be secured because a large office building was being built on that site and the steel construction was up about seven stories. I replied that I thought perhaps we might buy the building from the

bank which was constructing it and change the plans into a hotel. They did not think so. However, after working with the officers of the Commercial Bank they were very glad to turn over to me this unfinished building and the ninety-nine year lease on the land for the amount which had been spent on the property.

They immediately stopped work on the building, and I took over and carried the steel up to ten stories above the sidewalk. I also did something that had not been done before in the State of Florida, and that was put in a full size basement. When the building was finally finished, this basement was half filled with water due to the fact that the level of the basement was lower than the St. John's river located about two blocks from the hotel. In draining the basement we found several large turtles, alligators, and many kinds of fish.

I was assisted in buying this building by Mr. Bainbridge Richardson. At that time he was an officer of the Commercial bank, and felt that the bank was really taking a chance in putting up such a large building with the limited capital which they had.

I financed the additional amount of money that I needed to handle the Hotel Seminole proposition by the sale of stocks and bonds. Later, the company, out of its earnings, paid off the bonds. I personally bought and now own all the outstanding stock in the Ucita Investment Company which owns the Hotel Seminole. This is considered a fine hotel and a good investment.

In building the Hotel Seminole I organized my own construction company under the name of St. John's Construction Company, of which I was president and owner.

In 1948 I remodeled the Hotel Seminole, and among other things added two of the finest ballrooms in the country. These ballrooms have Parquet floors and are protected by a concealed overhead sprinkler system and are also connected with outside fire escapes. The entrance doors to the ballrooms are equipped with special fire locks which can only be operated from the inside, thus preventing any stampede in case of fire or other disturbance. These ballrooms are also used for banquets, conventions, and are connected with special stairways to Forsyth Street and to the adjoining alley on the south side of the building.

Convenient outside fire escapes have been or will be connected to every room in the hotel and fire doors have already been installed on each of the ten stair landings.

Illinois Central's Seminole Limited

When the Hotel Seminole was being completed, the Illinois Central Railroad decided to extend its line from Chicago to Jacksonville.

Mr. J. T. Harahan, the President of the Illinois-Central came to Jacksonville for the purpose of securing a location for the ticket office. I met Mr. Harahan and made a ten year lease with him at a fair price for the corner space in the lobby of Hotel Seminole.

Mr. Harahan was one of the best railroad men in the country and became a warm personal friend of mine. He asked me to suggest a suitable name for their new train they expected to run from Chicago to Jacksonville. I said, "Of course, there is only one name, and it is more suitable than any other, call it the 'Seminole Limited' because it runs from Chicago through the lands occupied by the Seminole Indians." He and his Board gladly accepted my suggestion, and I have always been proud of the fact that I named one of the South's famous trains.

Miss Edith Darling
Jacksonville, Florida

Miss Edith Darling is Chief Clerk at Hotel Seminole, Jacksonville, Florida. She was born at Cromwell, Connecticut, where her mother, two sisters, and a brother now live. She is a member of the Congregational Church.



Miss Edith Darling
Valued employee of the Hotel Seminole, Jacksonville, Florida for 32 years.
A Colonel on the staff of Governor Fuller Warren of Florida.

I take great pleasure in including in my Memoirs a short story about Miss Darling, who has been at the Hotel Seminole since the early fall of 1917. She started as hat checker and also relieved as telephone operator and cashier in the dining

room. Later she became mail clerk and at present is chief room clerk. Miss Darling is a faithful employee and one of the most popular room clerks in the country. She takes great interest in every person who comes into the hotel to register and never tires of trying to give them good service and take care of their wants.

Miss Darling has been honored by being appointed Lieutenant Colonel on the Staff of Governor Fuller Warren, of Florida, who has watched her career at the Seminole and gave her this honor, which has been given few women in the United States.

The Winn and Lovett Grocery Company asked Miss Darling's permission to name their bread for her. She graciously consented and the "Dixie Darling" bread was named for her. This company has eighty-seven stores located throughout the South.

Lt. Col. J. B. Pound of the Staff of Governor Herman Talmadge of Georgia salutes Lt. Col. Edith Darling of the Staff of Governor Fuller Warren of Florida!

Seminole Office Building
Jacksonville, Florida

In 1948 I leased part of the building at 122 West Forsyth Street, Jacksonville, Florida, for a period of sixty-five years. I modernized this building and named it "Seminole Building." This building adjoins the Hotel Seminole.

The offices are most modern, air-conditioned, and have every convenience. On the second and third floors are several large office rooms which are reached by a wide stairway and special entrance on West Forsyth Street. All stair rails are made of aluminum and are very attractive. A new Otis elevator of the latest type was installed.

The offices on the upper floors are connected with fire escapes, and the entire building is equipped with a sprinkler system.

All offices were leased to good tenants on long term leases.

Two large ballrooms, or assembly rooms, were erected on the second floor of this building, which are connecting and are used by the Hotel Seminole. These ballrooms are considered among the finest and most beautiful in the South.

Mr. Edward Ball
Jacksonville, Florida

Mr. Edward Ball was born March 21, 1888, in Hopeside, Virginia. In his youth he lived in Virginia, Texas, and Maryland, moving to California in 1908. He spent some fifteen or sixteen years in California with headquarters in Los Angeles, most of



Edward Ball, Jacksonville, Florida
Famous Financier and Director of the Fabulous Alfred DuPont Estate.

the time. During the early part of this period he prospected for both gems and minerals. He succeeded in finding a good many gems, but never realized his ambition of getting rich through prospecting and mining. Looking for a new line of endeavor he took up salesmanship and represented various lines, both as local salesman and as a traveling salesman.

During the time he was a salesman he traveled extensively

from the Pacific Coast to St. Louis, with frequent trips into other sections of the United States and also covered the Dominion of Canada and the Territory of Alaska.

During World War I he served in the 1st Infantry Regiment (Regular Army). After being mustered out of the service, the early part of 1919, he secured the job of salesman the next day and continued selling from that time on.

In 1923 Mr. Ball moved to Delaware, and in 1924 he moved to Florida where he has been engaged in various activities. He assisted in the promotion of the Gulf Coast Highway, Inland Waterways and also worked for Almours Securities, Inc. during its lifetime. He is now connected with the St. Joe Paper Company in various capacities.

Mr. Ball is one of my good personal friends and a man that I admire very much. He is a self-made man. He is one of the best known business men in the State of Florida and in business and financial circles of the country. After his arrival in Florida with his brother-in-law, Mr. Alfred I duPont, he represented him as manager and adviser until Mr. duPont's death. Since that time he has had entire control of the vast interests of the Alfred I duPont estate in Florida.

Mr. Ball has played a very important part in the business and social life of Florida. In addition to personally managing the vast business interests of Mr. duPont, he has combined by purchase of stock seventeen Florida banks located in the most important cities of Florida and headed by the Florida National Bank of Jacksonville. These combined banks have the largest amount of deposits of any chain of banks in the Southeast. Mr. Ball also controls by virtue of controlling first mortgage bonds the Florida East Coast Railroad Company.

He controls the Alfred I duPont Building located in Miami, Florida, which is one of the finest office buildings in the world.

Mr. Ball also has made a great success of the St. Joe Paper Company, which owns vast timber interests and many thousands of acres of land located in Florida. He personally owns several of the finest hotels in the South located in Florida and Mississippi.

I am very proud to have Edward Ball as my friend and to include him in my memoirs.



Dr. John B. Black

Famous Hotel Physician

Jacksonville, Florida

Dr. John B. Black has been the house physician at Hotel Seminole, Jacksonville, Florida, for a period of thirty years. His work has been entirely satisfactory and so much so that he has been selected as house physician for a majority of the hotels in Jacksonville, which is unprecedented.

Dr. Black was born in Williston, South Carolina, October 24, 1887, son of Georgia E. Black and Jacow W. Black. He received his literary training in Williston, South Carolina, and graduated from South Carolina Co-education Institute, Edgefield, South Carolina, in 1907 with a B.S. Degree. He was superintendent at the graded school at Winthrop, South Carolina, in 1908. He entered medical college in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1909

and graduated in 1912. He did interneship at Roper Hospital in 1913, after which he began his practice in Jacksonville, Florida, doing general surgery along with his practice, in which he is still actively engaged.

During World War I, Dr. Black was with the A. E. F. in France for one and a half years. He was attending surgeon with the First Army Corps and brought the corps back to the United States acting as Chief Surgeon. He was discharged at Camp Davens, returned to Jacksonville, and resumed his practice about the latter part of 1919.

Dr. Black married Mrs. Anna M. Burkhalter, August, 1948.

Dr. Black is a good friend of mine and stands very high among the professional men and the citizenship of Jacksonville and the State of Florida.

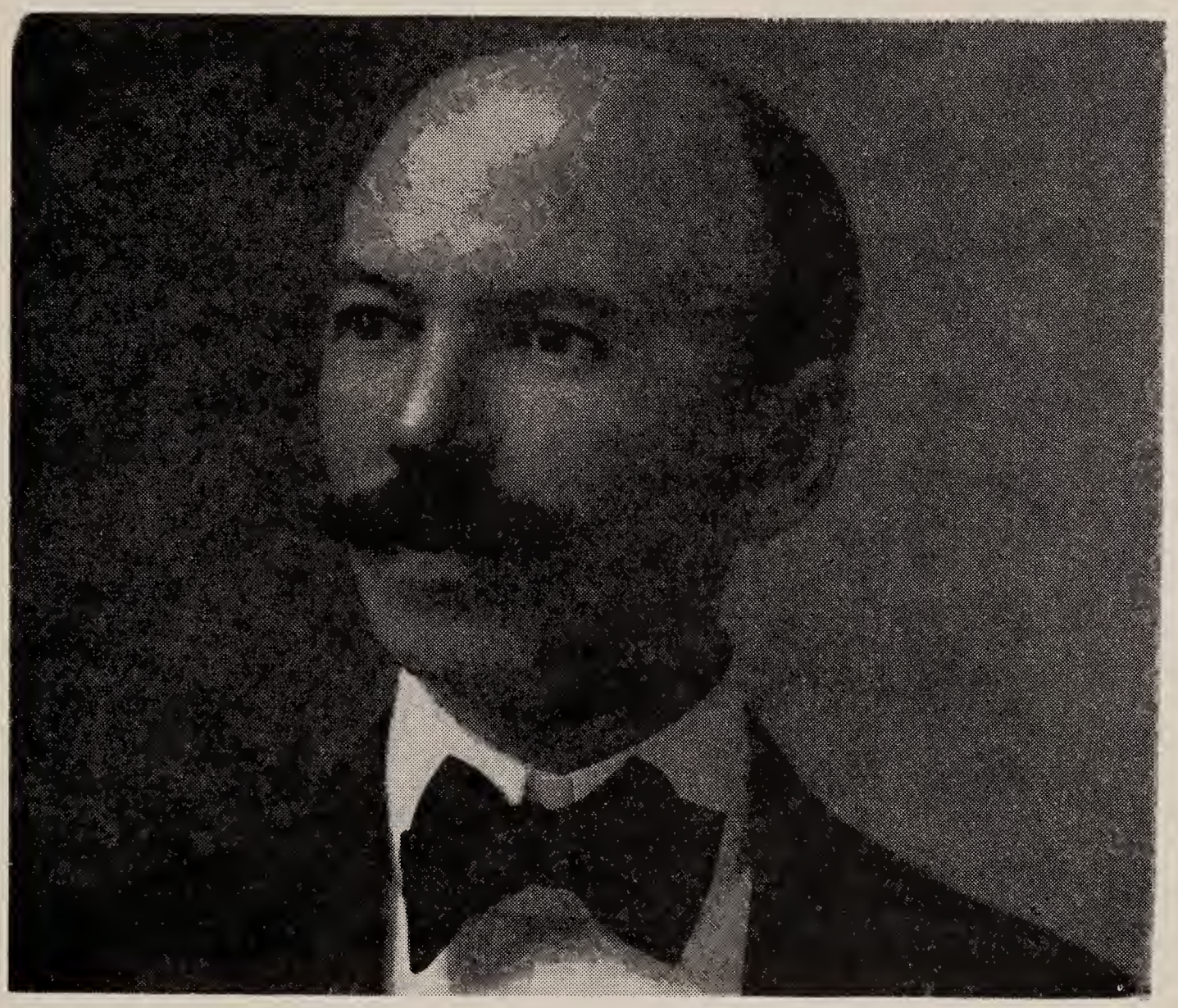
Mr. Houston R. Harper
Washington, D. C. and Delray Beach, Florida

Houston R. Harper graduated from Mercer University about the time that I started the publication of the Macon Evening News. His brother, Donald Harper, was also a graduate of Mercer University. Donald located in Paris and married a French girl.

One day while Houston was still in college in Macon, and while he was reporting, for practice, on the Macon Evening News, I sent him to cover a wedding at the home of Colonel Ayers, a Scotchman and a very prominent man of Macon. Colonel Ayers had a very beautiful granddaughter, Miss Minnie Simpson, and, of course, all the elite of Macon attended this wedding. Col. Ayers, however, was rather a gruff man and didn't like the intrusion of Mr. Harper into his private home. He told him so. He promptly took him by the shoulder and led him out the front door and asked him to please not come back, as he did not want any newspaper publicity.

Houston Harper followed me to Chattanooga after I sold the Macon Evening News and started the Chattanooga News. He was city editor of the Chattanooga News for several years. Later he decided he would try his hand at the hotel game. He went to

Atlanta and secured a position as tourist representative of the Piedmont Hotel. Later, he came back with me and was manager of the Hotel Patten, and still later I sent him to Jacksonville as manager of the Hotel Seminole. After World War I, my former manager, Charles G. Day returned to the Seminole Hotel. Under our agreement I gave Mr. Day's job back to him.



HOUSTON R. HARPER
Former Newspaper Man and Hotel Operator
Washington D. C. and Delray Beach, Florida

We were glad that Mr. Day had safely returned from the war and, of course, we were glad to have him back at the Seminole. Then the question came up, "What about Mr. Harper?" I felt sure that what he needed was to get out in business for himself. I advised him to go West and do so. At that time Mr. Harper thought I had treated him very badly, but later, after taking my advice, he invested his money in hotels and other ventures in the West. After he had an opportunity to sell out in Omaha, he moved to Washington, D. C. where he was connected with the Wardman Hotel interests and managed one of the Wardman

hotels. He later purchased one of the Wardman hotels in Washington, and changed its name to Hotel Houston after himself. He operated it successfully for a number of years and sold it at a good profit.

Houston has been successful in life and has retired from business. He lives in Washington, D. C. in the summer and Delray Beach, Florida in the winter.

Building a New City Hall for Chattanooga

I PROMOTED the building of a new City Hall for Chattanooga. It was badly needed. At that time the city occupied a two-story building at Fourth and Market Streets and had outgrown their quarters.

Some people opposed the location of the City Hall on East Eleventh Street. Others thought the Court House and the City Hall should be side by side, while others were anxious to have a new Court House built on the same location it had occupied for many years, as they felt the Court House at that time was too small and out-of-date.

Those who wanted the City Hall located on Eleventh Street had a terrific fight to have it erected there. I assumed the leadership in this fight because I thought this was the best location in the city. A special election was held to vote on the question of erecting a new City Hall on this property.

Before the election I had arranged with Stone Fort Land Company to sell this block to the City of Chattanooga for $27,-500.00, which was a splendid bargain for the city and has made a very wonderful location for the City Hall. I did not demand or receive any commission from the Stone Fort Land Company for selling this property to the city as I wanted Chattanooga to get the full advantage of this sale without compensation.

I had charge of all the preliminaries before and after the election was held. The expenses in connection with the election which were not paid by the city were paid by me personally and cost me a goodly sum. It was frequently asked why J. B. Pound took such an interest in this election and contributed so liberally to

the expenses in connection therewith. My answer was that I owned several blocks of valuable property adjoining. I had many good friends helping me in this matter, including General George W. Chamlee, who was later elected Attorney-General. The cornerstone was laid April 24, 1908.

I enjoyed this fight, which was more or less friendly, and this experience has been worth much to me in many ways.

At that time General W. L. Frierson was Mayor of Chattanooga and publicly, through the press, and otherwise, endorsed the building of a new City Hall on this location.

On May 7, 1910 the Hamilton County Court House burned. Chattanooga's new City Hall was temporarily leased by Hamilton County and courts were held there until the opening of the new Court House, November 22, 1913.

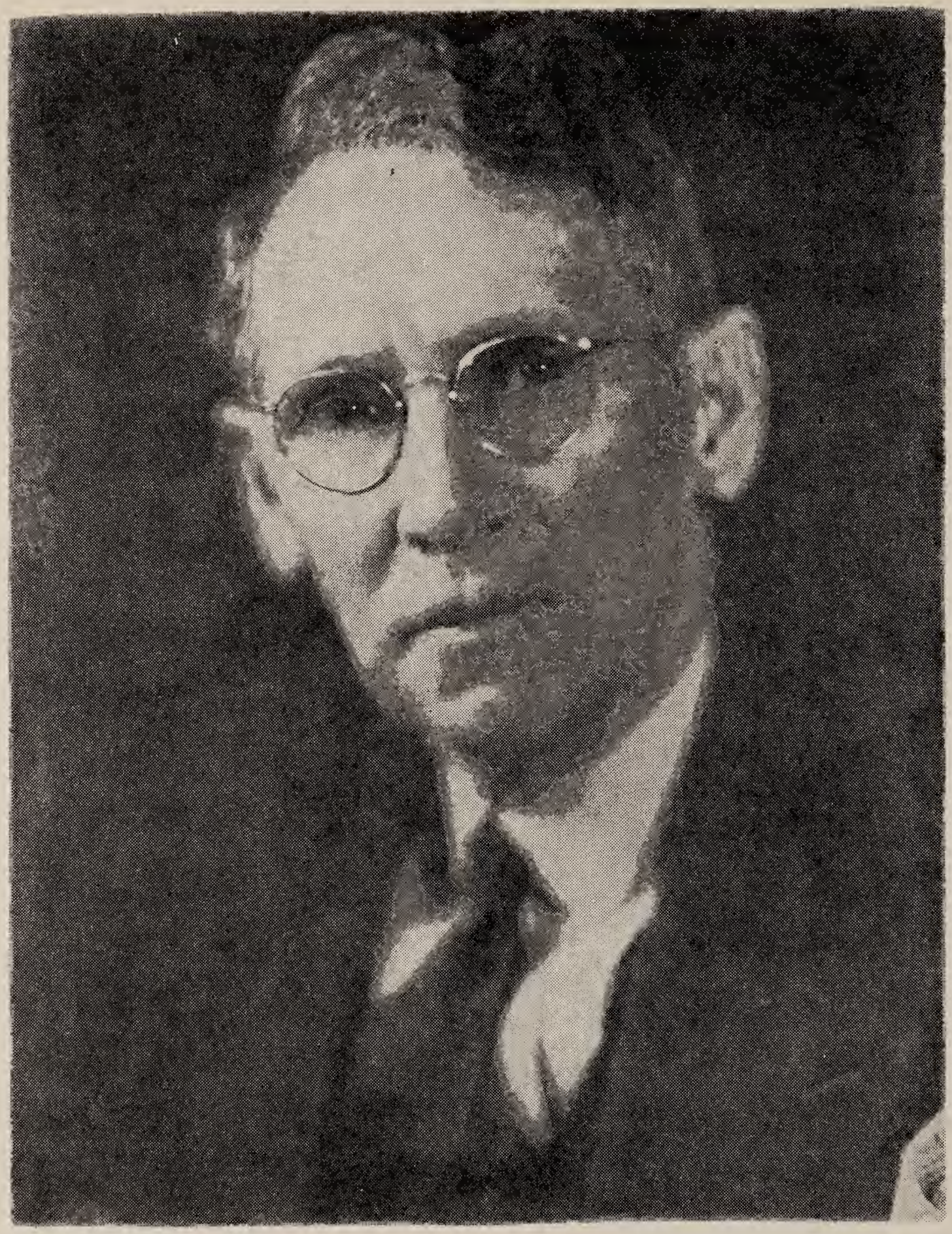
Mr. John L. Hutcheson, Sr.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Among the many friends whom I have known for many years, in fact ever since I came to Chattanooga, is John L. Hutcheson, Sr. Mr. Hutcheson is one of the Directors of the Hamilton National Bank, of which I was also a Director for about twenty-five years.

I was talking with Mr. Hutcheson one day when he told me part of the story of his life, which is a very romantic one. His people were farmers living in Hamilton County north of the Tennessee River, and John L. worked for a number of years on the farm.

Mr. Hutcheson has made an outstanding success of the Peerless Woolen Mills, Rossville, Georgia, and its earnings have been very large. A few years ago, I asked Mr. Hutcheson what was the secret of his success. His reply was that the principal secret of his success was hard work, and in addition to this, a determination to know his business. He said he mastered every part of the woolen mill business, including the art of dyeing.

Continuing, Mr. Hutcheson stated that he was determined when he went into this business to reach a place where there wasn't anything to be done that he could not do. Of course, he



JOHN L. HUTCHESON, SR.
Chairman of the Board and Founder of Peerless Woolen Mills, Rossville, Ga.

studied everything about the business until he mastered it. In other words, he could take the place of any man in his organization.

The Peerless Woolen Mills are among the finest in the world. Some of the largest wholesale manufacturers of clothing have

for years purchased their woolen materials from the Peerless Woolen Mills.

Mr. Hutcheson's sons, John L. Hutcheson, Jr. and Lewis H. Hutcheson are associated with him in business and cooperate with him in every way; John L. Hutcheson, Jr. having charge of the manufacturing part of the business and Lewis H. Hutcheson having charge of the sales office in New York City.

In addition to that, Mr. John L. Hutcheson, Sr. and Mr. John L. Hutcheson, Jr. are greatly interested in the breeding of fine cattle, and each has a large stock farm on which they produce thousands of gallons of milk daily, which is sold in this vicinity. They also sell a great many thoroughbred cattle.

Through the activities of the Hutcheson family, thousands of people have been given employment for many years.

The Hutchesons are fine people and I have admired them very much during the many years that I have known them.

Building of Hotel Ansley, Atlanta, Georgia

Having built hotels in a number of different cities, I felt it very desirable that I should have a hotel in Atlanta, Georgia.

I took the matter up with Mr. Edwin P. Ansley, a well-known real estate developer of Atlanta, and told him what I wanted to do. He showed me a number of pieces of property which were available. I finally selected the property on Forsyth Street at the corner of James Street, immediately across the street from the Piedmont Hotel. Mr. Ansley arranged a ninety-nine year lease for me on this property through the Realty Trust Company, Agents. Two large brick residences had occupied this site since before the War Between the States.

The first steps taken by me was to secure the services of an architect. I made a joint agreement with Capt. Brinton B. Davis, who was the architect on my Henry Watterson Hotel, and Mr. W. L. Stoddard, an architect of New York, whom I had known. They were given a commission to make a complete set of plans. After getting these plans I made a trip to various cities, including New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, asking for bids from well-known contractors for the erection of this build-

ing. The lowest bid which I received was about $675,000.00, which was from a contractor in St. Louis. I had estimated that the hotel should cost about $600,000.00. Not being able to get a lower bid I made up my mind to build the hotel myself. I already owned the St. Johns Construction Company with offices in Jacksonville. I rented an office in the Forsyth Building and moved my outfit to Atlanta. I then started the erection of the hotel by letting a contract for wrecking the old buildings on the site and for building the foundation.

Having used a large part of my capital in hotel buildings I found myself rather short of cash. I decided to issue $650,000.00 of securities, one-half in stock and one-half in bonds. I tried to sell the bonds and stocks to some person or corporation as a whole. Failing to do this I made up my mind that I would take over the job of selling the securities myself and save the commission. At that time I knew I would be in Atlanta a great deal, and I rented an apartment nearby. I took a big job. I felt like I was able to do it, but I could write volumes about different things that happened during this campaign to sell $650,000.00 worth of securities.

I learned from the brokers in Atlanta that Atlanta was oversold on securities and that I must look for my patrons elsewhere. Among the fields that I thought were fertile was the State of Florida and I started out to sell these securities in that state. I secured letters from various bankers, newspaper men, and others, about my enterprise, about my reliability, and my capabilities. I was boosted by the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations of Atlanta, who stated that Atlanta was badly in need of a new hotel. The Atlanta Constitution and the Atlanta Journal both aided me by boosting the project, and the Atlanta Constitution of January 7, 1912 printed the following editorial:

TWO CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

Two splendid types of the energy and perception that are molding the south of today are offered in the personalities of J. B. Pound and Edwin P. Ansley, leaders in Atlanta's new, modern hotel enterprise, the Hotel Ansley, plans for which were announced by The Constitution yesterday.

Mr. Pound is a native of Macon and while hardly in his prime as reckoned by years, has a long record of achievement to his credit. He has established and successfully operated daily newspapers in Macon, Chattanooga, Knoxville and Memphis. Only a few years ago he became impressed with the possibilities of

the hotel business in the south, and inaugurated his career in this connection by organizing and conducting the up-to-date Hotel Patten, in Chattanooga. Since then he has added the modern Hotel Seminole, at Jacksonville, to his chain of hostelries; has now under construction the magnificent Hotel Henry Watterson, at Louisville, and makes Atlanta a part of his system with the soon-to-be-erected million dollar Hotel Ansley. This accomplishment, for a man who started life without a dollar, and who has probably the greater part of his working years before him, is evidence of initiative and constructive genius of a high order.

No less impressive and inspiring to the young man in search of opportunities is the career of Edwin P. Ansley. Of him it can be said that he sees, not one, but several monuments to his memory in his lifetime. Ansley Park, which he wrought literally from the forest, is one; a rehabilitated Forsyth Street, giving to the heart of town one of its most important avenues, is another, and now the Ansley Hotel, named after him. To few men is it given to witness the results of their own almost wizard foresight before they have even touched their declining years. Accurate type of builder for other people no less than himself, Mr. Ansley is one of Atlanta's best individual assets. There is no prophesying what turn his restless genius for development will next take.

Conjointly, these two aggressive and far-seeing southerners pertinently illustrate the qualities that are bringing the section squarely in the vision of the nation.

Mr. Ansley did what he could to help me carry the project through but otherwise was not active and had no personal financial interest in the project whatsoever. I supplied the finances, was my own contractor, and was solely responsible for the erection of the building and purchase of the furnishings. Mr. Ansley had been a large developer of real estate in Atlanta. Among his fine deeds was the building and development of Ansley Park, one of the finest developments in the city. I had already made up my mind not to name any hotel in honor of myself. I wanted to honor Mr. Ansley for his development work in Atlanta and named the Hotel Ansley in honor of him.

I took with me to Atlanta a former employee whom I thought was a splendid auditor, with a knowledge of financing, and spent several months in the organization of the hotel company and building and furnishing the hotel. All of the securities that were sold were sold by me. In going from city to city in Florida and through other parts of the south selling these securities I had this former employee to go with me as my private secretary, attending to details, correspondence, etc.

We finished the building, furnished it, and opened it June 30, 1913, and Atlanta woke up, as it were, one morning and found the beautiful Hotel Ansley as one of its best assets. I operated the

hotel for a period of about two years and sold it. Later, a hundred additional rooms were added to the Ansley by the new owners, giving it 406 bedrooms.

A member of the Candler Family purchased the property subject to the ninety-nine year leasehold interest and owned it until they sold it to Mr. Carling Dinkler of the Dinkler Hotel Company, who already had a lease on the hotel.

About the time I finished building the Hotel Ansley, the Winecoff Hotel was built. This was located about a square from the Hotel Ansley. It occupied a space of only 63′ x 70′ and was 16 stories high, including the basement. When I heard about building a structure as tall as this on a lot of this size I protested against it. On December 7, 1946, the Winecoff Hotel was completely destroyed by fire. A few days after the fire it was reliably reported that 119 persons lost their lives. Suits were filed in the courts against the lessees and owners of the Winecoff Hotel amounting to millions of dollars and the whole property was tied up by the courts until recently. Many of the suits alleged that the fire was caused by the negligence of the owners of the property. Recently, the courts decided that the owners of the property were not guilty of negligence. Therefore, the suits against them were dismissed.

Henry Watterson Hotel, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Chas. T. Alexander, of Texas, who assisted me to some extent in arranging for the building of the Hotel Patten, also assisted me in securing the opportunity of getting the Watterson Hotel at Louisville, Kentucky. I made a contract with Mr. Sam Jones, who was a banker, and Mr. Gamble, a merchant, for them to erect a modern hotel for me under my direction, and I took a fifty-year lease on it. I also contracted to furnish the Hotel complete and participated in a number of other expenses in connection with the cost of the building.

I operated the Watterson Hotel for about sixteen years and sold the lease at a good profit.

Many experiences of a startling nature occurred in the erec-

tion of the Watterson Hotel. For instance, a man named Caldwell was the contractor and Capt. Brinton B. Davis was the architect. Both Capt. Davis and Mr. Caldwell were men of stern nature. Mr. Caldwell was from Indiana and Capt. Davis was an ex-Confederate soldier and a man who would let nothing interfere with his plans. They were constantly in a fuss. The architect constantly chided Mr. Caldwell, the contractor, about the quality of some of the material that was put into the hotel building and other things which he said were not according to the specifications. One day Mr. Caldwell went into Capt. Davis' office and demanded a voucher for $10,000.00, work for which he said had already been done, and he was entitled to his pay. Capt. Davis refused to give it to him. There came very near being a tragedy. Mr. Caldwell pulled a long sharp knife out of his pocket and told Capt. Davis that if he didn't give him that voucher that he would cut his throat from ear to ear. Capt. Davis looked at Caldwell, and he told me afterwards that he believed that Mr. Caldwell would have killed him if he hadn't given him the voucher. This story was told to me by Capt. Brinton B. Davis, the architect, and I myself, personally heard many of the heated discussions between these two men during the construction of this hotel. I was glad when it was finished and glad that I finally got out of it with a good profit.

One of the greatest journalists of all times, in this country at least, was the late Henry Watterson, who for many years was the famous editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal. When the time came to name the new hotel that was being built for me in Louisville, many names were considered. It was the unanimous opinion, however, of those who were interested that if we could get permission of editor Henry Watterson to name the hotel for him that it would be most appropriate to do so. At that time Mr. Watterson was visiting Mr. Pulitzer, the famous publisher of the New York World, who was living on his yacht which was then stationed in the Mediterranean Sea. Mr. Pulitzer had been blind for some time and was not active in the conduct of his newspaper, the New York World. I sent a cablegram to Mr. Watterson, whom I knew very well, and asked him to give me permission to name this hotel for him. I knew that he had been requested many times to give his permission for hotels and other public buildings to be named for him, and he had always refused. He very promptly sent me a cablegram, which read:

"Mr. J. B. Pound,
Louisville, Kentucky.
You have my permission to name your new hotel for me. I feel very complimented. Goodbye and God Bless You!

(Signed) Henry Watterson."

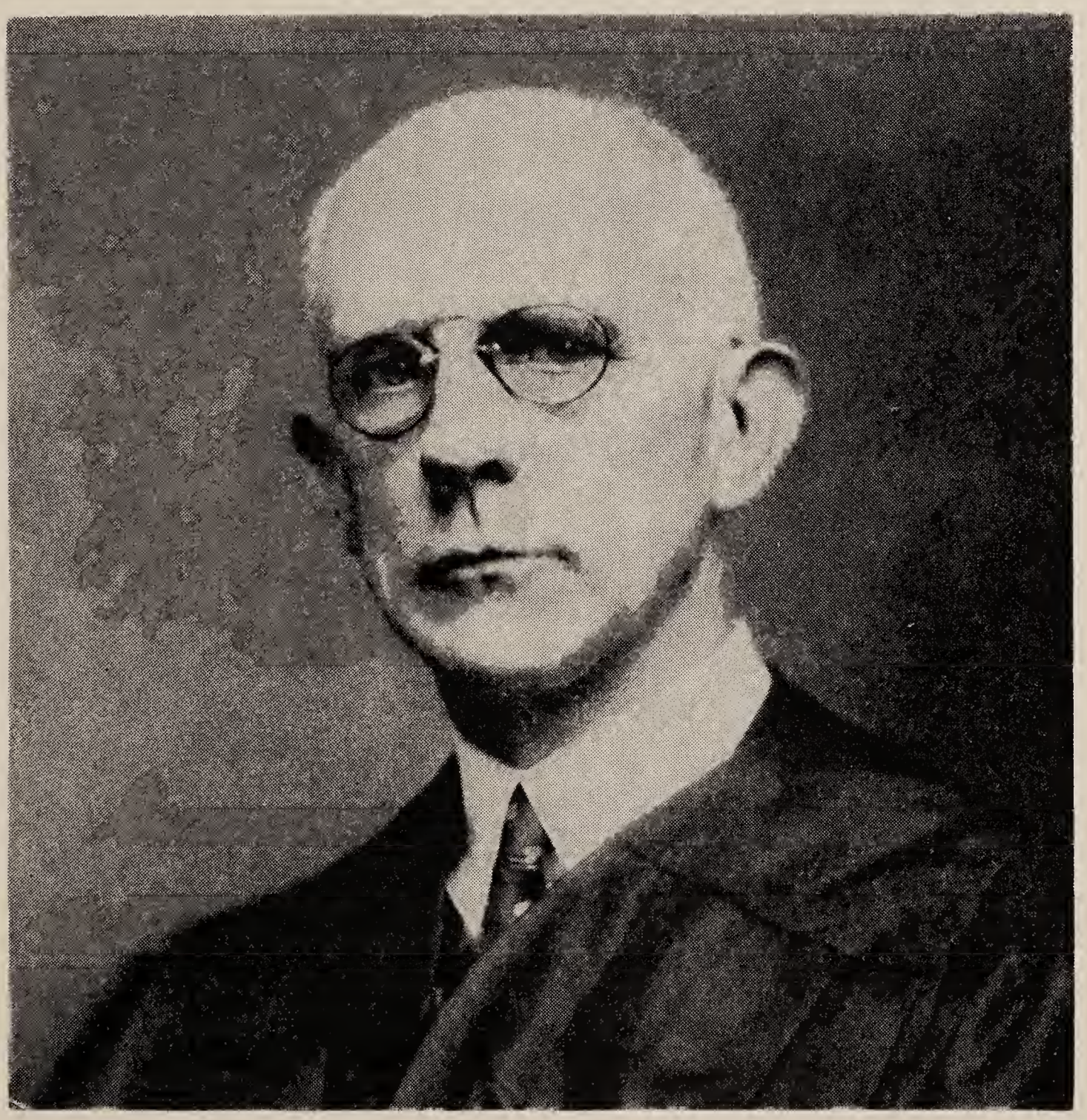
I considered it a distinct compliment to my enterprise, and also to the City of Louisville to have my hotel named for so famous an editor.

For many years Mr. Watterson visited Florida in the winter time and always was a guest of my Hotel Seminole in Jacksonville. He was a most interesting man and I enjoyed many talks with him. Every night for dinner he had fish, prepared and cooked in a special style for which he was famous. Just before dinner he always asked for the chef to come to his room, or meet him in the dining room, and bring samples of the best fish that they had in the refrigerator. He always said, "Now, Chef, this is the fish that I have selected, and I want it cooked 'so and so,' and we took every precaution to see that Mr. Watterson got the fish that he had selected and cooked the way he wanted it cooked.

Mr. Henry Watterson did not own the Courier-Journal, one of America's great newspapers. He did, however, have absolute control over the editorial policy. He had a large income from the paper, although he did not own any part of it. He had an agreement with the owners of the newspaper that he should receive as compensation a sufficient amount to take care of all his living wants. It was common talk among the employees of the Courier-Journal that he would frequently put his I. O. U into the cashier's box for as much as $10,000.00 and it was also talked around by the employees that Mr. Watterson would lose as much as $10,000.00 in one night's poker game.

Mr. Watterson was on one of his usual visits to Florida and the Hotel Seminole in Jacksonville. On December 21, 1921 Mr. Watterson was in his suite and had several callers, including Mr. Chas. G. Day, manager of the Hotel Seminole at that time, and Mr. Bainbridge Richardson, who was a close friend of Mr. Watterson and who originally came from Kentucky. Mr. Watterson seemed to be in his usual good health. They were swapping stories and having a good time. Shortly thereafter Mr. Watterson suffered a heart attack and passed away. The death of Mr. Watterson was a great shock to his personal friends and also the public generally. His body was carried to Louisville. His funeral

was attended by many prominent people of that city and other parts of the country. He was buried in Cave Hill Cemetery. The active pallbearers were: Judge Robert W. Bingham, Wallace T. Hughes, Arthur Krock, Harrison Robertson, W. B. Phillips, Frank B. Stouffer, Frank Jackson, Tom Wallace, Brainard Platt, and W. D. Binford.



Chief Justice Alexander W. Chambliss

Chief Justice of the Tennessee Supreme Court, Died 1947

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Alexander Wilds Chambliss was born in Greenville, South Carolina, on September 10, 1864, the son of the Rev. Dr. John Alexander Chambliss, who was a Baptist minister and a chaplain in General Robert E. Lee's Confederate Army.

He was educated in South Carolina and Virginia, and as a

young man read law under General William H. Payne, a leading member of the Virginia bar. He was admitted to the practice of law at Warrenton, Virginia, and shortly afterward he moved to Brownsville, Tennessee, where he hung out his shingle and at the same time edited the weekly newspaper. While living there, he married Miss Lillian Carter Nelson.

In 1886 he moved to Chattanooga. In 1899 he was elected to represent Hamilton County in the State Senate. Two years later he was elected Mayor of Chattanooga. He was re-elected in 1903. Meanwhile, he had become one of the leading members of the Chattanooga bar, and in 1910 he formed a partnership with J. B. Sizer and W. S. Pritchard. In 1919 he was elected Mayor for the third time, and was re-elected in 1923.

He resigned as Mayor in the fall of 1923 to accept appointment to the State Supreme Court. On February 3, 1947, upon the death of Grafton Greene, he was named Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and occupied that position until his death September 30, 1947.

Justice Chambliss was survived by a son, John A. Chambliss, of the Chattanooga bar, and a daughter, Mrs. Samuel E. Whitaker, Washington, D. C., whose husband is a Judge on the United States Court of Claims. He also left surviving him seven grandchildren and nine great grandchildren.

In addition to being recognized as one of the leading jurists of Tennessee's history, and an extremely able exponent of the art of politics, he was highly successful as a businessman, having been one of the organizers of the Provident Life & Accident Insurance Company of Chattanooga, the Richmond Hosiery Mills of Rossville, Georgia, and other business establishments.

A Boat Load of Liquor Hi-Jacked on the High Seas

When I sold the Henry Watterson Hotel, one of our assets was a large amount of liquor, stored in a Government Warehouse, which we had previously purchased, but on which we owed Government taxes.

When National Prohibition became a law, there were millions of barrels of whiskey stored and on hand in various places in the United States. The owners were at a loss to know what to do with it, or how to get their money out of it. I estimated the whis-

key which was owned by the Henry Watterson Hotel amounted in value to about $60,000.00. The cost of storage, caretaking, and warehousing was very expensive. By agreement I had arranged to sell several barrels of this whiskey, which was thirteen year old Bourbon, for $1,000.00 a barrel, subject to being able to deliver it in a legal way. However, I saw no opportunity to get rid of it.

About that time, an employee of the hotel came to me and told me that he thought he had a good chance to sell this liquor. He said a certain party had chartered a freighter and had collected a full boatload of Kentucky whiskey and that this whiskey could be sold in France, where arrangements had been made to handle it. Of course, this was very good news to me. I told him to go ahead and make all arrangements. Finally, one day he told me that the liquor had been shipped. He was very secretive. I thought he was a very honest and reliable man. I never asked him to show me any papers in connection with this matter, as to where he shipped it, to whom he shipped it, or what he got for it. He told me, however, that it had been put on board the ship and he thought we could get the full value of the liquor after it reached France and was sold to a buyer who had agreed to purchase it.

I sold the hotel, as stated above, and did not go to Louisville very much thereafter. I wrote several letters to this representative of mine as time passed on, inquiring what became of this liquor. He always told me that he hadn't heard and later he told me that there was a certain mystery about the matter that he did not understand. He said he couldn't tell me anything about it at that time. About thirty days later I demanded that he give me full particulars as to what became of the liquor and the money which we were supposed to get for it. Then he opened up and told me what I believed was a cock-and-bull story that the liquor never reached France; that it had been syphoned out of the barrels on the high seas by pirates. He also said that when the ship reached France there wasn't a drop of liquor in any of the barrels. Of course, this was quite a blow to me and represented a lot of profit in the sale of the hotel.

As time passed on, however, I found what I thought to be a conspiracy. I believe that certain parties had concocted this plan and that they never intended that I should get any money for this liquor. It is said that after the death of one of the parties, it was found that he had in his safety deposit box $50,000.00 in

Government Bonds. An attorney, and a former representative of this party, who has also died since that time, told me that this $50,000.00 was a part of the proceeds of a supposed shipment of liquor to France and advised me to go into court and attach these bonds. For a $5,000.00 fee he offered to get these bonds for me saying, "These bonds are really yours and you should have them." After due consideration, and on the advice of my attorney, the late Chief Justice A. W. Chambliss of Chattanooga, I did not take any action in the matter.

When I built the Henry Watterson Hotel, I erected a penthouse on top of it for the purpose of storing my private valuables and also the valuables of the company and its guests. It was fireproof and supposed to be burglar-proof. All the doors and windows were made of steel. I thought it would be absolutely impossible for it to be burglarized. Imagine my consternation about three months afterwards, when I went to Louisville, to find out that some person or persons had gone to the top of this building where the penthouse was located and had cut all the steel bars and stolen everything of value which I had in this penthouse. Among the things which I had packed there were several barrels of French brandy used for making eggnog.

The hotel did a tremendous business in the making and sale of eggnog. Guests purchased thermos containers and shipped or carried this eggnog all over the country.

My Friend and Attorney for Many Years
A. W. Chambliss

I CAME to Chattanooga from Macon, Georgia, about two years after the late Alexander W. Chambliss moved to Chattanooga. We were near the same age. Our inclinations and aspirations were of the same general character, and we became close friends and he was my attorney for many years. Many things occurred in connection with the Chambliss family that were very close to me and mine.

Nearly all lawyers have differences with their clients about fees but in the many years that we were associated together I always found him to be reasonable and attentive and devoted to my interests.

I remember when I sold my 50 year lease on the Watterson Hotel located in Louisville, Kentucky, Judge Chambliss represented me, and performed quite a fine service for me. The people who purchased the Watterson Hotel stock, if I remember correctly, paid me about $265,000.00; $100,000.00 of this was cash. The balance was represented by monthly notes in the amount of $3,000.00 each. On the way from Louisville to Chattanooga, A. W. and I were talking about the sale and many things connected with it. He said to me, "J. B., where are those notes which you got from the people and where is the check?" I replied, "They're in my pocket." He said, "Let me see the notes." He looked them over carefully, as if he was counting the amount in his mind to see if I had all of them. When he returned them to me, he deliberately took one note for $3,000.00 and put it in his pocket. When he did this, I said, "A. W., I'm short a $3,000.00 note. Where is it? You took it out, didn't you?" He laughed and said, "Yes, I've got it in my pocket. Here it is but I'm going to keep it." I said, "What are you keeping it for?" He replied, "This represents my fees in this and other cases." Of course, I couldn't do anything else but just laugh. That was the end of the story. He had collected the $3,000.00 and he had earned it.

At another time, the scene was in Knoxville, Tennessee, when I sold the Knoxville Morning Tribune for $20,000.00 to Colonel E. J. Sanford, the father of Supreme Court Judge A. F. Sanford. I remember it very well. It was a very hot day. After leaving Judge Sanford's office we stopped in a drug store to get a glass of Coca Cola. I had some difficulty in getting A. W. to go in the drug store with me. He seemed reluctant to go near the fountain. Finally I said, "What's the matter with you? That deal is all over now and we would enjoy a glass of Coca Cola." He said, "No, sir, you're a good trader, but you can't pay me off with a glass of Coca Cola." We laughed about this often. He told many people that he had rendered good service for me and that I tried to pay him with a drink of Coca Cola.

I had an interesting experience with his brother, Sam Chambliss who was a member of his firm. After I built the Shubert Theater on Eleventh Street we leased this Theater for twenty years to the Shuberts. At that time they were supposed to be the leading theater people in the United States, and there were numbers of Shubert Theaters in different cities. The Shuberts agreed to pay $5,000.00 a month. I figured that this rent would amortize the cost of the whole proposition in twenty

years including interest on the stocks and bonds outstanding, and after that time the property would revert to the stockholders.

It was a good contract, but later it turned out to be different. Mr. Sam Chambliss and I visited the head of the Shubert Theater Company in his office in New York City and had two conferences with him. During the first and second conferences we found Mr. Shubert very nice and sociable and we felt like he was going to pay the past due rental. If I am not mistaken, they were about six months behind, approximately $30,000.00. Mr. Shubert tried to bluff Mr. Chambliss and me. We told him we were going to file a suit against him the next day unless he paid us what was due us and would give us assurance that he would continue to pay us. Finally, Mr. Shubert said, "Mr. Chambliss, you threaten us with a lawsuit. Of course, we don't want one, but if you insist we will have to accommodate you." He continued, "By the way, Mr. Chambliss, did you ever look up the financial rating of the Shubert Company that signed the lease?" Mr. Chambliss said, "No, not particularly, but we believed in the integrity of the Shubert Brothers and the Shubert Company. We did not think that they would try to get out of it on a technicality." Mr. Shubert replied that there were several Shubert Companies and the one that signed the Chattanooga lease was not worth any money at all and that Mr. Chambliss could not collect anything out of them.

Of course, this was a great blow to Mr. Chambliss and me and to the stockholders. In fact, we were chagrined about it. Of course, it was a dirty trick on the part of the Shubert Company in signing the lease by a company chartered in New Jersey that had no assets. We thought the contract was signed by the Shuberts of New York. Sam and I finally realized that we had been tricked and that there was nothing we could do about it. We returned to Chattanooga and I finally sold the Shubert Theater, later called the Albert Theater, to Bennett-Hubbard Candy Company. The stockholders lost only a small part of their investment. This experience reminded me of the old adage, "Always look before you leap."

Sam Chambliss was a good lawyer and a fine friend. I have heard many of his friends say there was only one thing that kept Sam from being a great lawyer, and that was, he always saw the funny side of every case that he handled.

Hotel DeSoto, Savannah, Georgia

In 1923, I purchased the Hotel DeSoto, Savannah, Georgia, which occupies two city blocks, from the Estate of Joseph Hull. This is one of the most beautiful buildings in the country, and has wide verandas, high ceilings, and large corridors. It is surrounded by beautiful and well kept city parks. I have spent nearly a million dollars in additions, remodeling, air-conditioning, etc. I built a large tiled swimming pool which was at that time one of the first outdoor swimming pools in the country owned and operated by a hotel. I placed it in the garden adjoining the dining room where guests who were dining could see the guests swimming in the pool. Among other things, the Hotel DeSoto has a very fine night club, and name bands from the East furnish the music for dancing in the Sapphire Room every night except Sunday. The Hotel DeSoto is generally conceded to be the finest and most beautiful hotel in the South.

When I bought the Hotel DeSoto I was not unmindful of its historic associations and the fact that its very atmosphere would add to its architectural appeal.

About fifty-eight years ago, when the DeSoto was built, it was regarded as the largest and finest hotel in the Southeast, and was known all over the country.

In the years since I have owned the DeSoto, it has undergone a highly conceived program of modernization. The rooms in this massive structure have all been modernized and more than half of them have been air-conditioned. Its furniture is luxurious and its appointments reflect the finest in modern hotel engineering.

Near where the building now stands were ancient fortifications. Past this site, Sherman and his hosts came in their march to the sea. Nearby is Madison Square, named in honor of James Madison, fourth president of the United States. Situated on the south side are two memorial guns, marking the first two roads in the Colony of Georgia. On this square is the old Meldrim mansion, headquarters for Sherman when he occupied the city and the Sorrell-Weed house built in 1840.

Of great historic interest is the main ballroom, where for half a century there have been held pretentious gatherings, where presidents, generals, great writers, and stars of the stage and screen have spoken to the people. The grand ballroom was entirely remodeled in 1948. A new and large balcony was added,

which increased the seating capacity. It has been entirely air-conditioned. It is a magnificent room and most popular with the public.



J. B. Pound (right), Owner, and Charles G. Day (left), Vice President and Manager, in Sapphire Room, Hotel DeSoto, Savannah, Georgia

Practically every matter of civic importance has been decided and threshed out in this spot which has meant more to the City of Savannah and this section of the deep South than any other area. Flowers and singing birds and a thoughtful people have made of this spot a shrine devoted to progress, culture, and good citizenship.

Murals in Hotel DeSoto, Savannah, Georgia

When I purchased the Hotel DeSoto at Savannah, Georgia, and began its rehabilitation into the beautiful and modern hotel it is today, I had painted by a well-known artist two very large murals which were attached to the north and south walls of the lounge.

One mural was of the famous Fort Pulaski, which is now a national monument and is regarded by engineers as one of the outstanding defense structures in the world—when viewed from the standpoint of the Civil War period. Lying at the mouth of the Savannah River, on Cockspur Island, Fort Pulaski is not only a memorial to its faithful defenders in 1862 but also to Count Casimir Pulaski, Polish friend of America, who fell at the siege of Savannah in 1779 and in honor of whose memory the fort was named.

During the War of 1812, American coastal defenses were shown to be sadly deficient and steps were taken by the Congress to remedy them. Robert E. Lee, who became the great general of the Confederacy, who at the time was a young graduate from West Point, was assigned to Cockspur Island before the Civil War as an engineer, and he did valuable work in planning the structure. The fort contained approximately 25,000,000 brick and required nearly twenty years to construct it. Originally a Federal defense, Fort Pulaski was seized by order of Governor Brown of Georgia in 1861 and shortly thereafter transferred to the Confederacy.

On April 10, 1862, the Federal forces with a new type of rifled cannon stationed on Tybee Island just across the river, sent word to Col. Olmstead in command of the fort, advising him to surrender. In reply, Col. Olmstead said, "I am here to defend the fort, not surrender it."

The bombardment began, but the massive brick walls which had been considered as impregnable would not stand against the more modern weapons. For thirty hours the battle raged and the Federal forces were able to breach its walls. Col. Olmstead was forced to surrender and 383 officers and men and 48 cannons were captured. The fort served as a military prison in 1864.

Many stories are told by the guides in this fort who frequently tell part of the history of the fort and take the liberty of adding to it. In a corner in this great structure is a gaping hole through which a two-horse team loaded with cotton could be driven. The guides tell that when this fort was attacked, there was an old colored man who had lived around this neighborhood for many years. When the battle started and the great shells began to drop on and through the structure, he became very much frightened and went into what he thought was the safest room in the fort for his protection. It just happened that the walls

of this room were breached by these shells. The darky was an old man, yet he had very little or no gray hair. He always bragged about his age and what a fine head of hair he had. He was found after the battle and could hardly be recognized, because he had been blown out of this room through the walls, had six or eight feet of masonry around and above him, and his hair was as white as cotton.

Fort Pulaski, now under the supervision of the National Park Service, is open to the public as an outstanding tourist point and competent guides are on hand daily to show visitors over its moat and through its historic casemates. The island, which is near one of my other hotels, the DeSoto Beach Hotel, is reached by paved highway to a bridge which connects Tybee Island with Cockspur Island.

The other mural depicts the arrival of General James Edward Oglethorpe, founder of the colony of Georgia.

The origin of the name "Savannah" is a matter on which there is some disagreement. Some historians believe that General Oglethorpe selected the name "Savannah" as a derivative of the name of the "Sawana" or "Shawnee" Indians who once inhabited the river valley. Others contend that it was derived from the Spanish word, "Sabana" which means flat country. This latter appears to be plausible and is probably correct. Savannah became the seat of government when Georgia was made a Royal province in 1754.

Upon landing on the high bluff, near the present City Hall, Oglethorpe met and made friends with Tomochichi, chief of the Yamacraw Indians; the pipe of peace was smoked, and the Indians became fast friends and allies of the colonists.

Savannah was laid out in a wilderness with its streets and squares as we see them today. It is generally believed that General Oglethorpe not only had a vision of a beautiful city in later years, but that he also laid out the alternating squares in the old part of the city so that in the event of attack from an enemy, the women and children could be placed in the squares and the outlets more easily defended.

At any rate, Savannah lays claim to be the oldest planned city in America. It is true that Washington, D. C., reflects a high type of planning, but it is a more modern city. The original squares laid out by Oglethorpe are aflame in season with flower-

ing shrubs and present a background for business which cannot be equaled by any community in the country.

DeSoto Beach Hotel
Savannah Beach, Georgia

In 1940, I purchased a very large site in the residential section of Tybee Island at Savannah Beach, directly fronting the Atlantic Ocean. I erected thereon the beautiful DeSoto Beach Hotel which accommodates 150 people. This building has been enlarged several times. Later, I purchased the adjoining piece of property which fronts about one-third of a mile on the Atlantic Ocean, extending 500 feet from deep water in the Ocean to the main boulevard of the town. I did this for the purpose of protecting the DeSoto Beach Hotel property and also for future development. This will probably be my next forward movement in the development of my hotel properties.

The DeSoto Beach Hotel is very unique in its design. In the main building, which is air-conditioned, are located the front office, the lobby, the dining room, and the refreshment room. On the second and third floors are located very beautiful bedrooms, luxuriously furnished, from all of which the ocean can be seen for many miles.

There are several separate buildings located near the main building, each containing a number of rooms, all with bath and shower. In addition to this there is a two-story Cabana Building, in which are located additional bedrooms, in which the beds are arranged like berths in a Pullman car. These rooms also have private bath and shower, heat, telephone, and all conveniences of a modern hotel. You can step from the Cabanas into the Ocean.

The grounds are beautifully landscaped and kept in perfect condition.

Artesian well water is used throughout the hotel.

General Oglethorpe Hotel
Savannah, Georgia

The General Oglethorpe Hotel, on Wilmington Island, Savannah, Georgia, was finished and formally opened October 24, 1927. This is one of the finest hotels to be found anywhere. It was erected by the citizens of Savannah, as a community enterprise, and was intended to be open a part of each year. In other words, it was a Winter and Spring Resort Hotel project. It cost a million nine hundred thousand dollars. It was a beautiful place and had a magnificent Donald Ross Golf Course. Three purchasers of the hotel had failed in its operation.

Then I stepped in and bought the General Oglethorpe Hotel property, including 150 acres of land and one of the South's best golf courses. I have spent about eight hundred thousand dollars on additional permanent improvements to the property. All public rooms have been air-conditioned. Several very wonerful additions have been made to it, and many of the hundred and fifty acres have been beautifully landscaped. All rooms are outside rooms, have private baths, and most have shower in addition. Near the hotel six beautiful guest cottages have been erected at a total cost of about a hundred thousand dollars. These cottages are all air-conditioned, and each contains four double bedrooms, four baths, and two porches. They are fully serviced from the hotel.

Among the noted improvements I have made since I purchased the property was a new dining room, called the "Sunset Terrace" from which guests have a most beautiful view of Wilmington Bay for a distance of five miles to the Town of Thunderbolt, where the lights of the town can be plainly seen at night.

Another wonderful room is the "Sunrise Lounge," which adjoins the Crystal Ballroom. This beautiful, air-conditioned lounge has huge picture windows overlooking the quiet beauty of a wide expanse of well-landscaped lawn, a pine grove and the Wilmington River. It is a delightful room in which to relax between convention functions, enjoy a quiet game of cards, or entertain friends.

We have also added additional new quarters for the employees. The hotel and cottages are occupied only by paying guests.

The General Oglethorpe Hotel is the first coastal resort to

completely control the mosquito and sand fly (gnat) nuisance, through use of DDT spray. This method of insect control is also used on the golf course.

The large crystal-clear outdoor swimming pool, filled with fresh water from artesian wells, is one of the most beautiful in the country. This beautiful pool (40′ × 125′) is located on the bank of the Wilmington River immediately in front of the hotel, and has a sparkling white sand beach adjoining. Use of the pool is free to guests. They may either dress in their rooms or use the bath house facilities provided at each end of the pool.

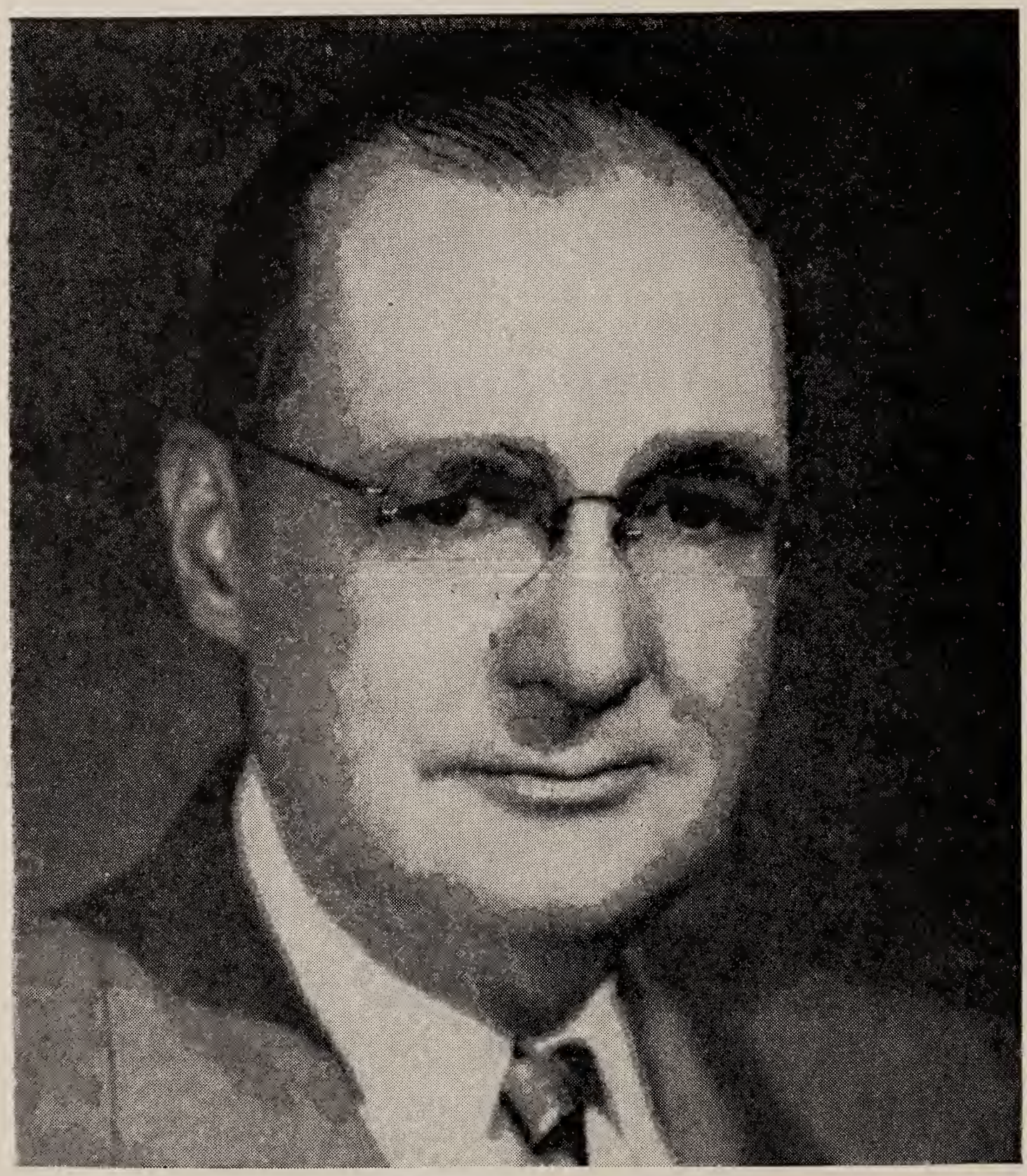
The General Oglethorpe Hotel is now operated as a year round hotel, and is one of the show places of the South, located on Wilmington Island, one of the Golden Isles of Georgia.

Mr. Charles G. Day
Savannah, Georgia

Mr. Charles G. Day joined my hotel organization in Atlanta in 1913 when I was opening Hotel Ansley. He was made assistant manager under Mr. J. F. Letton, the manager. Mr. Day was noted for his affability, his hard work and his devotion to duty. When I sold the Ansley Hotel I sent Charlie to Jacksonville, Florida, to manage my Hotel Seminole. He remained at the Seminole for several years until he was called to the first World War, in which he served as an officer. After the war he returned to his position at the Seminole, succeeding Mr. Houston R. Harper.

A short time after I purchased the Hotel Savannah, in Savannah, Georgia, Mr. Day was made manager. Later I transferred him to the Hotel DeSoto as manager. He remained in this position until February, 1925, when we had a rather disastrous fire at the DeSoto Hotel. It was a peculiar incident, when you consider the fact that several hundred fire insurance agents were holding a convention in the Hotel DeSoto when it caught fire and was considerably damaged mostly by water. The damage was too great to continue operation of the hotel. Mr. Day went to the new Poinsett Hotel in Greenville, South Carolina, as manager. He successfully opened that hotel and operated it for

about eight months. When the DeSoto was repaired and put into operation, he returned to Savannah and became manager of both the Hotel Savannah and Hotel DeSoto, making his headquarters at the Hotel Savannah. In December, 1927, when I leased the



CHARLES G. DAY
Vice President and Manager
J. B. Pound Hotels in Savannah, Georgia

Hotel Savannah to Baron and Wilson, Mr. Day moved to the DeSoto. Mr. Day has been manager of the Hotel DeSoto for more than twenty-five years.

For a short time Mr. Day served as assistant manager of Grove Park Inn, Asheville, North Carolina. He opened the

Angebilt Hotel in Orlando, Florida, and served as manager for a short period.

Mr. Day was in charge of the erection and general supervision of the DeSoto Beach Hotel at Savannah Beach. After my purchase of the General Oglethorpe Hotel he was made general manager of the three Pound Hotels located in Savannah. He operates the DeSoto Beach Hotel and the General Oglethorpe Hotel with resident managers.

Charlie Day is a fine man, a true friend, and splendid hotel operator. He is always loyal to the demands of his position and interests of his employer. He is also one of the best known hotel men in the United States, having been President of the Georgia Hotel Association several times and also a Director of the American Hotel Association.

Mr. Day has served as Lieutenant Colonel on the Staff of Governor M. E. Thompson of Georgia, and is now serving as Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of Governor Herman Talmadge of Georgia.

Hotel Savannah

Savannah, Georgia

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr. J. A. Newcomb, a well-known hotel man who had a lease for a period of twenty-one years on the New Hotel Savannah which opened January 14, 1913. Mr. Newcomb and his brother, Simon, also had hotels in Augusta and other places and were in partnership. For some reason they did not make the Hotel Savannah click and wanted to sell me their lease.

I told Mr. Newcomb that I would come over to Savannah from Jacksonville and look the proposition over. This I did, and after considering the matter from every standpoint I told him that I would buy their lease for $120,000.00, which included the furniture in the hotel, and pay him one-half cash and the balance in monthly payments. The only condition I put on the purchase of the lease was that I first had to borrow the money with which to buy the lease. I had recently built the Hotel Ansley and was very short of cash. Mr. Newcomb accepted my proposition and gave me a contract to buy the lease on the above basis.

I considered the banking situation in Savannah and made up

my mind to go to Mr. Jacob Collins, who was president of the Oglethorpe Savings and Trust Company and ask him for a loan. Mr. Collins was a man who was willing to take a banker's chance. I told him my story, that I had made a conditional agreement to purchase the lease on the Hotel Savannah, including the furniture, etc., for $120,000.00 and I wanted to borrow $60,000.00 to make the cash payment. Without hesitation, he said, "Mr. Pound, you look like an honest man. You have a good reputation, and I will be glad to loan you the $60,000.00." I said, "Alright, Mr. Collins, please fix up a note for this amount." I paid Mr. Newcomb the cash payment of $60,000.00 on the purchase and gave him monthly notes for the balance of $60,000.00. The lease was transferred to me October 11, 1913.

I operated the Hotel Savannah for a number of years. I paid both the bank and Mr. Newcomb and made some money on the transaction.

Later, I purchased one-third interest in the stock of the corporation owning the hotel property. Within a comparatively short time I purchased all of the stock and became the owner of the Hotel Savannah property.

I also purchased an adjoining lot and built on it an eleven-story hotel, tying it in with the original building.

I never asked Messrs. Newcomb to see their books, how much business they did or anything about the operation of their hotel. Before I agreed to purchase the hotel I made as much personal observation as possible. One day Mr. Simon Newcomb asked me if I did not want to see the statements and books of the company. "No," I said to Simon, "I don't care anything about seeing the books. I know that you have not made any money in the operation of this hotel, which is the reason you want to sell it. I have purchased several hotels while I have been in the hotel business. In making trades or purchases my dominant thought has always been what can I do with the hotel and not what the other man has or could do with the property."

My dealings with the Newcombs were always very pleasant. I found them very fair. After the sale by them of the Hotel Savannah and their hotel in Augusta they moved to California where they bought and built several large hotels. I am sorry to say that both of these gentlemen are dead.

Mrs. J. A. Newcomb and her sons are carrying on the same

policy under which the Newcombs always operated and have been very successful.

Later the Hotel Savannah was leased to the Dinkler Hotel Company, Mr. Carling Dinkler, President, who operated it successfully for several years.

In April, 1949, the Dinkler Hotel Company sold their lease to Mr. Morris Puckett, a chain hotel operator of Spartanburg, South Carolina, who I understand is a clever gentleman and a good hotel operator.

In 1949 Hotel Savannah property was purchased by Mr. Ben Tarbotton, of Sandersville, Georgia.

SPECIAL NOTE—Mr. Jacob Collins was one of the most enterprising men in Savannah. Among other things he built the first electrical railway in the city. After my purchase of the Hotel Savannah Mr. Collins bought The National Bank of Savannah and consolidated it with the Oglethorpe Savings and Trust Company, and became president of the consolidated institutions. The stockholders of the Oglethorpe Savings and Trust Company were so well pleased with the way Mr. Collins handled the bank's affairs that he was given an increase in salary and a $5,000.00 automobile in appreciation of the way he handled the deal.

Murals in the Pound Hotels Which Have Become Famous

When I built the Hotel Ansley in Atlanta, I used a good part of my time talking with people and helping to select the decorations or murals for the lobby.

The first one selected was the picture of the Steamship Savannah, which was the first sailing vessel that crossed the Atlantic Ocean. This is a very popular picture with the people of Savannah, Georgia and they all love it.

Another picture selected was "Burning the Yazoo Fraud Papers by Governor Jackson." So-called fraudulent bonds had been issued by the so-called carpet-bagger government in the amount of millions of dollars. These bonds and other securities were burned by Governor Jackson at the behest of the Legislature because they considered them fraudulent.

The next picture selected was "John Wesley Preaching to the Indians." John Wesley was the famous Methodist Preacher who lived among the Indians in the section of Brunswick and Savannah and who taught and preached to these Indians. They had no churches but he taught them under the trees for which this section is so famous.

For the large writing room I had selected murals of a different character. The ceiling was high and the side walls were very broad. On one side of this room I had the same artist paint a mural of Atlanta being burned by General Sherman on his march from Atlanta to the sea at Savannah. On the other side of this room was a very large bust size picture of General Sherman, the famous Federal General, who, after his successful march from Chattanooga to Atlanta, almost burned the city down. Under the picture of General Sherman I placed the following words, "General William T. Sherman, United States Army, who burned the City of Atlanta and who said, "War is Hell."

The painting and hanging of these murals on the walls of the Ansley caused quite a controversy among part of the people of the United States, especially those who were in the war as members of the Confederate and Union Armies.

The editor of Collier's Weekly, sent me a telegram requesting that I permit them to send a staff correspondent and photographer to Atlanta to take photographs of the mural of the Burning of Atlanta by General Sherman and also the picture of General Sherman, as they considered this a national incident. I replied that it was satisfactory to me as president and owner of the hotel for them to do so. They immediately sent the staff down to Atlanta and took photographs and published the picture of General Sherman in their issue of August 2, 1913.

This mural had already attracted much attention in the South, but it seems that after the publication of this picture in Collier's Weekly, which had a national circulation, it set the North on fire. I received thousands of letters and telegrams about these murals from persons who wanted to know why I had these murals painted and hung on the walls of my Hotel Ansley. Some people complimented me on doing this and others condemned me for so doing. For instance, one woman wrote me a letter that read something like this: "Mr. Pound, there are a million mothers and widows in the North who are praying for you at this

time. God bless you!'' On the other hand, I received letters of condemnation from many people, most of whom were Southerners. Members of the Confederate Veterans' organizations and also the Daughters of the Confederacy in many Southern cities wrote me letters. Most of these letters condemned what I had



Mural in Hotel Ansley, Atlanta, Georgia, of General William T. Sherman, United States Army, who burned the City of Atlanta and who said ''War is Hell.''

done and stated in no uncertain words that they were greatly surprised that a son of a man who had fought four years in the Confederate Army would do a thing of this kind. This controversy reached very heated proportions and was given space in many newspapers and magazines throughout the country.

Finally, the members of the Augusta Camp, after discussing the matter from all points, wrote me demanding that I take General Sherman's picture from the walls of the Ansley Hotel. Members of the Camp at Montgomery also demanded that I remove the picture of General Sherman, and stated if I would not do so, that I should place by the side of this picture of General Sherman a picture of General Joseph P. Johnson, whom they considered the most brilliant soldier produced during the War Between the States.

After reading this, I am sure you will say, "I wonder what he did about it?" I didn't do anything. I let those pictures stay up there because I felt that in putting them up I was doing a great thing in bringing our people together and helping them forget the War Between the States which created more sorrow than any war that ever occurred anywhere, as it was between brothers and brothers, fathers and fathers, and you might say, all for what?

Most newspapers joined in condemning me, but I had one friend in the matter, Mr. Thos. W. Loyless, President and Manager of the Augusta Chronicle, Augusta, Georgia, where this controversy became too hot. He published an editorial defending and complimenting me for my action in this matter and also stated that I should be commended rather than condemned. After this paper was circulated, this editorial attracted wide attention and the excitement seemed to die down.

When I built my hotel in Jacksonville, I called it the "Hotel Seminole" in honor of and in memory of the Seminole Indians. I called my company which owns the Hotel Seminole the "Ucita Investment Company" in honor of an Indian chief named "Ucita." He lived near Jacksonville, Florida, during the early days and is credited with having saved more than one hundred lives of the white settlers.

The murals which I placed in the lobby of the Hotel Seminole have been kept in this hotel and have attracted a great deal of attention. I regret that the picture of Osceola, the great and friendly Chief of the Seminoles, was stolen from the walls of the front office of the hotel. If any reader of this book knows anything about the whereabouts of this painting I will be delighted to pay a reward for its return to me. This painting was presented to me by Mr. Frank Garner, who was president of the Florida National Bank, which has been occupying the same lo-

cation for many years, and is a member of one of the largest chain of banks in the South or Southeast. Mr. Garner was a great admirer of Osceola. I regretted very much indeed the loss of this painting.

In addition to the famous Florida scenes in the lobby of the Hotel Seminole, we have murals of a number of other Indian Chiefs, and also the scenes of a number of cities in Florida.

When I built the Hotel Patten in Chattanooga, it was my idea, and it was carried out, that we should have scenes of the famous battles which had taken place around Chattanooga during the War Between the States. We had a famous artist from Louisville, Kentucky, to execute these murals and they have been on the walls of the Patten lobby for a period of forty years, ever since the Hotel Patten was built, and these pictures are still greatly admired and the object of much interest until this day.

Recently the lobby of Hotel Patten was rehabilitated and at the present time the murals are not on the walls. We are endeavoring to have these murals put in good shape and they will be returned to the walls at some future date.

When I built the Henry Watterson Hotel in Louisville, Kentucky, I wanted to carry out the same idea and while we did not have enough of the same kind of material, we used other pictures. One was the picture of Henry Watterson, which was hung in the lobby over the dining room door. Mr. Watterson was the most famous editor in the world who, all of his life until that time, would not permit his name to be put upon any building or used in any way that would cause people to criticize him.

In addition to the picture of Mr. Watterson, we had the famous picture of the home of Stephen C. Foster, who lived near Louisville, at Bardstown, and whose home today is a shrine, as it was a very attractive old Southern home. Stephen C. Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home" and many other famous songs which are known wherever the English language is sung or spoken.

In the dining room of the Watterson Hotel, there was a very famous mural of "Blue Boy," executed for the hotel by an English artist which today attracts a great deal of attention in this hotel. The colors used in the reproduction of this famous painting were so delicate and so natural that this alone made the mural very famous.

Financing

To me it is quite an interesting thing to remember that in financing at least a dozen companies and hotels and erecting various buildings, I was unable to get anyone else to sell any of the stocks or bonds or securities in these companies.

My plan of operation was to sell a certain amount of bonds with a first mortgage and a certain amount of common or preferred stock, as the case might be.

Although I made an effort to get bond brokers and other agents of this kind to sell these securities for me, I was never able to get a dollar's worth sold by any outsider. I personally sold all of these securities to different people, mostly in the South, the stocks in these companies amounting to several million dollars. My interest was generally represented by the common stock, and the general public absorbed the preferred stock and bonds.

This kept me away from my home in Chattanooga about five or six days a week. I always managed to get home on Saturday afternoons and be back on the road Monday morning financing and making other arrangements about these structures.

I remember one particular time when I needed $100,000.00 in ten days to pay for some urgent construction, and to pay for the steel used in the construction of the Ansley Hotel. I had only one week to sell the securities and get the money. I left Atlanta on Sunday night, made my first stop in Tallahassee, where I met Mr. G. W. Saxon, President of the Capitol City Bank, who became one of my first stockholders in the Ansley Hotel. The following Saturday morning I had returned to Atlanta and had sold during the week sufficient securities to give us more than $100,000.00 in cash to meet our urgent needs.

The Ambition Within Me

Something within me, I don't know what it is, always urged me on and on to try to do bigger and better things tomorrow than I did today.

The first thing I did after starting my newspaper in Macon, Georgia, was to buy a home. A couple of years after buying this

home, I purchased a place located next to it which I rented to others. In the capital which I carried to Chattanooga was the proceeds from the sale of my home in Macon and the adjoining residence, which came in very handy when I needed money so badly in establishing the Chattanooga News.

When I started the Chattanooga News, I bought a Cranston Flatbed Printing Press which was at that time as good a newspaper press as was used in any town in Tennessee, according to my knowledge. The power for this press was furnished by a gas engine which was a new power source and was not entirely perfected. Many times when we had the paper ready for printing, the gas engine refused to perform. This often delayed the printing and delivery of our paper. I was not satisfied. When I built my first newspaper building at the southeast corner of Tenth Street and Georgia Avenue, Chattanooga, I placed therein a Scott Perfecting Rotary printing press that turned out the papers at the rate of 25,000 to 30,000 copies per hour. This new press was powered by steam. The architecture of the building was such that the papers flying off the press at such a rapid rate could be seen by all passersby and from about 3:30 to 4:30 P.M. the sidewalks were lined with sightseers. This was the first press of this kind in use in Chattanooga.

Previous to that time, when we were occupying the building at 106 East Eighth Street in the Adams Block, I went to Cleveland, Ohio, and spent several days inspecting a new typesetting machine which was highly recommended. I purchased several of these machines at what I considered a fabulous price and had them shipped to Chattanooga.

Later we sold these machines and purchased three Merganthaler Linotype Machines, which were the very latest in typesetting, and which cost $3,000.00 each. These were the first machines of this character ever brought to Chattanooga.

When I built the Pound News Building at East Eleventh and "A" Streets, Chattanooga, it was the tallest in Chattanooga. The building was eight stories high above the basement and was mostly of brick and steel construction. The press room was arranged in the same way as the first News Building so that all printing operations of the newspaper could be seen from inside the lobby of the building and also from the streets.

I was always thinking about TOMORROW and getting ready to meet its problems. This has been a part of my career.

A Trip to Europe

While I had traveled very extensively in the United States and also Cuba, Canada, and parts of Mexico, I had never been to Europe.

In the summer of 1924, my wife and I, accompanied by our very good friends, A. S. Johnston and his wife Isabel, sailed on the Majestic, the great English Liner, for Europe, and within four and a half days landed in Southampton, England. If I remember correctly, I traveled in Europe until October, but my wife did not return until the following winter. We were members of a special touring party conducted by Mr. John T. North of Atlanta, who had made many trips to Europe. We toured the continent in Cadillac cars and in this way we had a better chance to see Europe than in any other way.

In the meantime, our youngest daughter, Caroline, took a trip to Europe with another party. She met us in England. We made an effort to get her into an English private home but could not find one that was satisfactory. We thought that living in an English home with the best class of English people for six months or a year, and at the same time attending an English School, would be a very fine thing for her. Not being able to get the accommodations which we thought were suitable, we found a very nice school near Paris and she attended this school several months.

My New Home on Lookout Mountain in Tennessee

In January of 1924, I purchased a tract of land on Lookout Mountain containing more than seventeen acres. This had formerly been the site of the famous Lookout Mountain House, one of the very first hotels built on Lookout Mountain. This hotel had burned several years before and had not been rebuilt. This site was considered the most desirable location for a home.

We had dreamed of building a new home for years, and after

securing this location we decided to begin building as early as possible. While on a trip to Europe the next Summer we looked at many homes in European cities. When we left America, we had intended to build a large home on the English style of architecture with a white exterior. During a trip through Italy my wife was especially charmed with the Italian-Spanish architecture, and decided to change her mind and build a home of this type.

When we returned from this trip, we employed Mr. Clarence T. Jones, well-known architect, and started building the home. It was when finished, and is now, one of the most imposing residence properties and homes to be found on Lookout Mountain or elsewhere in the South. It is 2,600 feet above sea level, where you can look through the windows and see into seven states—Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia. We have lived in this house more than twenty years and have enjoyed every minute we have lived there.

The grounds have been beautifully landscaped. We have a very lovely swimming pool equipped with flood lights for night swimming. Bath-houses for men and women adjoin the pool. The pool can be filled with pure mountain spring water or from the City Water Company of Chattanooga. In addition to the many beautiful shrubs and flowers which we have on the place, we maintain two greenhouses so that we may have cut flowers the year round, and also furnish cut flowers for the Hotel Patten, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

One of the most beautiful parts of our garden is the Rock Garden and "The Dogwood Ravine." This was formerly the right-of-way and track of the Chattanooga Lookout Mountain Railway. In the Dogwood Ravine we have one hundred dogwood trees, one-half white and the other pink. I had a stone bridge built across this ravine and during the season, when the dogwood trees are in bloom, a view from this bridge is a sight seldom seen anywhere. Usually all dogwood blossoms are seen from the wrong side of the blossom because you are looking up and see only the back of the flowers. Standing on this bridge, you are above the trees and you can look down into the blossoms and see their real beauty, which can't be matched this side of heaven.



Stonedge—Home of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome B. Pound on Lookout Mountain, Tennessee
Completed and occupied in 1928

Mayor of Lookout Mountain
Lookout Mountain, Tennessee
1926–1942

During the month of July, 1926, I was nominated at a citizen's mass meeting to be a commissioner of the Town of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, where I have lived for many years. I accepted this position with the understanding that I would be the Mayor and chief executive officer of the Town.

At the first meeting of the newly elected Town Commission, I was elected Mayor for a two-year term. I was re-elected for seven two-year terms and served for fifteen and a half years, at which time I resigned.

I was very busy during these fifteen and a half years, looking after the affairs of the Town of Lookout Mountain and taking care of my business affairs. Being Mayor of the Town of Lookout Mountain was quite a job when you consider that more than 100,000 tourists visit Lookout Mountain every year. Each year there are more tourists than the year before.

At the mass meeting in July, 1926, which elected me as a commissioner I had an understanding with the citizens who were present that if I was elected Mayor, I would be given full rein as to the management of the affairs of the Town and that the Town would be permitted to issue not less than $250,000.00 in bonds to be spent on improvements that were necessary.

At that time there was not a foot of paved streets in the Town. When I resigned fifteen and a half years later, every street in the Town had been paved. In addition to this, we induced the County to erect a new schoolhouse which is a very beautiful building, toward which the Town furnished $25,000.00 as part payment to be returned by the County at a later date. We also erected a schoolhouse for the colored people and landscaped the grounds, etc. These schools are a part of the Hamilton County School System.

The Town of Lookout Mountain has a population of between four and five thousand people and most of them know and love each other. It is one of the finest places in the world to live.

During the time I was Mayor, I spent a great deal of time entertaining prominent persons who visited the Town of Lookout Mountain. Among those guests was Babe Ruth, the famous baseball player, who was accompanied to our home by Mr.

OFFICIAL

CERTIFICATE OF ELECTION

Hamilton COUNTY, TENN.

Be it Known, That, after canvassing the official returns as required by law of an election held in Town of Lookout Mountain Hamilton County, Tenn., on July 10 192 8 Mr. J B Pound was duly and legally elected to the office of Town Commissioner

Witness our signatures, this 12th day of July 192 8

A D Kinnamon Chairman

Lucy Hamard Secretary

D H Thach Board of Election Commissioners

District No._____

(If used for Justice of the Peace)

Form E11. McQuiddy Printing Co., Nashville.

Second Election Certificate of a Sixteen Year Term.

Eugene J. Bryan, Vice-Mayor of the City of Chattanooga at that time. During his visit, we played miniature golf with Mr. Ruth on the original Miniature Golf Links at Lookout Mountain-Fairyland Club, where I won a game from him. Mr. Garnet Carter was the originator of these Miniature Golf Links. He placed them all over the country and finally sold the right to use them for a very attractive price. Mr. Bryan and I took Mr. Ruth over to Point Park and selecting a wonderful place on the point of the mountain for a stance, we had him drive a golf ball farther perhaps than any other man ever drove one. Funny things happen about matters of this kind. There was quite a crowd, which was always the case when Babe Ruth was around. We selected the place for him to stand, gave him several golf balls, a good golf club, and told him to try to drive the ball into the City Hall of the City of Chattanooga, which is about three miles away as the crow flies. He took his stance with great precision, threw the ball in the air, struck at it—and missed it. This was greeted with great laughs from the crowd. The second time he struck the ball and had wonderful success. We could see it whizzing away, probably a mile or more, and it must have been one of the longest drives ever made by any man. Mr. Ruth was a very delightful man, and we enjoyed having him as our guest.

I took a very important part in everything that was started for the advancement of Lookout Mountain and the welfare of its people. I had many of the streets widened, a large number of curves eliminated, other corners cut off and rounded, and used every influence possible with representatives of the United States Government to continually beautify Point Park.

I persuaded Garnet Carter and O. B. Andrews, the owners of the Fairyland Golf Course, to increase the size of the proposed golf course on Lookout Mountain from nine to eighteen holes. It is one of the most beautiful and picturesque courses in America. It is located nearly 3,000 feet above the sea. As a further inducement to enlarge the Golf Course and round it out, Mr. Robert J. Maclellan, a very prominent citizen of Chattanooga, and I, who owned adjoining land, contributed 5 acres of land to the golf club for its eighteenth hole. This land was valued at $5,000.00.

My administration as Mayor of the Town of Lookout Mountain will always be one of the most interesting parts of my life.



Left to right: Jerome B. Pound, Mayor, Town of Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Eugene J. Byran, Mayor Pro tem, City of Chattanooga, Tennessee, Babe Ruth.

J. B. Pound Home Offered to President Coolidge for Summer White House

In the Spring of 1928 I called on Mayor E. D. Bass of Chattanooga and told him that I had an idea I thought would be not only very popular but one which would be of tremendous benefit to Chattanooga, the State of Tennessee, as well as the whole Southern Country. I told him that at a very early date I would finish the new home which I was building on the East Brow of Lookout Mountain and I would like to offer it to President Coolidge for a Summer White House. The house had just been finished except for a few touches and completely furnished. I thought it was one of the most attractive houses ever built in the South with a background that could not be surpassed with a magnificent view of the entire valley and the City of Chattanooga. While we were building this house, we lived in the garage apartment and the house had never been occupied. The furnishings were very beautiful. Many of them were purchased in Europe by Mrs. Pound on a personal visit, and also by a representative she sent to Europe to make a great many of these selections.

Mayor Bass was delighted with the idea. After we talked it over, he communicated with many of the leading citizens of Chattanooga and of the State. They were all enthusiastic about the matter. It was decided that a group of citizens should go to Washington to extend the invitation to President Coolidge to occupy the Pound home as a Summer White House that year. The Southern Railway arranged a train of Pullman cars for the trip to Washington and return. In addition to the Mayor, the Governor of Tennessee, the United States Senators and all the Congressmen from Tennessee there were mayors of many cities, as well as other prominent citizens of the State, who joined in the invitation to President Coolidge and made a trip to Washington.

The Committee made an engagement with President Coolidge and received a nice welcome from him. The Committee carried with them books of views of the Pound home, Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, the Battlefields, etc., and Mr. Coolidge became very enthusiastic over it.

The committee stated that Mr. Coolidge had listened very intently to a statement made by several of the committee that no President of the United States had ever spent the Summer at any place in the South and that we thought it was about time this precedent should be broken.

He told the committee that he had a tentative engagement to accept an invitation to fish in the streams in the Black Hills of Dakota where he had previously been. He said, however, he would take this matter under serious consideration and in the meantime he would send some of his staff here to investigate the situation.

When his representatives arrived in Chattanooga, they made a thorough investigation. They told Mayor Bass they felt satisfied that Mr. Coolidge would move his Summer White House to Lookout Mountain. They also stated they could not imagine a more beautiful spot or a more suitable place for a Summer White House than the Pound home.

Later when they were inspecting the place and the surrounding territory they stated if we could find a place in which President Coolidge could fish that they believed we had the whole matter cinched. This was before the days of Chickamauga Lake, where so many people are now fishing.

After considering the matter carefully, Mr. Coolidge declined our invitation to spend the Summer at our home on Lookout Mountain.

Many new friends were made for Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain. Our home was written up in the newspapers and magazines all over the world, and the story was also carried over the Associated Press.

Lookout Mountain Scenic Highway

Among the enterprises to which I have given a lot of time and attention was the promotion of the Lookout Mountain Scenic Highway. The orginal plan called for the highway to extend from the Town of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee to Gadsden, Alabama, a distance of about 75 miles. I organized the Lookout Mountain Scenic Highway Association and had many meetings in the interest of this organization. I went up and down this section on the mountaintop trying to get donations and trying to interest the people in this project. We had many meetings and much enthusiasm, but I found out, to my sorrow, that there were not many people living on this part of the mountain that would or could take any or very little financial interest in the project. I think they were willing to do so and saw the advantages which I tried to show them about the development of this great highway, but many who would have given did not have any money and other owners of land were not sufficiently interested.

There is not a more beautiful mountain in the world than Lookout Mountain. I collected about $25,000.00, of which I personally gave $5,000.00. I employed Mr. Lee Langley, a well known journalist and scenic writer to write many stories which appeared in the newspapers and magazines throughout the country. Mr. Langley had his office in the Pound Building, for which, of course, there was no charge for rent. We gave employment to a great many of the people living in this section paying them the prevailing rate of wages for work on the highway. After getting nearly all of the right-of-way donated for this highway we also succeeded in having much of it graded. I worked on this project for about four years. I finally realized that this was a State or Government project and that no man who was as busy as I was could carry through a project of this kind single-handed or without greater resources. I then discontinued my efforts. We had a number of contributors who sent monthly checks to carry on the work, among whom were Mr. Z. C. Patten, Jr., of Chattanooga, and Mr. Crawford Johnson, of Birmingham.

Later, Governor Rivers and the Georgia State Highway Department built, at a cost of over three million dollars, a part of the Lookout Mountain Scenic Highway on which I spent so much money and time purely as a civic work.

Lookout Mountain Hotel

The Lookout Mountain Scenic Highway Association did a great deal in promoting a hotel on Lookout Mountain, which had been talked and dreamed about for many years. This hotel movement reached a real impetus when Mr. Paul Carter and his father, Mr. J. I. Carter, who owned considerable property in this section started a movement and organized the Lookout Mountain Hotel Company which built the Lookout Mountain Hotel.

Mr. Carter was not a hotel man. I advised him about the plans, also the construction, and helped him very materially in the financing. I lost $20,000.00 in this venture, and several times during the course of the construction it looked like the hotel project would be a failure before it could be finished and opened.

During the period of financing Mr. Carter employed Mr. Warren Godfroy, of Louisville, Kentucky, who was a good lawyer and a good promoter, to help promote the hotel. These gentlemen went to New York and contacted the Royal Indemnity Company, a British Corporation, Mr. E. J. O'Neill, President. Before going to New York, Mr. Carter had arranged with Roger Caldwell & Company, bond brokers of Nashville, Tennessee, to buy the bonds, provided they could get a good bonding concern to endorse them. In other words, Caldwell & Company would sell the bonds to individuals after they had been issued and endorsed by a reputable bonding house or insurance company.

Mr. Carter and Mr. Godfroy worried over this matter for some time. It seemed that unless they could make a deal with the Royal Indemnity Company the hotel could not be completed. Mr. Carter and Mr. Godfroy were in New York at that time and sent me an S.O.S. call for help. In other words, Mr. Carter wired that unless I could come up there at once and help them induce the Royal Indemnity Company to endorse these bonds that the whole project would fall through and go into bankruptcy. This was something I did not want to see done, because if a thing of this kind should happen it would be many years before a hotel would be built or the proposition re-opened with any degree of successful conclusion.

I went to New York, met Mr. Carter and Mr. Godfroy, and then met Mr. F. J. O'Neill, the president, and other members of

the board of directors and attended two or three meetings. Mr. Carter and Mr. Godfroy seemed to have had the directors sold, especially the secretary of the company, but they could not get Mr. O'Neill, the president, to agree to the deal. Finally, when I arrived on the scene and met Mr. O'Neill, talked with him and then talked with the directors a number of times they finally consented to sign the bonds, although Mr. O'Neill agreed reluctantly. The bonds were issued, I think about $650,000.00, and delivered to Caldwell & Company, who sold them. Just how much of the proceeds actually went into the construction of the hotel I don't know. At any rate, the hotel was nearly finished but still lacked the furniture and other equipment.

At that time my new home on Lookout Mountain was under construction and I was living in the garage apartment. One morning about five o'clock someone knocked rather vigorously on my door. Looking out of the window I saw three men, one of whom asked me my name and asked me to come down and see them as they wanted to talk with me on a very important matter. They apologized for waking me up at that hour of the morning, stating that they had just come in on an early train and were very anxious to get back to New York. When I went down to greet them I found Mr. O'Neill, president of the Royal Indemnity Company, in a very bad humor and he began to upbraid me, charging that I had misrepresented the situation about the Lookout Mountain Hotel and that he had been very foolish to have ever had anything to do with it or endorsing these bonds. In fact, he looked like he wanted to fight. He practically called me a liar in answer to one of the questions which was asked. I told him that we people of the South didn't like to be called liars and that he would have to retract that statement. One of the other gentlemen interfered. We sat down. I asked Mr. O'Neill to tell me wherein I had made any misrepresentation about the matter. He replied, "You talked a great deal about the glories of the Lookout Mountain Scenic Highway. You said in one of your statements that this highway had been built and opened and was passable to Gadsden, Alabama, where it would join other highways." I finally convinced Mr. O'Neill that he was mistaken, that I had never said that the highway had been finished and that I only painted the glories of the opportunity of finishing the highway. I told him that work on the highway was progressing and that, in my opinion, it would be finished at no

distant date. I think I satisfied him that this was the case, that I had never made a statement of that kind and couldn't have made it when it was absolutely untrue. In this connection, and here in this part of the story, I don't want to criticize Mr. O'Neill for any part that he had in the $650,000.00 loss which his company sustained by the endorsement of these bonds, for which he blamed me, as he said repeatedly that I had persuaded him to do something against his will.

The Lookout Mountain Hotel was formally opened Saturday, June 23, 1928 with a great banquet, speech making, champagne, and all those kinds of things that generally occur at an opening of this kind. I was given the honor of being toastmaster at this banquet. Speeches were made by many people, including Mr. Paul Carter, the City and State Officials of Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama. In my talk I lauded Mr. Carter for his foresight and work on this hotel and presented Mr. Carter and his wife with a silver loving cup, given by friends of the project.

A contract had been made with Mr. Carling Dinkler, a well known Southern hotel owner to operate this hotel. He operated it one season and then terminated his arrangement with Mr. Carter and the Lookout Mountain Hotel Company. The hotel had not been fully financed. They had great difficulty in buying the furniture and I helped materially on this problem and finally the hotel was furnished by a Chicago concern, which lost more than $150,000.00 on this furniture.

Before the bonds were endorsed by the Royal Indemnity Company they insisted that the bonds should also carry a first mortgage on the furniture as well as the building and grounds. The furniture people already had a mortgage on the furniture but were persuaded to give up this mortgage to the Royal Indemnity Company and accepted a mortgage on another piece of property in lieu of the mortgage on the furniture.

The hotel still owed a lot of money for furnishing and operating expenses, advertising, etc. Mr. Paul Carter, chief promoter of the hotel made every effort to secure additional money, but was unable to do so. Things rocked along for quite awhile. Then the County of Dade, in which part of the hotel and grounds are located, filed a bill for taxes. For several years the hotel was closed.

Finally, the Dade County officials put up the hotel for sale and it was purchased by Chattanooga people for less than $100,-

000.00. It was supposed to be worth several millions of dollars. The syndicate who purchased the hotel had misgivings about whether or not their deed was any good. In fact, this was one of the reasons why I did not go into the syndicate purchasing this property.

A strange part of this whole story is the fact that the Royal Indemnity Company, with its eminent lawyers and a president like Mr. O'Neill, sat in New York and permitted the hotel to be sold "for a song," and made no real effort, in my opinion, to try to protect their interests in the hotel, and, as I understand, lost over $700,000.00 principal and interest in the deal.

The hotel was sold two or three times afterwards for small sums. I understand that the last sale made of it was for about $250,000.00 including furniture and equipment.

By the way, it is said that the site on which the hotel is located was occupied by General Jackson and his army during his march to New Orleans to fight the Battle of New Orleans.

Radio Broadcasting Stations

Among the many business ventures which attracted me was the experiment in the establishment and purchasing of a number of radio broadcasting stations.

The first broadcasting station with which I became connected was the company called the Savannah Broadcasting Company, of which Mr. Chas. G. Day was president. I owned the controlling stock. I was in the hotel business in Savannah, Georgia in a large way, owning the Hotel DeSoto, one of the largest and finest hotels in the South. I felt the need of more advertising for my hotel and the City of Savannah. I saw no better chance to do this than through a radio broadcasting station. A number of the citizens of Savannah were interested in this project. We selected the letters "W.T.O.C." and in due course of time we put the station on the air. It was a very nice experiment and has been quite successful. Later, I sold my controlling stock in the company to Mr. W. T. Knight, a well known druggist of Savannah, who has operated this station since that time. At the present

time there are four other broadcasting stations in the City of Savannah, making five altogether.

My next venture was in Radio Station "W.I.S." at Columbia, South Carolina. When I first went into this venture, it was a very small station. This station was improved, and at a later date took its position among the good stations in the South. I sold this station to the Liberty Life Insurance Company of Greenville, South Carolina.

The next radio station which I purchased was at Greensboro, North Carolina, which was named Station "W.B.I.G." Later, I sold this station to the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company of Greensboro, North Carolina. This radio station proved so valuable to the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company that they later purchased the key station of the Columbia network at Charlotte, North Carolina, for which I understand they paid more than a million dollars. Mr. Thomas Little was interested with me in these broadcasting stations.

During this particular period there were no chain channels throughout the Southeast except Station W.S.B. of the Atlanta Journal. I have heard that the Atlanta Journal and Radio Station W.S.B. were sold by the James A. Gray Estate, owners, to Ex-Governor Cox of Ohio for a sum exceeding three million dollars.

Shortly after these stations were sold, private wire chains were extended throughout the Southeastern territory and each one of these stations became very valuable and have been very profitable to the people who purchased them.

W.D.O.D. Broadcasting Station in Chattanooga was established by Mr. Earl W. Winger and Mr. Norman Thomas. Later, I installed for them two tall steel towers on top of Hotel Patten, furnished them quarters to install the equipment and assisted them in other ways. They occupied these quarters for more than fifteen years.

When I decided to sell Station W.I.S. I called on Mr. Gonzales, the well known editor of "The Columbia State," the morning newspaper. I asked him if he would be interested in purchasing Station W.I.S. He replied that he was not interested to any great extent, although he asked a great many questions which made me believe that he was interested. However, in talking with him later he intimated that he would be interested in purchasing the station at a price. I then took the matter up with the

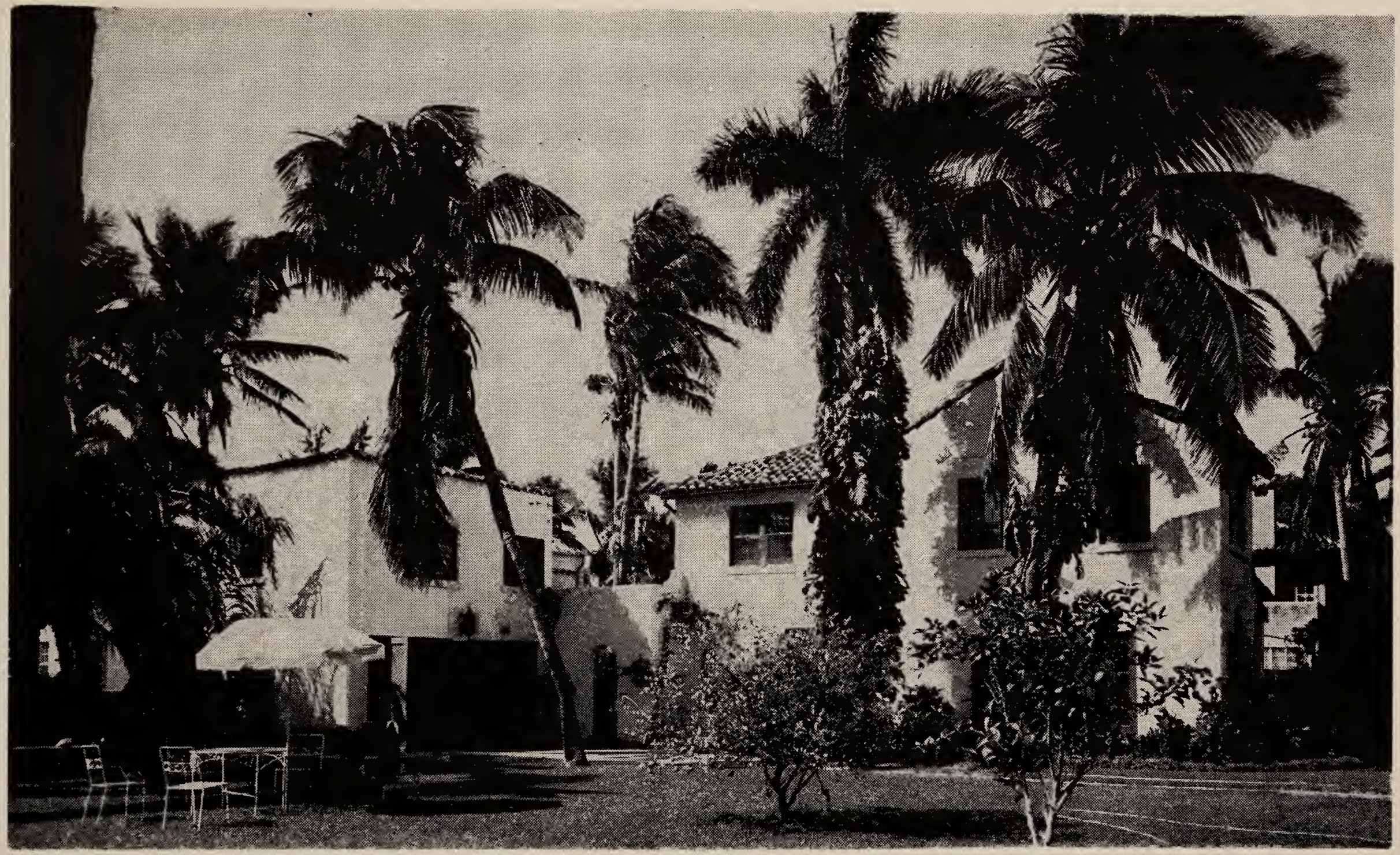
president of the Liberty Life Insurance Company, of Greenville, South Carolina and sold them this station at the same price which I had offered it to Mr. Gonzales. Shortly afterwards, I met Mr. Gonzales on the street in Columbia. He became very controversial with me about this matter. He wanted to know why I didn't sell this station to him, and said that he would have given me $10,000.00 more for the station than I received. I said to Mr. Gonzales, "Why didn't you say so? I would have been delighted to have made that extra $10,000.00." Although I had known Mr. Gonzales for sometime, and he was a very good friend of mine, he walked off without saying goodbye or anything else. I understood through others that he was very much put out about my not selling the station to him.

A Home in Florida

As MY wife and I grew older, we found that Lookout Mountain was rather rigorous in the months of December, January, February and March. In 1934 we purchased a home at 1314–16th Street, Miami Beach, Florida, which has given us great pleasure and added to our joy of living. Although we only spend four months of each year at this home, we employ a landscape gardener to keep the grounds in first-class condition the year 'round. We also have a good neighbor, Mrs. Sybil Soutar, who very kindly looks after the property for us during our absence.

This home does not compare with our place on Lookout Mountain. However, it is very comfortable and up-to-date in every way. My entire family and some of our friends have enjoyed the use of it very much. The house is located in a quiet, retired section, but in the very heart of Miami Beach, one and a half blocks from Biscayne Bay and about five blocks from the Ocean on a direct line. The house has a large living room, sun room, dining room and kitchen on the first floor. Four bedrooms and three baths are on the second floor. It is fireproof, being constructed of hollow tile and stucco, and is painted off-white.

The place has extensive grounds which are surrounded by a hedge of Australian pine. We have a large number of flowering trees and eight or ten ever-bearing cocoanut trees, as well as a



Winter Home of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome B. Pound
1314—16th Street, Miami Beach, Florida
Occupied since 1934

number of lime trees. When we leave Miami Beach on April 1st of each year, we always ship enough cocoanuts to our home on Lookout Mountain to last for some time.

In addition to the main building, we have a patio in the rear and also a garage which contains a lovely two-room apartment on the top floor, which we rent the year 'round as an additional protection to the property. The first floor of the garage contains living quarters for our servants and space for our car.

Lookout Mountain Baptist Church
Lookout Mountain, Tennessee

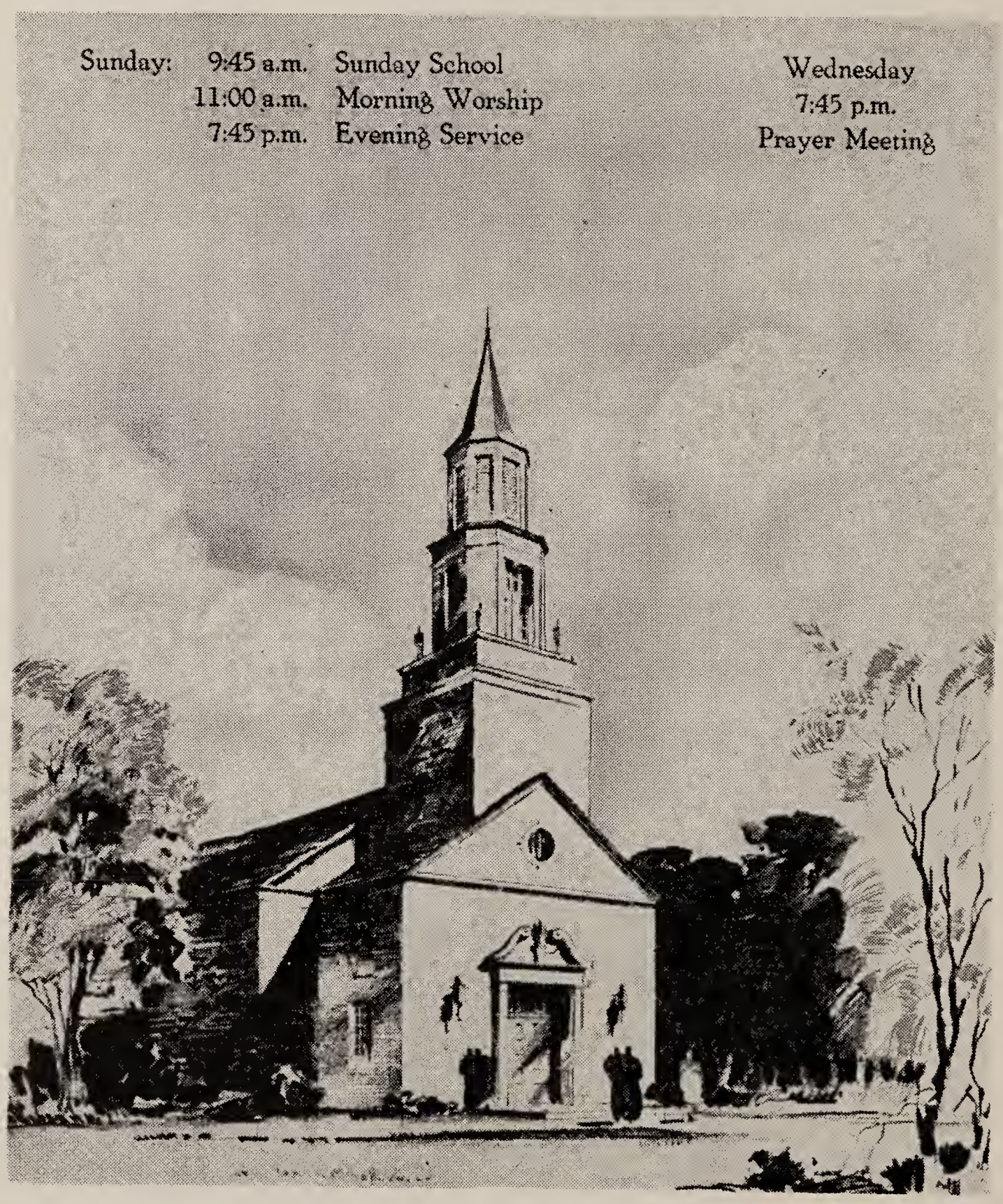
A FEW days after my arrival in Macon, Georgia to make it my new home, I joined the First Baptist Church. I was baptized by the Reverend Warren in the old First Baptist Church, which was formerly located on Second Street. Dr. Warren, one of the oldest and best loved ministers in the Baptist denomination, died many years ago, and I have always revered his memory. I have been a member of the Baptist Church ever since that time except for a little while when I temporarily joined the Presbyterian Church on Lookout Mountain, there being no Baptist Church on the mountain at that time.

I always wanted to see a Baptist Church on Lookout Mountain. On July 8, 1945, eight persons, members of other Baptist churches met in a vacant storeroom on Lookout Mountain and organized the Lookout Mountain Baptist Church. Shortly after this time I joined this Church and began to put forth all of my efforts to help erect a church building for this congregation. When I was appointed chairman of the Building Finance Committee I did some of the best work of my life in getting subscriptions for this purpose. I raised, personally, nearly $100,000.00 of the amount spent for the church and parsonage. The church was erected on a beautiful site partly donated by Mrs. George E. McGee, Sr. in memory of her son, Bobbie, who made the Supreme Sacrifice in World War II.

The greater part of this money was spent on the foundation and the first floor of the proposed building, which includes an auditorium, Sunday School class rooms, modern kitchen, heat-

ing plant, etc. We hope to finish the church auditorium, being the upper or second floor of this building, during the year 1950.

I am glad to say that up to this time the portion of the church which has been completed and which is of fireproof construction is paid for, and the building as it stands cost $84,000.00.



Lookout Mountain Baptist Church
J. B. Pound, Chairman of the Building Finance Committee.

The church also purchased a lovely residence on Richardson Avenue on Lookout Mountain, which was completely remodeled into a parsonage for our pastor and is also paid for.

The church started without any physical assets whatever. A

kind lady loaned the church a piano, which was a very good one. We used this piano for several months until the owner moved from the city and wanted to sell it. As the church did not have the money to buy this piano, I purchased it and presented it to the church. At a later date, out of the money which we raised to build the church, we purchased a new Hammond Electric Organ, a splendid instrument, which is now in use and will continue to serve the church for many years. When the church building is completely finished, we expect to have a suitable pipe organ installed in the main auditorium.

It is estimated that it will cost an additional $100,000.00 to complete the church as designed by the architect and approved by the congregation. A picture of this church, as it will appear when finished, is shown in this book. The location of the church is large and capacious, and sufficient to take care of a much larger congregation for many years to come.

We have had two pastors, the first being Dr. Frank A. Tobey, who came out of the Army to be the pastor of the church. He was a Colonel and was stationed in the South Pacific during World War II. He did very fine work for the church, but was called back into the Army. The second pastor is Dr. Rupert Naney, who is one of the great preachers of America.

The church has grown to more than 130 members.

When the building is finished, it will be one of the most beautiful churches in the South, and the work I have done on it has been a work of love and reverence.



Mr. Charles D. Little
Chattanooga, Tennessee

I HAVE known Charlie for nearly 40 years. He was born in Juliette, Georgia, a small town located a few miles south of Macon. He has lived at Forsyth, Cordele, Albany and Macon, Georgia in addition to the years he has spent in Chattanooga.

I first saw and met Charlie Little at Tifton, Georgia. I arrived in Tifton on an early morning train and found Charlie behind the lunch counter serving early breakfast to many people who came in on that train and also to many who lived in Tifton, as this place was noted for its good food.

He was seven years with the Parker Railway News Company as traveling auditor in thirteen states.

Later I met Charlie again when he moved to Chattanooga. He took great interest in the affairs of the First Baptist Church in



CHARLES D. LITTLE, Chattanooga, Tennessee
Capitalist and City Builder.

Chattanooga. When the Lookout Mountain Baptist Church was organized he moved his membership to that church, which is located on Lookout Mountain.

Mr. Little has been very successful, made a lot of money in Chattanooga and elsewhere and has always given liberally to charitable institutions, churches, etc.

In 1914 Mr. Little entered the bottling business at Rome, Georgia and in 1916 he moved to Chattanooga where he established a bottling plant. Among his achievements was the discovery, preparation and marketing of a soft drink called

"Double-Cola" which is extensively advertised. At the present time there are more than a hundred Double Cola plants in several states which distribute this well known and popular drink.

Mr. Little married Mae Sumerford at Leslie, Georgia, April 30, 1914. They have one daughter, Frances, who married Charles W. Wheland.

Mr. and Mrs. Little live in one of the most beautiful homes in this section of the country, located at 902 West Brow Road, Lookout Mountain, Tennessee.

Mrs. Little's gardens are noted for being among the most elaborate in the Southeast. Mrs. Little is a very talented woman and takes great interest in the Lookout Mountain Baptist Church. She is a widely known Bible scholar and teacher.

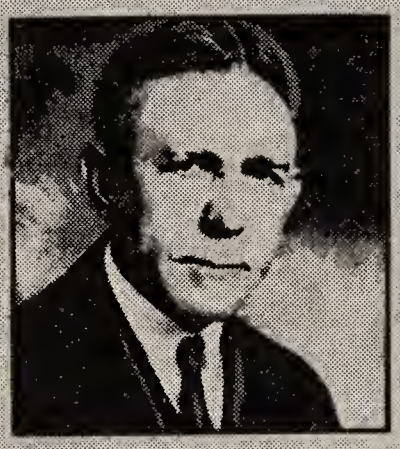
An Appreciation

On May 7, 1946 during the annual meeting of the Southern Hotel Exposition in Atlanta, Georgia, the usual banquet was held at the Ansley Hotel.

A special program was held in my honor in recognition of my fortieth anniversary as hotel owner, builder, and operator. Mr. Alfred T. Levine, attorney, of Nashville, Tennessee, was toastmaster. During the evening he presented to me in behalf of the Georgia, Florida, Kentucky and Tennessee Hotel Associations a scroll in recognition of my forty years in the hotel business.

Mr. Levine presented my wife with a beautiful silver tray and goblets, and a bouquet of beautiful flowers, a gift from these hotel associations. These presentations were a great surprise to Mrs. Pound and me and were deeply appreciated by us.

AN APPRECIATION



In Recognition of the Forty Years of Inspirational Leadership of Jerome Balaam Pound

IN 1906, Jerome Balaam Pound, then a civic-spirited newspaper publisher of Chattanooga, Tennessee, promoted the building of Hotel Patten. Immediately, his irrepressible vigor and vision led him to take a dominant part in the building of other prominent Southern Hostelries. He was active in the building of:

Hotel Eastern	*Chattanooga, Tennessee*	*Opened November 15, 1907*
Hotel Patten	*Chattanooga, Tennessee*	*Opened April 1, 1908*
Hotel Seminole	*Jacksonville, Florida*	*Opened January 1, 1910*
Hotel Henry Watterson	*Louisville, Kentucky*	*Opened April 29, 1912*
Hotel Ansley	*Atlanta, Georgia*	*Opened June 30, 1913*
Hotel Plaza	*Chattanooga, Tennessee*	*Opened November 1, 1920*
Hotel Savannah Annex	*Savannah, Georgia*	*Opened December 6, 1920*
DeSoto Beach Hotel	*Savannah Beach, Georgia*	*Opened May 11, 1940*

In the operation of the DeSoto and General Oglethorpe Hotels of Savannah, Georgia, and the Patten, DeSoto Beach, and Seminole Hotels, which he now owns or operates, his policies have keynoted progressiveness and cooperation with his fellow hotel men.

Few men have combined in a lifetime the attributes of creative genius, progressive operation, and length of service, as has J. B. Pound. From his deeds, fellow hotel men take inspiration.

In recognition of forty years of such outstanding leadership, the Hotel Associations of Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, within whose boundaries his dynamic personality has expressed itself, do honor him with this commemorative service on the occasion of the Southern Hotel Exposition at Atlanta, Georgia.

FLORIDA STATE HOTEL ASSOCIATION

Joe H Adams — President
R. O. Riddle — Secretary

GEORGIA HOTEL ASSOCIATION

[illegible] — President
Stephen R. Tyson — Secretary

KENTUCKY HOTEL ASSOCIATION

Arthur J. Neuman — President
Ed J. Brown — Secretary

TENNESSEE HOTEL ASSOCIATION

Garnett Andrews — President
Wm. Lelia Cunningham — Secretary

May 7, 1946

The Atomic Bomb

On August 6, 1945 the whole world was startled by the dropping of the first atomic bomb on the City of Hiroshima, Japan. It was reliably reported by high authorities that between 70,000 and 80,000 people were killed and missing and that 60% of the city was destroyed. On August 8, 1945 the second atomic bomb was dropped on the City of Nagasaki, another large city of Japan, and thousands of persons were killed and reported missing and a large amount of property destroyed.

On the date when the news of the first bombing was received in Chattanooga, United States Senator Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee was a guest at Hotel Patten.

I arrived at my office in Hotel Patten a little after nine o'clock and was immediately informed by the manager of the hotel that Senator McKellar was in his suite. In company with some of Senator McKellar's other friends I went to his suite. I informed him about the dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima and gave him a copy of the newspaper. At that time Senator McKellar had not heard anything about the destruction of Hiroshima. He was thunderstruck and most interested. Of course, the principal topic of conversation was about the destruction caused by the dropping of this atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

I remained a few minutes after the other visitors left because Senator McKellar indicated to me to do so as he wanted to talk with me. He told me that he had been deeply interested in this matter for months, thinking and praying over it, and wondering just what effect it would have.

Senator McKellar said, "Mr. Pound, I want to tell you something that I have never told anyone else and that is this: One day President Roosevelt sent for me to come to his office as he had an important matter about which he wanted to talk with me. On my arrival he told me the first story that I ever heard about the atomic bomb and when he had finished the story I turned to him and said, 'Mr. President, this is the most ridiculous idea that I ever heard of in my life. If you try to carry this thing through and fail you are going to be the laughing stock of the world, because my opinion is that it will cost the Government untold sums of money and will not be successful.' "

Senator McKellar told me that he and President Roosevelt argued this matter for more than an hour and that he did every-

thing he could to try to persuade the President from carrying out this project, which involved the cost of millions of dollars. It was Mr. McKellar's duty as chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee to sign all vouchers appropriating money. He said President Roosevelt finally said to him, "McKellar, I'm staking my reputation on the success of this project and if this is a failure, like you say it is going to be, and if it is necessary I will stump the whole United States making speeches and assume the full responsibility myself." Senator McKellar told me that this broke down his opposition and he said to the President, "Mr. President, with that understanding, I will be glad to cooperate and sign all the vouchers which are sent me for the purpose of carrying out this unprecedented project." Then Senator McKellar further told me that he signed millions of dollars worth of vouchers for this purpose.

After he finished telling me this story I said, "Senator, now what do you think about it?" He replied, "Well, the President was right and I was wrong. It demonstrated that we can blow up the whole world if we want to. What would be left would make a 'No Man's Land.' "

That was the day of days for the atomic bomb. Since that time I have read in the newspapers that during the next crop season in Japan much of this land surrounding the bombed cities was cultivated and that the crops were more prolific and better than they had ever been in the history of the land. I thought perhaps the soil had been enriched by the blood of thousands of Japanese.

Mr. McKellar is and has been a friend of mine for many years. He is the Dean of the Senate and has held many prominent offices in that august body. Later during the session of the Eightieth Congress Senator McKellar was re-elected president pro tem of the Senate, which position he now holds. Whether he will be a candidate for election again I do not know.

I thoroughly believe that Senator McKellar was more responsible than any other person for the building of the great Chickamauga Dam across the Tennessee River at Chattanooga. In my opinion, the dam would never have been built except for his influence and activity in the matter.

Of course, there were others, including Congressman Sam D. McReynolds, who did yeoman's service in this matter and are

also entitled to great credit. Congressman McReynolds died in 1939.

Judge Will Cummings, who was Hamilton County Judge for many years and during the preliminaries of the securing and building of Chickamauga Dam, was also very active in helping to secure the location and erection of this dam. He also deserves a lot of credit for the successful consummation of this great project.

Land and Buildings

I HAVE always been a great believer in real estate, and especially the development of tracts of lands and the erection of buildings. When the Southern Express Company's lease on the triangle bordered by Market Street, Tenth Street and Georgia Avenue expired the State of Georgia advertised for bids for the lease of this property. I submitted a bid and secured the lease on the property. I immediately put a force of men in this old building and converted it from an office building to a hotel. At that time I called the building the Annex Hotel, using this hotel as an overflow for Hotel Patten. It cost me between $75,000.00 and $80,000.00 to remodel the building and also about $35,000.00 for furniture. This property has changed hands several times.

I was very much interested in the development of a large tract of land on Lookout Mountain by Mr. Oliver B. Andrews and Mr. Garnet Carter, two friends of mine, and I spent considerable time with them in the development of Fairyland, which turned out to be a tremendous success. I was especially interested in the golf course. They announced that they were going to build a nine hole golf course. After much persuasion by me they decided to make it an 18 hole golf course. This turned out to be a very wise decision. I was president of the Fairyland Golf & Country Club for some little time.

I purchased a 20-acre farm on Lookout Mountain and after experimenting with it a while I sold it to the Fairyland Company at a fair profit.

The first home which I purchased in Chattanooga was located at the corner of Willow Street and Kirby Avenue which was the second home built in the suburb known as Highland Park. I de-

cided that I was inconvenienced by not being closer in town, and in 1901 I sold this property to Mr. T. R. Colston. Later, Mr. J. B. Milligan purchased this property and lived there with his family for a number of years. After I sold this property to Mr. Colston I moved to a home on West Sixth Street.

Later, I bought and remodeled a home on the East Brow of Lookout Mountain, being two doors from the entrance of Point Park, where I lived for a number of years. I lived a very happy life there and was contented until the property known as the "Lookout Mountain House" property was offered for sale. Several years before that time the Lookout Mountain House and cottages were burned. This was one of the first hotels built on Lookout Mountain. At the persuasion of my wife and the late Chief Justice Alexander W. Chambliss, I purchased this property and started the erection of the Pound home which occupies a most commanding position. The view is unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

Another large real estate purchase made by me was February 7, 1930. I was spending the winter in Miami Beach, Florida. The real estate firm of Glascock and Bright spent a good many dollars talking with me over long distance phone about purchasing nearly one hundred lots on Lookout Mountain. The Lookout Mountain Land Company, under the leadership of Mr. Sam R. Read, President, decided to close out their holdings, and after much persuasion I purchased this property, sight unseen, through this real estate firm. I built a number of houses on a portion of this property.

I now own jointly with Mr. Robert J. Maclellan, President of the Provident Life and Accident Insurance Company, a tract of about 140 acres on the East Brow of Lookout Mountain. This property is undeveloped but very attractive.

After spending the winters in Miami Beach, Florida for many years I purchased the property at 1314–16th Street, Miami Beach. I improved it and use it as my winter home.

My largest holdings in real estate are the hotels which I own in Savannah, Georgia and Jacksonville, Florida.

The real estate business always has been a great fascination to me.

The J. B. Pound Hotel Company in which I own all the stock owns a large tract of land on the Atlantic Ocean at Savannah Beach, Georgia. This property is five hundred feet wide and ex-

tends about one-half mile on the Atlantic Ocean Beach, and runs to deep water. The J. B. Pound Hotel Company also owns the Hotel DeSoto in the City of Savannah, The General Oglethorpe Hotel, Golf Club and cottages on Wilmington Island, together with 150 acres of land, and the DeSoto Beach Hotel at Savannah Beach, as well as other property.

I once owned a piece of property on Fort Street in Chattanooga that I rented to the O. B. Andrews Company, which was used as their first box factory. Later Mr. Andrews' concern outgrew this property and the Company built the present plant now occupied by them on Rossville Avenue. I also took some stock in this company. Oliver B. Andrews, the president of the company, was one of the most enterprising men in Chattanooga and a great builder of the city. The O. B. Andrews Company expanded by establishing plants in Knoxville, Tennessee; Tampa, Florida; and Houston, Texas. Mr. Andrews was a very successful and popular man and one of the organizers of the National Civitan Club. He died January 22, 1937. He was succeeded by Mr. J. Courtney Twinam as president. Mr. Twinam died October 26, 1946.

On July 1, 1947 the capital stock of the company was sold to the Container Corporation of America. Thus this great plant, started and nurtured from infancy by the Andrews Family, passed out of the hands of the original stockholders and controllers of the plant. The Container Corporation of America is one of the largest and most successful corporations in the United States and is a welcome addition to the manufacturers of Chattanooga. The Container Corporation of America operates this plant under the name of the O. B. Andrews Company. Mr. George W. Boh, who was with the O. B. Andrews Company for many years is now president. Mr. Don H. Brewer is first vice president. Mr. Oliver B. Andrews, Jr. is vice president; Mr. Clarence H. Seeley of Chicago is secretary; and Mr. W. M. O'Malley, formerly of Chicago and now a citizen of Chattanooga, is treasurer. Mr. R. C. Scott, who has been with the company for many years, is production manager.

I formerly owned the property on Market Street between Sixth and Seventh, which I bought from George Fort Milton, Sr. I kept it for a number of years and sold it to Mr. Gus H. Miller. This is now perhaps among the highest priced property in the City of Chattanooga. I paid $15,000.00 for it and sold it to Mr.

Miller for $25,000.00. He sold it to someone else for $35,000.00 and its value today is estimated at $75,000.00, five times the amount which I paid for it.

I also purchased the Parker farm containing several hundred acres which is now occupied in part by the thriving Town of Tiftonia, located on Highway 41 from Chattanooga to Nashville. Captain H. H. Tift later owned this property.

After the death of Captain Tift his son, T. W. Tift of Atlanta, Georgia divided this property into lots and small farms and sold it.

I also owned several hundred feet of property along the side of the highway which is known as Cummings Highway. When the State of Tennessee and Hamilton County decided to widen that highway the county approached me for a price on the property adjoining this highway. The representative of the State and County said, "Now don't charge us too much for this property." I replied, "In this case I want to be very liberal, and as I have always been in public projects I am going to present it to the State and County without any charge whatever." Along this entire right-of-way I was the only person who ever donated a foot of it. I was told later that one property owner nearby sold his right-of-way for $30,000.00.

From
Chattanooga Rotary Chatt
Rotary Club of Chattanooga, Tennessee
July 22, 1946

ROTARIAN OF THE MONTH



To 'J. B.' Pound, a senior member of Chattanooga Rotary, whose birthday falls on July 19, goes our nomination as Rotarian of the month.

Owner and publisher of 5 newspapers from 1884 to 1901 in Macon, Chattanooga, Knoxville, and Memphis, 'J. B.' started his business career in the publishing business at the early age of 16.

In 1907, he began the construction of the first of 8 hotels in Chattanooga, Jacksonville, Louisville, Atlanta, Savannah, and Savannah Beach, 3 of which, with 2 others, he owns and operates today. For several years prior to 1930, he also owned and operated radio stations in Columbia, Greensboro, and Savannah.

Many honors have come to 'J. B.' during his long and active life. While everyone recalls that he was for 15½ years Mayor of Lookout Mountain, not everyone remembers that he offered his beautiful, new home as the 'summer White House' the year President Coolidge finally said, 'I do not choose to run.' Practically no one knows that he served as a Quartermaster-General on the staffs of 3 Tennessee governors, holding the rank of Brigadier General, or that he is a bonafide Virginia Colonel, several cuts above the common Kentucky variety, of which ye editor is one.

But, everyone knows 'J. B.' as a good Rotarian, a genial friend and companion, and a generous and public-spirited citizen of his adopted community. At a time when many a man half his age is less than half his equal, his latest achievement is the raising of about $70,000 toward the construction of the new Lookout Mountain Baptist Church.

Forti et fideli nihil difficile!

Curtis B. Johnson
Charlotte, North Carolina

Mr. Johnson started his newspaper career in the late fall of 1897 at which time I gave him his first newspaper position as advertising solicitor of the Knoxville Sentinel at a salary, suggested by him, which was intended to cover his living expense only—he not being certain that the newspaper business would suit him or that he would fit into newspaper work. It was



Curtis B. Johnson, Charlotte, North Carolina
Famous Publisher of the Charlotte Observer; Philanthropist and Lover of Boys

understood between us that, after a trial period, the starting salary would be adjusted commensurately, based upon results. A few months thereafter, the Sentinel was sold to George F. Milton, Sr., a former employee who had been appointed by me as editor of that newspaper. In the trade with Mr. Milton, I took into consideration his former services as editor and sold him the newspaper at a very low price and on favorable terms.

Mr. Johnson quickly advanced to general business manager and vice president of the Sentinel. Prior to his coming with me on the newspaper, he had been associated with Knoxville's largest department store as credit manager and auditor. This business was destroyed by Knoxville's most disastrous fire in April, 1897. After winding up the affairs of the business of the department store, Curtis had reached the conclusion that the better opportunity offered to a young man was in the producing or selling end of a business rather than the consuming side. His success in selling advertising determined him to make the newspaper business his life work. Inasmuch as I gave Mr. Johnson his first newspaper position, I can fairly and modestly claim having had a large part in his successful career.

Some twelve years later, in 1909, I made another contribution to his newspaper success when I sold my afternoon Chattanooga News to him and George F. Milton, to whom I had previously sold the Knoxville Sentinel. Walter C. Johnson, who had been secretary and treasurer of the Chattanooga News for a number of years, also acquired an interest in the News at that time. As a sequel to the Chattanooga transaction, Curtis Johnson, who was then vice president and general business manager of the Sentinel, also acquired a partnership interest in the Knoxville Sentinel and also became vice president and general manager of the Chattanooga News.

There was great rivalry existing between Chattanooga and Knoxville notwithstanding that the population of the two cities was almost on a parity. Unhappily, for the new owners of the Chattanooga News, the people of Chattanooga resented the principal ownership of their afternoon newspaper by Knoxville interests. After three years, it was decided that the prejudice against the newspaper could be greatly minimized, if in fact not entirely removed, by giving the Chattanooga paper resident ownership and management. Mr. Milton was a native Chattanoogan, having spent his boyhood days in Chattanooga, and it was thought by him that he should move to Chattanooga and take over the operation of The News.

Therefore, in 1912, Mr. Milton proposed to sell to Mr. Johnson, his partner in the ownership of the Knoxville Sentinel, his interest in the Knoxville newspaper and at the same time agreeing to purchase from Johnson his interest in the Chattanooga property. After the consummation of this deal, Mr. Johnson

concentrated his efforts in Knoxville, developing the Sentinel in a few short years to the leader in its field.

Four years subsequently, Mr. Johnson bought the Charlotte (North Carolina) Observer. The Observer was a very old and altogether reliable newspaper and today it has the distinction of being the largest newspaper in the two States of North Carolina and South Carolina. It now boasts a circulation of more than 135,000 daily and more than 140,000 on Sunday and is "the first newspaper in America published in a city the size of Charlotte having a circulation equal to that which it has attained."

Eight years thereafter, in 1924, the Knoxville Sentinel was sold by Mr. Johnson to General L. D. Tyson, a wealthy cotton mill operator who later became a candidate and was elected to the United States Senate. The Sentinel was, according to rumor in Knoxville, sold to Tyson at a price in excess of one million dollars. Rumor also has it that the proceeds from that sale were largely invested by Mr. Johnson in the stock of General Motors on which transaction he is said to have realized a profit of half a million dollars.

The Observer Fresh Air Camp, established by Mr. Johnson, gives two weeks' vacations to approximately 500 less privileged boys each year without expense to them or to their parents. In order to perpetuate the camp, it was given, a couple of years ago, to the Charlotte Y.M.C.A. At the time of the transfer to that institution, the camp had total assets amounting to $158,000 which included about $100,000 in cash and some 110 acres of land lying along the Catawba River, seventeen miles out of Charlotte. This camp is conceded to be one of the best equipped camps of its kind in the entire United States. This designation has been given it by representatives from the Kellogg Philanthropies which likewise conduct several boys' camps for the less privileged.

Growing out of our newspaper negotiations, a warm friendship developed between Curtis and me which has continued over the fifty-two years intervening since 1897 when I gave him his first newspaper job. I am proud of the fact that I can include him as one of my protégés whom I initiated into the newspaper business which, next to the hotel business, is the most satisfactory of any I could recommend to any young man just starting a life's work.

Finally, George F. Milton was succeeded, as editor and prin-

cipal owner of the Chattanooga News, by his son, George F. Milton, Jr., a smart, well-educated gentleman who has written three historical books which have had wide distribution.

Sherman Marches to the Sea

In November 1864, General Sherman of the Federal Army, left Atlanta, Georgia with 60,000 men on his famous march to the sea. The soldiers were spread out over a forty-mile front and subsisted on the country. They seized horses, cows, sheep and other live stock; burned gins and cotton and left a trail of desolation for 300 miles. Sherman himself estimated the damage at one hundred million dollars. In December he reached Savannah and captured the city, as well as large quantities of military stores and thousands of bales of cotton.

Sherman remained in Savannah a month and occupied the stately home of the late Judge Peter W. Meldrim as his headquarters. However, according to related history, he did not commandeer this residence with its noble architecture and grounds but, because it was then the property of an Englishman, he had to pay rent while he occupied it.

This mansion was recently sold to a group of fifty citizens of Savannah who contributed $1,000.00 each. It was then given to St. John's Episcopal Church, which is located next to this property. It was a pleasure for me to be included in this group of purchasers, as this home will be preserved in perpetuity for generations. Mr. William Murphey headed this movement. Savannah people have been very loyal to the attractions of Savannah, also loyal to its history, and many of these old mansions have been preserved almost intact.

Although Sherman's march was one of pillage, fire and death, he did not burn Savannah. The fine old homes of English construction stood untouched. However, he took possession of the Central of Georgia Railway; did a great deal of damage to that line, and it was confiscated by United States authorities, not being restored to its owners until May, 1865.



William E. Brock

United States Senator from Tennessee and Successful Manufacturer

Chattanooga, Tennessee

I first met W. E. Brock in 1907. I saw his name in an advertisement of the Reynolds Tobacco Company where he signed the ad as Southern Sales Manager. I had heard that he was a great hustler, and I succeeded in getting him to join the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce, of which I was president at that time. I told him that it was my desire that he should be elected president of the Chamber of Commerce and I hoped he would accept the presidency of that organization if offered to him. I took the matter up with the members of the Board of Directors and they

were delighted. I resigned as president on account of having to leave the city temporarily. Mr. T. C. Thompson, who was vice president of the Chamber of Commerce was elected president in my place, and Mr. Brock was elected vice president. At the next election Mr. Brock was elected president. He made a fine official.

Mr. Brock purchased the Trigg Candy Company and changed the name of this firm to Brock Candy Company. This was not a very large concern because the former owners had never put very much "push" back of it. Mr. Brock thought he saw an opportunity to build up a great business, and like everything else that he went into he put the proper "push" back of it, used the most intelligent sales methods, and built this business into a million dollar annual sales. It is said that the Brock Candy Company became the largest manufacturer of stick candy in the world. This concern has been going a long time under Mr. Brock's management and has always been successful.

During the last few years Mr. Brock has practically turned the business over to his two sons, William E. Brock, Jr. and Richard A. Brock. They are running the business in the same successful manner as their father, and Brock Candy Company is recognized as one of the leading concerns of the kind in the country.

Bill Brock's name has been a by-word in the best society throughout the South. He became a great church member and built or helped to build more than one hundred churches in Chattanooga and surrounding country.

Many efforts were made to attract Mr. Brock to politics but he refused until 1929 when Governor Henry Horton of Tennessee appointed him United States Senator from Tennessee to succeed the lamented L. D. Tyson. Mr. Brock made a fine record in the United States Senate.

Mr. Brock married Miss Miriam Acree, daughter of Rev. R. R. Acree, a well known Baptist minister. Mrs. Brock became a member of the Methodist Church and is one of the most outstanding and successful workers in that denomination.

I greatly admire Will Brock, his two sons, and his charming wife.

Park Lodge No. 75
Knights of Pythias
Chattanooga, Tennessee

When I first moved to Chattanooga I took quite an interest in the Knights of Pythias. I was one of the organizers and the first Chancellor Commander of Park Lodge No. 75, which was located in the suburb of Highland Park. This building was especially arranged for lodge purposes. On the first floor was a drug store and on the second floor was the hall where all initiation ceremonies and meetings were held.

On the occasion of the organization and first initiation a very unusual thing happened. A gentleman who had been a friend of mine for quite a number of years and a former well-known hotel man volunteered to join this new lodge. Knowing him as well as I did and appreciating his good qualities I endorsed him. On the night of the big initiation we met at the lodge room. This friend of mine was rather a loquacious talker. Before the initiation ceremony, in a conversation with one of the candidates he made a remark about the initiation ceremony. The gentleman to whom he was talking came to me and told me about it, and I consulted some of the other members. My informer said he was sure there was something wrong about this man, that he was out of his head, or something, as he had been talking about some secrets of the initiation. One of the members demanded that he be brought before the Lodge before the initiation and make a satisfactory explanation. This man was very much embarrassed and admitted that he was already a member of the Knights of Pythias and admitted also that he did not realize what he had done and apologized to the Lodge. He was permitted to retire from the Lodge and from the Knights of Pythias membership. He was a fine man. He just made a mistake.

Park Lodge has been in active operation constantly for more than half a century. It has done a real job for its members. They own an attractive club house and extensive grounds, with good fishing facilities and other entertainment, on Chickamauga Lake, near Chattanooga.

I feel very proud of the part which I have taken in the organization and conduct of this splendid institution.



Col. R. L. Moore

Owner and Financial Director of Lovemans, Inc. Died 1944

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Among the men who added tremendously to the growth and prosperity of Chattanooga was Col. R. L. Moore, president of one of the largest department stores in the South—Loveman's,

Inc., which has been operated at the corner of Eighth and Market Streets for more than fifty years.

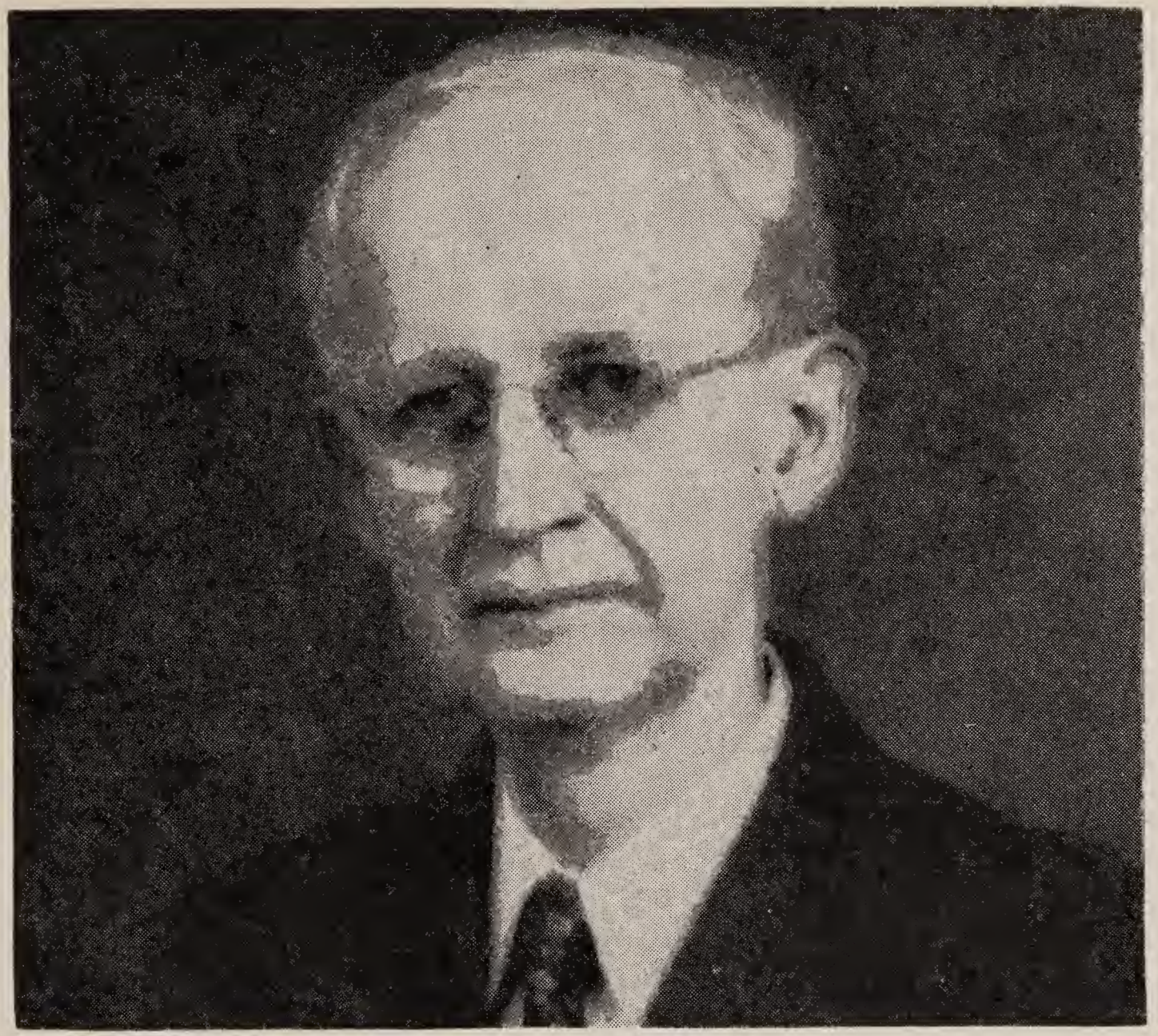
Col. Moore was born in North Carolina and was educated in the public schools of North Carolina and Georgia and at Young Harris College in North Georgia.

Col. Moore spent many years of his life traveling, having customers all over the South.

In January 1917, he became interested in Thomas & Moore Dry Goods Company, Chattanooga. In July 1932 he purchased the D. B. Loveman Company, remaining as president of both companies until the time of his death, November 27, 1944.

Col. Moore occupied a most prominent position in Chattanooga being a Mason, a member of the First Baptist Church, Rotary Club, Chattanooga Golf and Country Club and the Mountain City Club.

Col. Moore married Miss Tessie Jane Stokely of Cocke County, Tennessee. One of their sons, Mr. Martin S. Moore resides in Dallas, Texas. Mr. Richard L. Moore, Jr. and Mr. James L. Moore are officials of Loveman's, Inc. One of their daughters married Mr. Thomas L. Mahan and they reside on Lookout Mountain. Their other daughter was Grace Moore, world-famous Metropolitan Opera singer and screen star, who in private life was Mrs. Valentin Parera. She was killed January 26, 1947 in an airplane accident in Europe.



Mr. Walter C. Johnson

Secretary-Manager Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association

Chattanooga, Tennessee

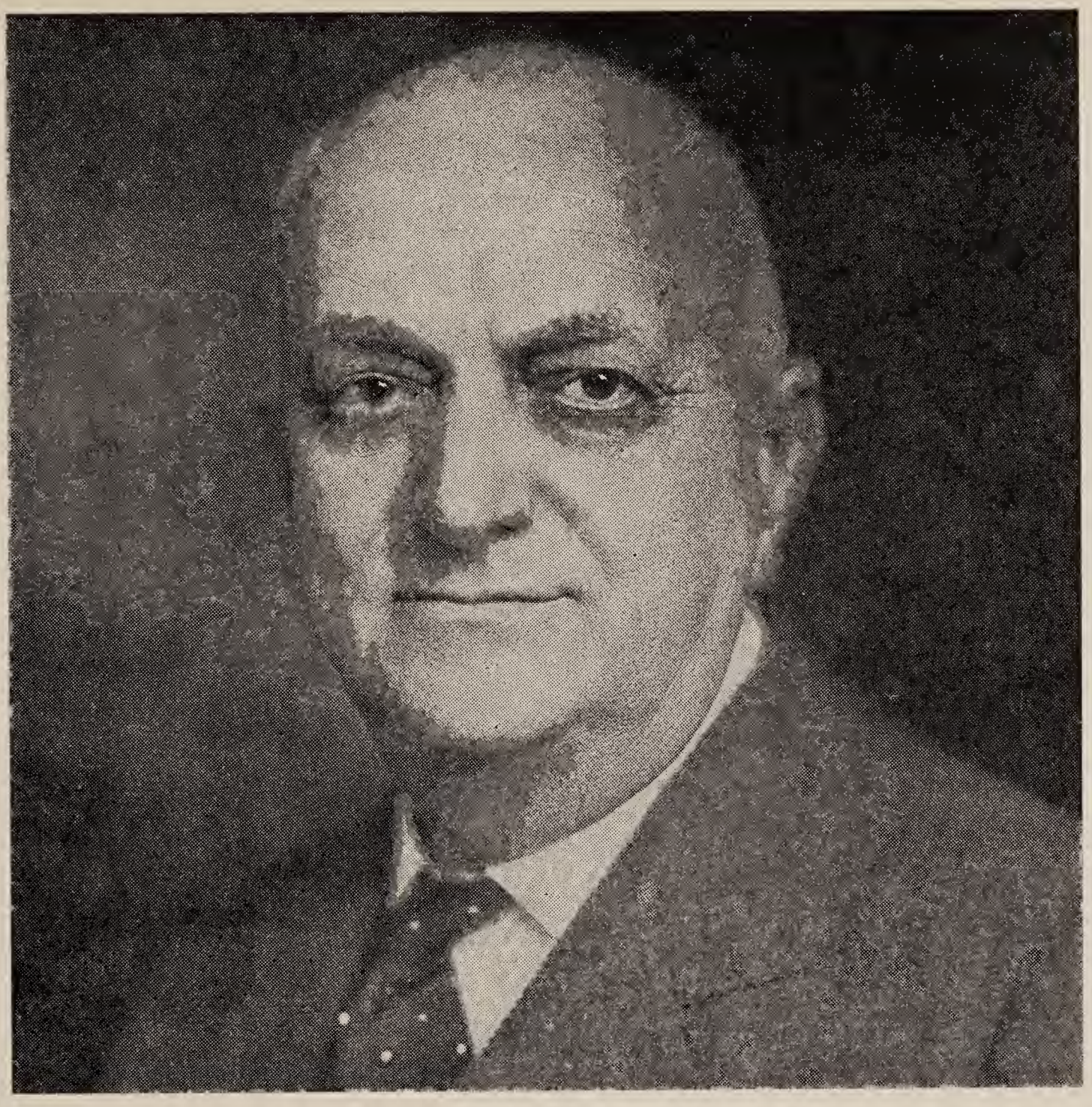
During my business experience of many years I have had the pleasure of having several proteges who have made a success of their career in the kind of business in which I gave them their opportunity to make good. Among those was Walter C. Johnson, with whom I was associated in the early years of his career. I found him sweeping the floor in a newspaper office.

I first met Walter in Macon, Georgia but most of my friendship dated to Knoxville, Tennessee when I purchased the Knoxville Sentinel, the afternoon paper, and gave Walter a job. Walter is not only faithful, resourceful, and a very bright fellow, but he is truly loyal and was of great help to me. Walter Johnson was associated with me as manager of the Knoxville Sentinel, the Chattanooga News, and the Memphis Morning

News. He made good in each one of these positions, many times under most trying circumstances.

Walter is better known in Chattanooga than any other of these cities as he has lived here longer. For the past few years he has held the responsible position of secretary and manager of the Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association which has a membership of more than 500 newspaper publishers. He is very studious, very methodical and probably the busiest man in Chattanooga, where he is connected with so many enterprises. He probably knows more men and women in Chattanooga than any other person, is very popular, and is a great asset to the community.

Mr. Johnson has one son, Walter C. Johnson, Jr., who is an assistant in the office of the Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association. Walter, Jr. also has printer's ink on his fingers.



Mr. John Stagmaier

Leading industrialist, jobber, manufacturer, and philanthropist

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Among the friends which I made when I came to Chattanooga was John Stagmaier, who became one of the leading and most influential citizens of Chattanooga.

Mr. Stagmaier was always modest and unostentatious in his activities in business, the Catholic Church, of which he was a member, and also in the establishment of Pine Breeze Sanitorium, for which he deserves perhaps the most credit for its establishment and maintenance.

I served with Mr. Stagmaier for about twenty-five years as a director of the Hamilton National Bank.

I attended a business meeting with Mr. Stagmaier and walked with him from the downtown district of Chattanooga to the

corner of Eleventh and Market Streets. At this time Mr. Stagmaier seemed to be in good health, but it was not very long after that time that he passed away, and Chattanooga lost one of its most valued citizens.

I am sure it will be of interest to the readers of my memoirs to read the names of the different kinds of businesses which Mr. Stagmaier owned or controlled. They were: Stagmaier and Company, Archer Paper Company, Tennessee Paper Mills, Star Box and Printing Company, and Shelby Paper Box Company.

Mr. Stagmaier was also president of Pioneer Bank, Chattanooga, co-founder of Southern Champion Tray Company, Standard-Coosa-Thatcher Company, The Lookout Boiler Manufacturing Company, Tennessee River Navigation Company, and other concerns.

Mr. Stagmaier was president of Pine Breeze Sanatorium, and a member of the Executive and Advisory Council of the Catholic Diocese of Nashville, Tennessee. He was president of Associated Charities, Chattanooga, later known as Social Service Bureau, for more than twenty years. Mr. Stagmaier was a trustee of the University of Chattanooga, a holder of a Life Membership Card in the Elks, and an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Chattanooga. In 1931 Mr. Stagmaier received the Kiwanis Service Award of the Chattanooga Kiwanis Club for outstanding service to the City of Chattanooga over a long period of years. He was one of the key leaders in establishing Our Lady of Perpetual Help Catholic Church, in Brainerd, Chattanooga.

Mr. Stagmaier had a large and interesting family. His wife was Sue Hannah Wells before their marriage. Their children were John Joseph, Charles Henry, Harry Wells, Julia Joy, Paul Raymond, Reginald Dewey, and Hubert Joseph.

Mr. Hubert J. Stagmaier is Vice President and Treasurer of Tennessee Paper Mills, Chattanooga, one of the largest manufacturing plants of the kind in the South, and during last year more than doubled its capacity. Mr. Paul R. Stagmaier is President, Treasurer, and General Manager of Archer Paper Company, Chattanooga, and Mr. Joseph W. Stagmaier is Vice President and Assistant Treasurer of Archer Paper Company.

Mr. John Stagmaier died February 14, 1944.

Superstitious Beliefs

Among my earliest recollections was the fascination which my brother, Eugene Lee Pound, created among a certain class of uneducated white people and especially among the colored people living on my grandfather's plantation in Dooley County.

My brother was born about three months after my father's death. It was generally believed by the people living in that section that any person who was born after the death of their father possessed certain magnetic powers to heal or restore life. The belief was that such a person could breathe into any person's throat and cure diseases and in some cases restore life.

My brother, even when he was very small, was constantly bothered by this belief, and blew his breath into the throats of hundreds of both white and colored people, who had many strange beliefs like this. While we never knew of any real good that he did, there is no doubt in my mind but what it was helpful and beneficial to some people who forgot their troubles momentarily, at least.

There were many other strange beliefs among these people, so many of them that I could not remember them all correctly. One belief, however, was that when you heard a hoot owl near the house, it meant sure death to some member of the family or neighbor. Another belief was if a bird got into the house and flew around it meant sure death or sickness to the family. They also believed if a person died during a very heavy rain, or was buried during a rain, this would cause the death of some other person in the family. When I was a little kid, I used to press my face against the windowpane and pray that all such things would never come to any member of our family.



Mr. Z. C. Patten, Jr.

Successful Builder, Banker, and Churchman

Chattanooga, Tennessee

I am now writing a story about a man whom I knew for about fifty years and with whom I was more or less intimately associated in the civic clubs of Chattanooga and also in our different homes. That man was Mr. Z. C. Patten, Jr., who died June 7, 1948. When Mr. Patten died sorrow was expressed throughout the city and throughout a great part of the nation for a man who had endeared himself to all who knew him.

"Bome," as he was universally known, was a hard worker,

unassuming in many ways, but a man of very fine judgment, character, and principles. He was exceedingly popular.

Mr. Patten's devotion to his church, St. Paul's Episcopal, and the help he gave this church and its various enterprises was well known to everyone. I am sure that his position in this church and in Chattanooga cannot be easily filled.

As a businessman "Bome" Patten stood at the very top of the ladder. He was very helpful with nearly every enterprise which started in Chattanooga, to which he generally contributed as gifts or investments.

So far as I know, Mr. Patten did not hold or desire any political office, although, in my opinion, he could have been elected to any office he might have desired.

Mr. Patten's devotion to Chattanooga's charitable institutions was outstanding. There was nothing that ever was started in Chattanooga that "Bome" did not put his time, money, and heart into it. He made money and used it for the good of his friends and the community.

About five or six years ago I wrote "Bome" a personal letter in which I thanked him for the many courtesies that he had shown me and for the help he had given me on several projects which I had promoted for this community. Among other things I wrote him, " 'Bome,' I nominate you as Chattanooga's First Citizen." Several times after that he referred to this letter and said that he had appreciated it more than any letter of this kind he had ever received. Later, Miss Dorothy Patten, his daughter, referred to this letter which I had written to "Bome" and told me how much he appreciated it and my admiration for him.



Robert J. Maclellan

President, Provident Life and Accident Insurance Company

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Mr. Robert J. Maclellan was born March 26, 1874 at St. John, New Brunswick, Canada. His parents were Thomas and Helen (Jardine) Maclellan. Mr. Maclellan was educated at St. John, New Brunswick, and Washburne College, Topeka, Kansas. He moved to Chattanooga with his parents in 1892.

1892–93—First regular work was with the U. S. Engineers, who were than engaged on a project in connection with the Tennessee River.

1893–98—Next he became connected with the Citizens Bank & Trust Company, of Chattanooga, where he was an accountant for five years, except for a short time when he worked in the county trustee's office.

1898–1905—He was appointed cashier of the Richmond Cotton Oil Company, of Chattanooga, and held that position for a period of seven years.

1905—Became Secretary of Provident Life and Accident Insurance Company, Chattanooga. Being secretary of the company at his father's untimely death in August 1916, he became president, and the executive control of the company has been in his hands without interruption since that time.

On November 22, 1905, Mr. Maclellan married Miss Cora Llewellyn. They have three children, Robert L., Helen, and Hugh Owen.

Mr. Maclellan is a deacon of Second Presbyterian Church, and a member of Mountain City Club, Chattanooga Golf and Country Club, Chattanooga Rod and Gun Club, and Fairyland Club.

Mr. Maclellan is a director of Provident Life and Accident Insurance Company, American National Bank and Trust Company, Chattanooga, and Maryville College, Maryville, Tennessee. He is a director and vice president of Chattanooga Civic Opera Association, and a trustee of University of Chattanooga.

Under Mr. Maclellan's guidance, the annual premium income of the Provident has grown from $30,000.00 annually to the present figure of Thirty MILLION Dollars. He has seen the company develop from three employees in 1905 to more than 520, assisting a field force of approximately 3500 serving 38 states and Canada.

Mr. Maclellan's sons, Robert L. Maclellan and Hugh Owen Maclellan are Vice Presidents of the Provident Life and Accident Insurance Company.

I have known Mr. Maclellan ever since he has been in Chattanooga, and all members of his family have been friends of my family. For several years we played golf together at the Chattanooga Golf and Country Club, and it was nip and tuck who won. However, we usually evened things up and very little money passed between us. I surprised Bob one time when we were on the golf course by telling him that I wanted to give him a nice insurance policy, and asked him if he would like to have a policy for about $20,000.00 to be written on a good risk. Of course, he thought that was wonderful and so did I. Thereupon I gave him a policy on the life of J. Garnett Andrews for $20,000.00. This has been more than twenty years ago and the policy is still in force.

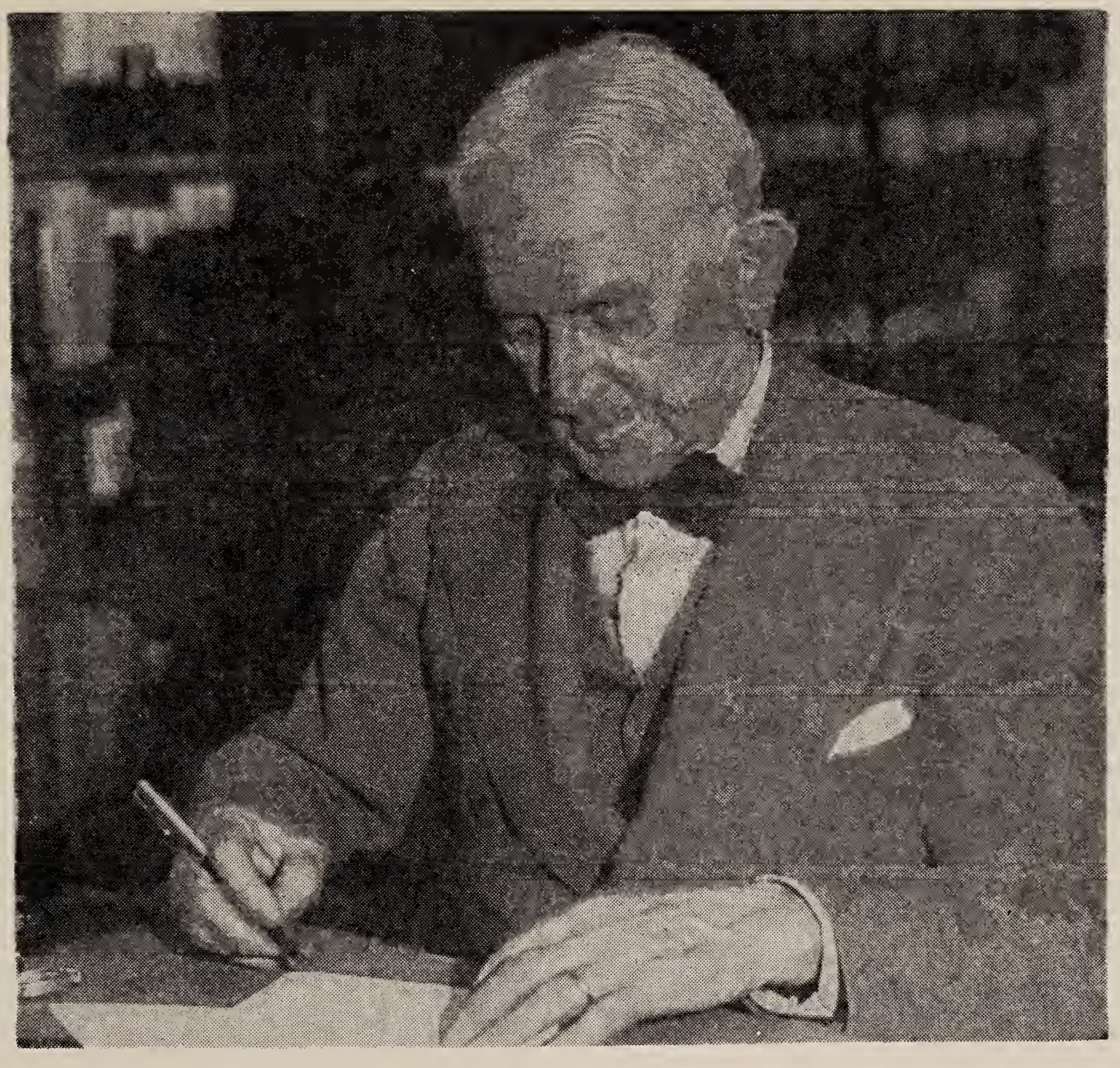
For a number of years Bob and I have jointly owned a valuable tract of land on the east brow of Lookout Mountain, in Georgia. We have refused to sell any part of this land, having agreed be-

tween ourselves that this property will become more valuable, and we will leave it as a nest egg to our families.

Why I Changed from the Newspaper Business to the Hotel Business

Many people have asked me the question why I sold my different newspapers and went into the hotel business. I replied in a general way that I thought the hotel business offered greater opportunities for quicker development and expansion than the newspaper business. For instance, I could not have gone to Atlanta, Louisville, or any other of the large cities where I have erected and operated hotels and started a new newspaper, because each newspaper in each city owned a membership in the Associated Press which gave them the exclusive right for the news furnished by the Associated Press, without which a new newspaper could not successfully compete. This made it impossible to successfully start and publish another newspaper in any city without the consent of the newspaper which was already being published there, and who were using the Associated Press News. At that time the Associated Press was the only reliable news service obtainable.

I think I might say that these were the main reasons why I changed my line of business, although very few people who get printer's ink on their fingers ever succeed in rubbing it off.



Col. Milton B. Ochs

A Famous Newspaper Editor and Writer, also President of the Chattanooga Half-Century Club with More Than 700 Members.

Chattanooga, Tennessee

When I came to Chattanooga in 1888 I met Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, who was the owner and manager of The Chattanooga Times, and Mr. George W. Ochs, who at that time was Manager and Editor of the Trademan, a monthly publication devoted to industrial affairs and especially to the industries in Chattanooga and the surrounding country.

Col. Milton B. Ochs, who is the youngest of the three brothers, was living at that time temporarily in Denver, Colorado, and, if I remember correctly, was General Tourist Agent of the Colorado Midland Railway. I did not meet him until a few months after I came to Chattanooga. When Col. Ochs returned to Chattanooga he resumed his position with The Chattanooga

Times as Managing Editor and has lived in Chattanooga since that time. He is at present Vice President of The Times Printing Company.

Col. Ochs has a lovely home on Missionary Ridge. His home overlooks the entire City of Chattanooga on one side and the territory east of the ridge running down to the State of Georgia on the other side. From his home there is also a great view of Chattanooga's Airport, Lovell Field. Few finer locations for a home can be found anywhere. The grounds have been beautifully landscaped and the place is noted for its beautiful flowers.

In 1893 Col. Ochs married Miss Fannie Van Dyke. They have two sons and one daughter. They also have five grandchildren.

Col. Ochs has been a hard worker and has done yoeman's service for Chattanooga and this section of the country. He has taken great interest in all the affairs of Chattanooga and belongs to many clubs.

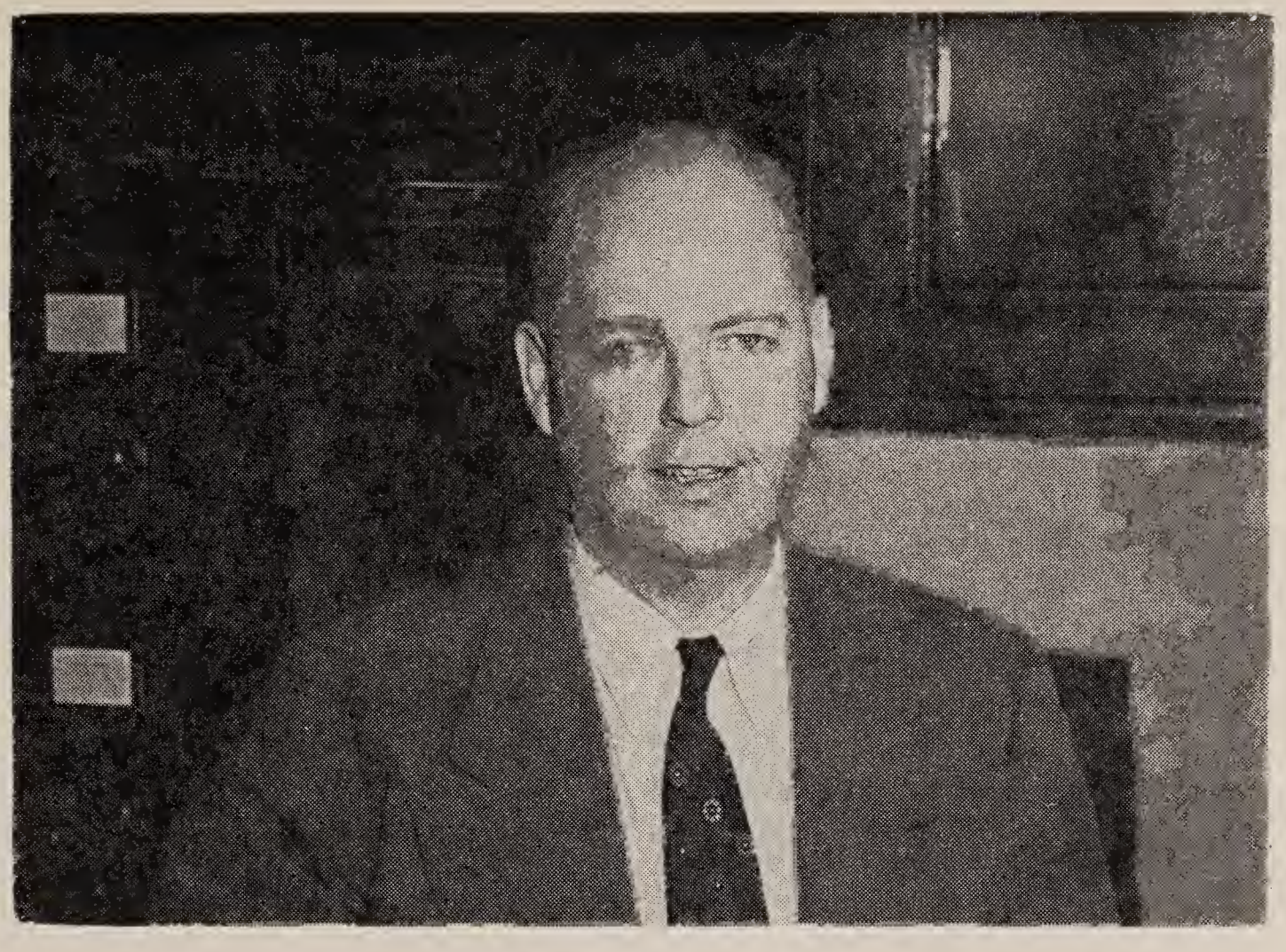
When Miss Van Dyke married Col. Ochs she was a noted beauty and today she is one of Chattanooga's most beautiful and charming matrons.

Col. Ochs has always taken great interest in military affairs and earned the rank of "Colonel" in the military service of the United States.

He is one of the organizers and President of the Half Century Club in Chattanooga, which has a unique position in Chattanooga and more so than any other organization of its kind anywhere in the country. This club has nearly 700 members and they are all very fond of Col. Ochs.

Of course, Col. Ochs is better known as being connected with The Chattanooga Times in Chattanooga, which was owned by Mr. Adolph S. Ochs and other members of the Ochs Family. He also has a very unique position of originator and writer of the "Looking Backward" Column in The Chattanooga Times which is read more closely than any other department of that attractive newspaper.

Mr. Adolph S. Ochs and Mr. George W. Ochs have died, which leaves Col. Milton B. Ochs to keep up the good work always carried on by them and other members of the Ochs Family. Col. Ochs' youngest son, Adolph Shelby Ochs, is named for his uncle. The eldest son is Col. William Van Dyke Ochs, United States Army (Retired). I am proud to have Col. Ochs' photograph and this short sketch appear in my memoirs.



Mr. Roy McDonald

President of Chattanooga News-Free Press and Chattanooga Publishing Co.
One of Chattanooga's Most Progressive Citizens.

Chattanooga, Tennessee

At my request, Mr. Roy McDonald has written me a more or less personal letter giving me an account of his early youth and also touching upon many other matters and especially upon his newspaper career. His success in this line has been phenomenal. I believe that more people have gone broke in trying to establish a newspaper in a highly competitive field than in any other line of business.

Mr. McDonald started life, and really started the chain store in the grocery business in and around Chattanooga. He was, as I understand it, closely associated with his father. Against considerable competition he has maintained his prestige in and around Chattanooga doing a fine and lucrative business.

I think I am more interested in the part of Mr. McDonald's letter, which I am printing in full, that refers mostly to the Chattanooga News. I established the Chattanooga News in 1888 and published it continuously for a period of more than twenty years. I sold my chain of newspapers and went into the hotel business about which I knew little or nothing.

The story of the starting of Mr. McDonald's newspaper by making it a throw-away or give-away sheet as an advertising medium is a very thrilling episode in the newspaper life of Chattanooga and you might say the entire country. I am sure that the people who read this book will read with great interest the story of the starting of the Chattanooga Free Press which finally ended in the consolidation of this newspaper with the Chattanooga Times in a business way and not in an editorial way. This was an adventure that was looked upon with some doubt by a great many of the thousands of publishers of newspapers and other publications of this kind in this country. Its success has been more than phenominal. I congratulate Mr. McDonald. I also congratulate Mr. Arthur Sulzberger, owner and editor of the New York Times and General Julius Ochs Adler, publisher of the New York Times, for the wise step they took in this matter. They blazed the way for similar action in any city in the world that has more than one newspaper. I thank Mr. McDonald for his story. His letter will be read through this book exclusively.

Chattanooga, Tenn.
May 13, 1949

Mr. J. B. Pound
Hotel Patten
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Dear Mr. J. B.:

I tried to have another picture made. It was more terrible than the two which I am sending you and this letter will authorize you to leave both of them out if you want to.

I was born in Graysville, Tennessee November 25, 1901. The following year my father moved to Dayton, Tennessee where he operated a retail grocery from about 1902 to 1905 or 1906. I have heard him tell that he remembers the popularity contest which you put on as a Chattanooga News circulation promotion. I think I have heard him tell that he and others at Dayton took quite an active part in trying to get one of the Rhea County belles named the queen of your circulation department and receive whatever the grand prize might have been.

We came to Chattanooga in 1907 and I grew up in St. Elmo, attending the South St. Elmo Grammar School and later went to Central High School, graduating there in 1919. From there I went to Georgia Tech for a couple of years and then joined my father in business, at Knoxville, Tennessee.

On August 1, 1924 I established a store at 429 Market Street which was to be the first of the present chain of 61 Home Stores, of which I am still the President, although I am not active in their management.

The present News-Free Press probably began on May 15, 1933 when we established a throw sheet called the Chattanooga Free Press, which was distributed without charge and which carried Home Stores advertising exclusively, and which was distributed near the various retail grocery stores.

The distribution of this free advertising sheet grew until by 1936 we were distributing 67,000 copies each Thursday. In April of 1936 we brought out a Sunday paper for which we made a 5¢ charge, so that Thursday was free and Sunday was 5¢. The Sunday paper had a colored comic supplement and I.N.S. news service, together with a number of other Sunday features.

On August 31, 1936 we began publication of the daily Chattanooga Free Press, price for six daily issues and one Sunday issue 10¢ per week.

Competing with us at that time were the Chattanooga News, evening only, and the Chattanooga Times, morning and Sunday. On December 9, 1939 we bought the News from the bond holders and it ceased publication on December 16, one week later. Beginning on January 21, 1940 we then changed the name of our publication to the Chattanooga News-Free Press, which it remains today, but we did not occupy the News building until July of 1940.

George Milton, in the meantime, began trying to bring out the Evening Tribune which finally began publication on March 25, 1940, and he continued publication until about September 4, 1940 when it folded, and so for a short month Chattanooga again had the morning and Sunday Times, the afternoon and Sunday News-Free Press.

On October 14, 1940 the Times brought out an evening publication and again Chattanooga had two afternoon newspapers. They continued the publication of the Evening Times unprofitably until May 10, 1942 when the present joint publication arrangement between the Times Printing Co. and the Chattanooga News-Free Press Co. became effective. Under that arrangement the News-Free Press discontinued publication of its Sunday paper and the Times discontinued publication of the afternoon Times.

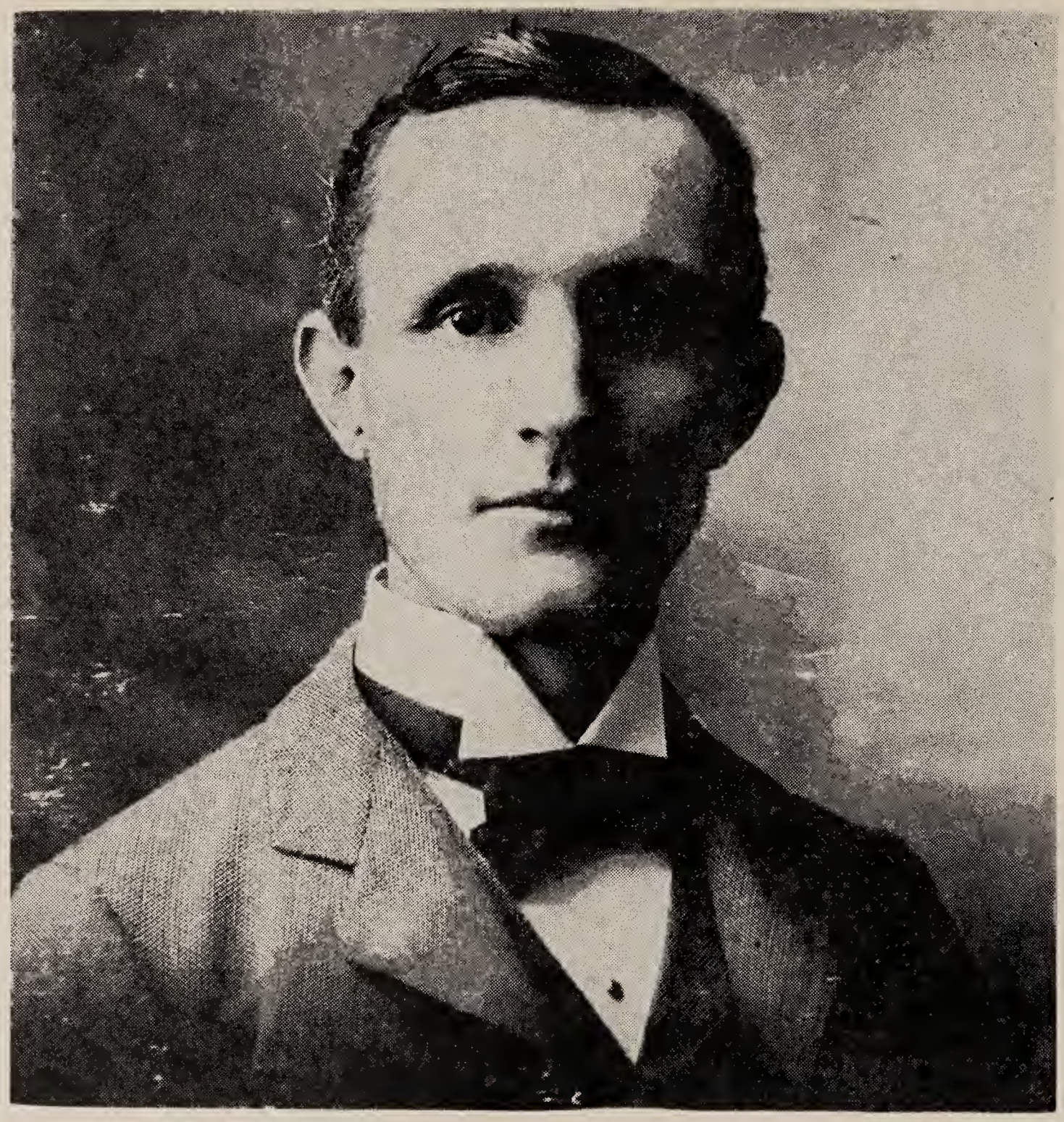
I think that this joint publication arrangement has been a fortunate and happy relationship for all of us. I have absolutely nothing to do with the editorial content of the morning paper. And, likewise, they have nothing to do with the editorial content of the afternoon paper. Our business affairs are carried on by an agency company—the Chattanooga Publishing Company—all of our advertising, circulation and other revenues are collected and handled by this agency company, and they in turn pay all of our expenses. The net proceeds are distributed equally between the two newspapers.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sulzberger, she the former Iphigene Ochs, and General Julius Adler, visit with us frequently and we are in New York from time to time, and the very happiest and most pleasant personal relationship exists between us. Just this week we have completed seven years of this arrangement.

You, of course, know, Mr. Pound, that my associate in all of this venture is and has been Everett Allen. If I have left anything out of this sketch which you have requested, ask me any questions you wish and I'll try to answer them. In the meantime I look forward eagerly to the opportunity to read your book.

Yours sincerely,
Roy McDonald

RMcD:L



Jere M. Pound

Boyhood Friend of Jerome B. Pound and Georgia's most noted educator.

One of the finest men that was ever born in Pike County, of which Barnesville at that time was the county seat, was Jere M. Pound, the son of Edwin T. Pound and Elizabeth Pound, music writer and singing teacher. Edwin T. Pound was a well-known composer of sacred music and noted song leader.

Jere M. Pound was my constant companion when I lived in Barnesville. We always attended the Methodist Sunday-School on Sunday afternoons. Frequently he attended the Baptist Sunday-School with me on Sunday mornings. We were near the same age. Our friends were boys of the same age, likes and dislikes. We both attended Gordon Institute at Barnesville and

received our primary education there. As stated in several places in this volume I entered the printing and publishing business in Barnesville and Jere went into educational lines, being a well-known professor and teacher. He held many positions of honor and trust. Among those positions in which I have personally known of his work was when he was Superintendent of the Public Schools in Macon, Georgia, and later when he was State Superintendent of Schools for the State of Georgia.

He also held the following important positions: Principal of Fort Valley Institute, Fort Valley, Georgia, President of Gordon Institute Barnesville, Georgia, Director of Normal Department of Georgia, Normal and Industrial College, Milledgeville, Georgia, Superintendent of East Florida Seminary, President of Georgia State Teachers College, President of Georgia State Woman's College and Trustee of Emory University, Atlanta.

Mr. Pound was born March 23, 1864 and died in 1935 after having lived a full life of devotion to his family and friends.

In July of 1948 I received a letter from one of Mr. Pound's sons, Merritt B. Pound, Professor and Head of the Department of Political Science, The University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia, which I am printing verbatim here, as it carried with it mention of not only Jere Pound's family but also mentions the connection between the Pound Family and the Murphey Family. I am sure that many of the readers of this book will be very glad indeed to have the information contained in his letter.

Athens, Georgia
July 14, 1948

Mr. J. B. Pound
Hotel Patten
Chattanooga 1, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Pound:

My mother, Mrs. Jere M. Pound, has asked me to answer your inquiry concerning information about the Pound and Murphey families. I do so with pleasure and only wish that I was in a position to give you more information. I shall be most interested in seeing your autobiography when it is available.

Although our surnames are the same I have always understood our kinship was through the Murphey rather than the Pound family. Your grandmother, I have been told, was a Murphey and the sister of my great-grandfather, Mr. William R. Murphey, a prominent planter in Pike or Monroe County. I have never known the relationship of your father with my Pound ancestry. My father's sister (who you probably knew as Miss Annie Pound) is Mrs. T. E. Arthur of

Shellman, Georgia. I believe she has better records on the Pound family than anyone I know and I suggest that you write her for information.

As to my immediate family I think it is not necessary to give you any information concerning my father. *The History of Lamar County* and *Who's Who in America* should be sufficient for your purpose. My mother, Ada Murphey Pound, was the oldest daughter of Ida Merritt and Captain E. J. Murphey and the granddaughter of William R. Murphey. She is the mother of eight children: Willie Green, now Mrs. Russell Edwards of Fort Valley, Georgia; Murphey, the founder of the Murphey Pound Construction Company, Columbus, Georgia, (died, 1942); Jere M., Jr. (accidentally killed in 1910); Ida, formerly professor of history, Georgia State Womans College at Milledgeville (died, 1938); Edwin Aldine, now head of the Murphey Pound Construction Company, Columbus; Lucy, now Mrs. Tryon Huggins of Athens; and William Stokeley, a member of the Murphey Pound Construction Company firm. I am the fourth of the children, coming between Jere M., Jr. and Ida, and have been for the past 23 years a member of the faculty of the University of Georgia, now holding the rank of Professor and Head of the Department of Political Science. I am listed in *Who's Who in America.* Stokeley and I were both officers in the Army Air Forces during the past war, I serving three years, one of which was spent in India where I reached the rank of Lt. Colonel and Stokeley serving four years, practically all of it overseas in North Africa and Italy where he attained the rank of Major. Murphey was a pioneer aviator during World War I receiving his commission at about the time ranking Air Force officers of World War II were learning to fly. He did not maintain, however, his military connections.

I have in my possession a book of genealogy called *The Pound and Kessler Families.* Most of the Pounds listed in this book seem to have settled in Indiana and the upper Mississippi Valley and I have been unable to secure any information from it concerning my ancestry. If you so desire, I would be glad for you to see this book.

As a child in Macon, Georgia, I remember Sister Aloysius quite well and I was saddened by the news of her death.

With best wishes for the success of your undertaking, I am

Sincerely yours,
Merritt B. Pound

MBP:bmb



Mr. William Murphey

Chairman of the Board of Citizens & Southern National Bank

Savannah, Georgia

Mr. William Murphey is one of the most successful and best known bankers in Savannah and the Southeastern part of the United States.

In addition to the supervision which he has by virtue of his position as Chairman of the Board of the Citizens & Southern National Bank, Savannah, he takes tremendous interest in local, municipal, and regional affairs of Savannah, the State of Geor-

gia, and the Nation as a whole. He is very popular in Savannah and has done yeoman's service in helping to entertain the large number of meetings and conventions held in Savannah. He never shirks in his duties and always does his part in every good work.

Mr. Murphey was born in Jesup, Georgia, March 24, 1887 of Emanuel and Sue Anne (Hicks) Murphey. He was educated at business college and Mercer University.

Mr. Murphey began his career as secretary to the president of the Citizens and Southern National Bank, Savannah. Later he became assistant to the president, then vice president, president, and vice chairman of the Board. He is now Chairman of the Board.

He is a director of Union Bag and Paper Corporation; Macon, Dublin, and Savannah Railway; Southwestern Railroad of Georgia; Savannah Sugar Refining Corporation, and Seaboard Air Line Railroad. He is also a director of Bibb Manufacturing Company, Macon, Georgia, and a trustee of Mercer University.

A Card of Thanks

I AM very much indebted to Mr. Thomas R. Jones of Savannah, Georgia for some interesting information obtained from him regarding several articles appearing in this book, and I take this opportunity of publicly thanking him.

Mr. Jones is a fine gentleman and a writer of ability.

For two years he was secretary to the Mayor of Savannah, which position he filled with great ability.

Mr. Jones is very popular in Savannah and among Georgians, and I am glad, indeed, to pay this tribute to him.

Mr. Jones now holds an important position with the Savannah Morning News and the Savannah Evening Press, both of which are among the South's leading newspapers. These newspapers are owned and controlled by Mr. Herschel V. Jenkins, who is doing a fine job.



H. Clay Evans Johnson

President of Interstate Life and Accident Company

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Mr. H. Clay Evans Johnson was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, October 11, 1911. He is the second of three sons of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Johnson and the grandson of the late Hon. H. Clay Evans.

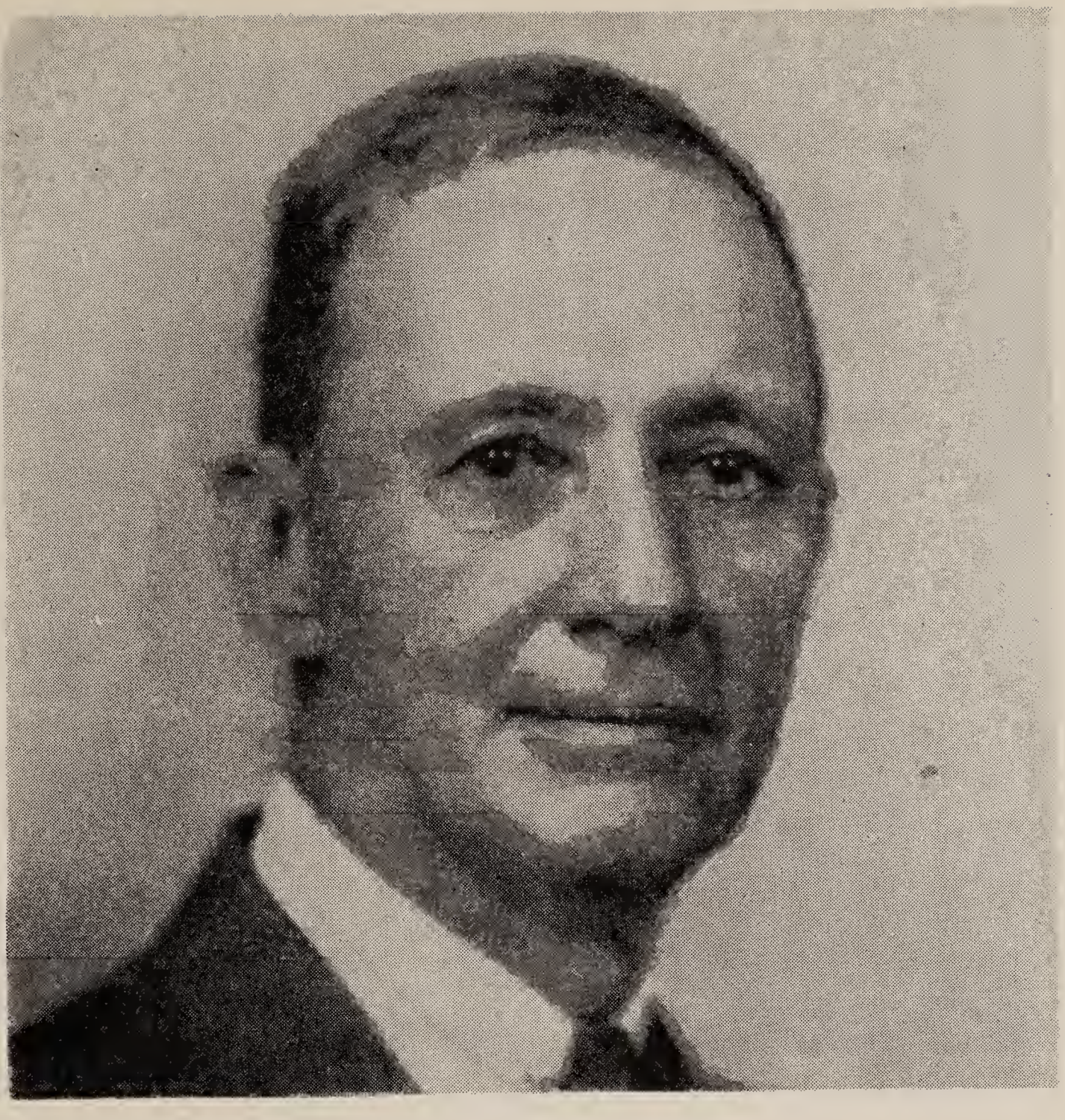
Mr. Johnson received his education at Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Connecticut, and at Princeton University. Following his education he became connected in 1934 with the Interstate Life and Accident Company, Chattanooga, Tennessee, Mr. Johnson, who was elected President of the Interstate Life and Accident Company in 1946, has had experience in all phases of the company's operations—both in the Field and the Home Office.

The various civic fund-raising campaigns he has successfully handled are too numerous to mention. Suffice it to say that in

1938, at the age of only 27, he was selected by the National Junior Chamber of Commerce as the Outstanding Young Man of the Year for both Chattanooga and the State of Tennessee. At the present time he is President of the Hamilton County Memorial Hospital Association and Campaign Chairman of the Association, which is endeavoring to raise, through voluntary gifts, two million dollars to build and equip a much needed hospital in Chattanooga. Over one and one-half million has already been subscribed.

Mr. Johnson has been a Rotarian since 1936. He has served as Commissioner of Education for the Town of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, and is a member of the Board of Directors of the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Directors of the Hamilton National Bank. During the war Mr. Johnson served in the United States Navy and during 1944 was on the Staff of the Commander, U. S. Naval Forces in Europe.

Mr. Johnson is President of the Life Insurers Conference, which is composed of eighty Life Insurance Companies domiciled in twenty-eight states and doing business in all states and the District of Columbia.



Mr. Marion J. Wise

President of Central of Georgia Railway and also President of Ocean Steamship Company, Savannah, Ga.

Savannah, Georgia

Mr. Wise was born in St. Louis County, Missouri in 1883. He is the son of George Ricketts and Olive Anna (Brown) Wise. He married Anna Grace Scudamore April 25, 1906. They have one son, Marion J. Wise, Jr.

I met Mr. Wise and his charming wife in 1943 when they moved to Savannah. At that time he had been elected Vice President of the Central of Georgia Railway and President of the Ocean Steamship Company of Savannah. Mr. Wise has taken an active interest in every part of Savannah's development, in addition to devoting tremendous time to the affairs of these companies. His advice and help is solicited and appreciated by

those who are interested in Savannah, the State of Georgia, and the entire Southeast.

Mr. Wise has been in the railroad business since 1901, beginning as a clerk for the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. He has held many positions of honor and responsibility with some of the country's greatest railroads, including the Southern Pacific, Southern Railway, and Northwestern Pacific. He was Manager of Department of Material and Supplies U. S. Railroad Administration 1920 to 1923.

Mr. Wise is a fine gentleman and has thousands of friends throughout the country.

On June 28, 1948 he was promoted to the Presidency of the Central of Georgia Railway and also retained the Presidency of Ocean Steamship Company of Savannah. I know that these companies will profit largely by his intelligent efforts. He has already introduced a number of innovations in the operation of the Central of Georgia Railway which I am sure will lead to increased business and income to these companies.

Mr. Wise has become famous as an orator and is in constant demand as a speaker on scientific and practical subjects.



Dr. William V. Long

Physician of Hotel De Soto for More than Twenty Years

Savannah, Georgia

Dr. William V. Long has been house physician at Hotel DeSoto, Savannah, Georgia for about twenty-two years. He moved his office into the Hotel DeSoto in September of 1927 and has been there continuously since that time.

Dr. Long attended the University of Georgia, and received his medical education at Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, graduating from this university in June of 1923.

Dr. Long is a member of the Staff of St. Joseph's Hospital and also Candler Hospital, both of Savannah. He is a former City Alderman of Savannah, and a past President of the Georgia Medical Society.

Dr. Long is a descendant of Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia, one of the most celebrated medical men in the world, who in 1842 first used ether to prevent the pain of an operation.

Rock City Gardens

Chattanooga and the surrounding country form a panorama of scenic beauty seldom equalled anywhere in the world.

Rock City Gardens on Lookout Mountain is one of the best known attractions to be found in this or in any other country. Nature has done wonders for it in natural beauty. In addition to this, Mr. Garnet Carter, one of the most enterprising citizens of Lookout Mountain has built a real Fairyland and has spent more than a million dollars in its development. It is perhaps the best advertised attraction in the South. The view to be seen from Rock City Gardens is pronounced by world-wide travelers as more famous than can be seen in the Alps, the Rocky Mountains of our own country, Italy, or any other place. Hundreds of thousands of people visit Rock City Gardens every year.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN CAVERNS

Lookout Mountain Caverns is another national attraction. To reach the caverns it is necessary to use an elevator which goes down about 400 feet. Pathways and cut out places in the rocks lead to Ruby Falls, which reminds one of a small Niagara. This property has also been highly developed and is entitled to be placed among the world's wonders.

CHICKAMAUGA DAM

Located two miles north of the city limits of Chattanooga is one of Chattanooga's star attractions. The dam is 129 feet high, 5,800 feet long and contains a large lock through which many boats pass each day. Chickamauga Lake, which was formed by this dam has a shore line of 810 miles. Many boats owned by Chattanooga citizens can be seen on this lake, which is kept stocked with fish by the TVA. There were 552,058 tourists who visited Chickamauga Dam and reservoir area during the past travel year.

HALES BAR LOCK AND DAM

Also situated on the Tennessee River within 15 miles from Chattanooga is the celebrated Hales Bar Lock and Dam, which, like the Chickamauga Dam, creates a beautiful waterway and a large amount of power.



Ralston M. Pound
Charlotte, North Carolina

I TAKE pleasure in including in my memoirs a sketch of the life of Ralston M. Pound, who is my nearest male relative and the son of my uncle, Ambrose Murphey Pound. He is one of the best known men in Charlotte, N. C. and is also well known throughout the South. He has held high positions in the Masonic bodies and is also a charter member of the Charlotte Rotary Club, from whose weekly bulletin the "Charlotte Reporter" dated January 6, 1948, I am quoting:

Ralston Murphey Pound was born in Macon, Georgia, February 28, 1876. He attended the public schools in Macon and later the Georgia-Alabama Business College.

He came to Charlotte in 1900, and was with Belk Brothers for about three years; then went with the book and stationery firm of Stone and Barringer as bookkeeper, later buying an interest in the business and became Secretary and Treasurer.

In January, 1908, he formed the firm of Pound and Moore Company.

In 1919 he was married to Miss Frances Smoot, of Wilkesboro, N. C., and

Alexandria, Va. They have three sons and one daughter, and reside at 1521 Dilworth Road.

"Gus," as he is familiarly known to all his friends, is a charter member of the Charlotte Rotary Club, served as its secretary in 1925–27, and as president for the year 1928–29. He has always been active in the Chamber of Commerce and Merchants Association, having been president of the latter twice.

He is a member of the Charlotte Country Club, Masonic bodies, including the Red Fez Club, of which he was one of the founders and served as president for six years, and is now President-Emeritus. He is a member of the Second Presbyterian Church, and one of the mainstays of Charlotte.

I am proud of the fact that Ralston is a successful business man and is honored by his friends and the public generally.

Member of Governors' Staffs

I HAVE been very much complimented by Governors of different states in the Southeast, who have appointed me a member of their staffs.

THE

STATE OF TENNESSEE

James B. Frazier, Governor

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS: GREETING:

KNOW YE, That, whereas, by Chapter 112, Acts of 1897, the Governor is authorized to appoint a Quartermaster General with the rank of Brigadier General and having confidence in the ability of

J. B. POUND

NOW, THEREFORE, I, James B. Frazier, Governor of the State of Tennessee, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested, do Commission J. B. POUND to fill said offices of Quartermaster General agreeably to the Constitution and Laws, during the term, with all the powers, privileges emoluments thereunto appertaining by law.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I, James B. Frazier, Governor as aforesaid, have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed, at the Department in Nashville, on this 5 day of Sept. A.D. 1903.

James B. Frazier

By the Governor:
Jno. W. Morton
Secretary of State

THE

STATE OF TENNESSEE

John I. Cox, Governor

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING:

Know Ye, That, whereas, By Chapter 112 Acts of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, the Governor is authorized to appoint a Quartermaster General with rank of Brigadier General and having confidence in the ability, fidelity and integrity of J. B. Pound

Now, Therefore, I, JOHN I. COX, Governor of the State of Tennessee, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested, do commission

J. B. POUND

to fill said office of Quartermaster General agreeably to the Constitution and laws, during the term, with all the powers, privileges and emoluments thereunto appertaining by law.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I, JOHN I. COX, Governor as aforesaid, have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed, at the Department in Nashville, on this 16 day of June, A.D. 1905.

John I. Cox

By the Governor:
Jno. W. Morton
Secretary of State

THE
STATE OF TENNESSEE

Malcolm R. Patterson, Governor

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS—GREETINGS:

Know ye, That, whereas, By an act of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, the Governor is authorized to appoint a

Commissary—General
with the rank of
Brigadier-General

and having confidence in the ability, fidelity and integrity of J. B. Pound

Now, Therefore, I, MALCOLM R. PATTERSON, Governor of the State of Tennessee, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested, do commission

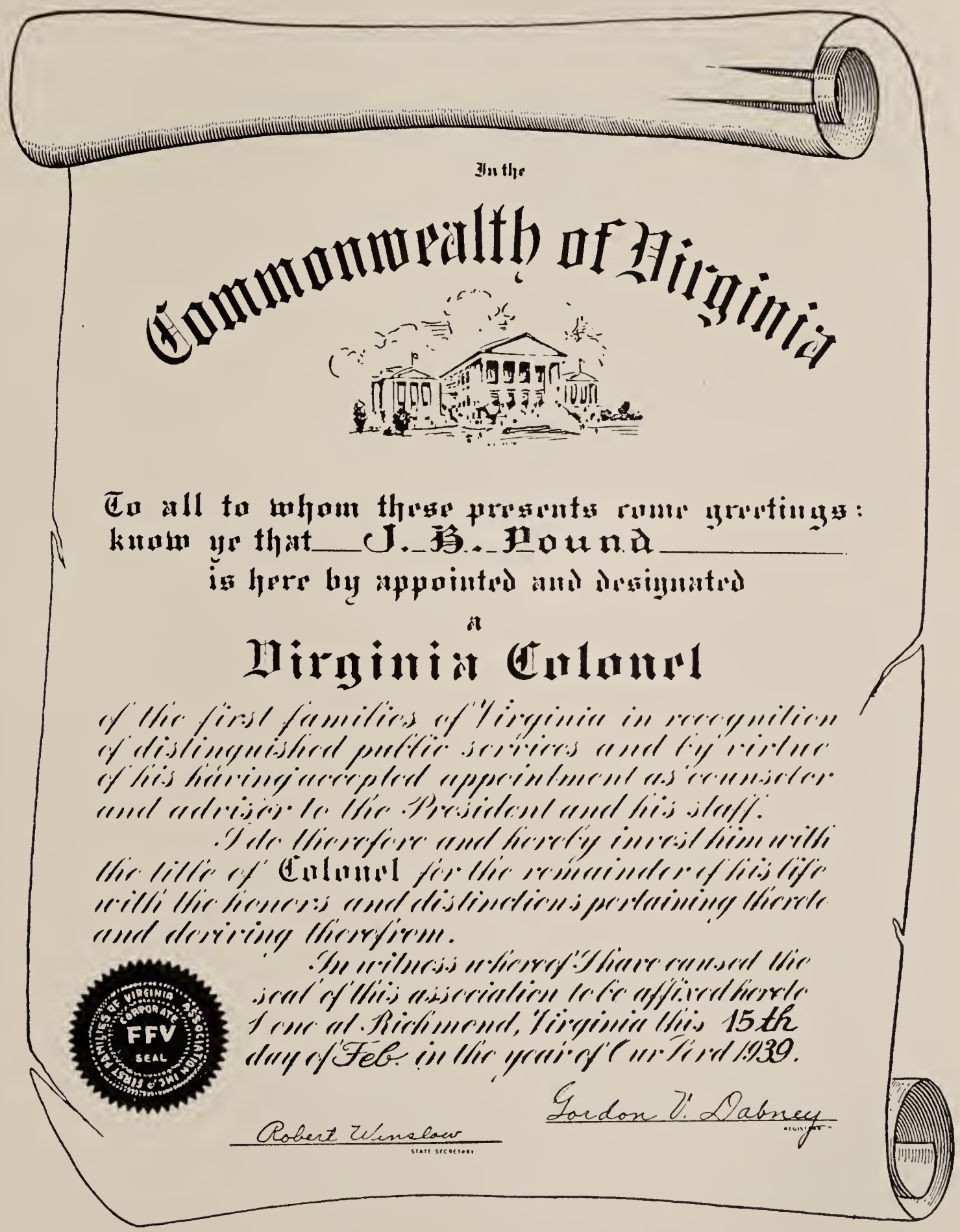
J. B. POUND

to fill said office of Commissary-General agreeably to the Constitution and Laws, during the term, with all the powers, privileges and emoluments thereunto appertaining by law.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I, MALCOLM R. PATTERSON, Governor as aforesaid, have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed, at the Department in Nashville, on this 14th day of Sept. A.D. 1907.

Malcolm R. Patterson

By the Governor:
Jno. W. Morton
Secretary of State


In the

Commonwealth of Virginia

To all to whom these presents come greetings:
know ye that J. B. Pound
is here by appointed and designated
a

Virginia Colonel

of the first families of Virginia in recognition of distinguished public services and by virtue of his having accepted appointment as counselor and adviser to the President and his staff.

I do therefore and hereby invest him with the title of **Colonel** *for the remainder of his life with the honors and distinctions pertaining thereto and deriving therefrom.*

In witness whereof I have caused the seal of this association to be affixed hereto done at Richmond, Virginia this 15th *day of* Feb. *in the year of Our Lord* 1939.

Robert Winslow
STATE SECRETARY

Gordon V. Dabney
REGISTRAR

On October 2, 1946, Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia appointed me Lieutenant Colonel Aide de Camp on his staff. Governor Talmadge died before his inauguration.

THE STATE OF GEORGIA

By His Excellency
Herman E. Talmadge
Governor of said State

Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and the Militia thereof

To The Honorable **J. B. Pound** Greeting:

Whereas, *reposing especial trust in your patriotism, valor and fidelity, I do, by these presents, constitute and appoint you*

Lieutenant Colonel, Aide De Camp, Governor's Staff

formed for the defense of the State, and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof, to take rank as such from the date of this Commission and to hold such office during the term and under the conditions prescribed by Law.

You are, Therefore, *carefully and diligently to discharge the duties of said office by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging, and I do strictly charge and require all officers and privates under your command to be obedient to your orders as such officer.*

And you are to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time, as you shall receive from the Governor and Commander in Chief of this State, or any other of your superior officers, in pursuance of the trusts reposed in you

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Executive Department, *at the Capitol, in the City of Atlanta, the* 20th *day of* FEBRUARY *in the year of our Lord, One thousand Nine Hundred and* FORTY-SEVEN.

By the Governor:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT GEORGIA

J. Marvin Griffin
ADJUTANT GENERAL

Herman E. Talmadge
GOVERNOR

THE STATE OF GEORGIA

By His Excellency
Herman E. Talmadge
Governor of said State

Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and the Militia thereof

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And you are to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as you shall receive from the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of this State, or any other of your superior officers, in pursuance of the trusts reposed in you.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Executive Department, *at the Capitol, in the City of Atlanta, the* 17th *day of* November *in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and* forty-eight

By the Governor:

Ernest Vandiver, Jr.
ADJUTANT-GENERAL

Herman E. Talmadge
GOVERNOR

Patterson-Carmack Campaign for Democratic Nomination for Governor of Tennessee

I CAN say without fear of contradiction that the greatest political campaign ever waged in Tennessee was the Democratic Primary in 1908 in which two of the most prominent and greatest orators of the state campaigned for the Democratic nomination for Governor.

I well remember this campaign between Carmack and Patterson. I supported Malcolm R. Patterson, who was a candidate to succeed himself. At that time I was owner and publisher of the Chattanooga News. I had always been in favor of the people being given a chance to vote their desires on all great questions like the prohibition question.

Arrangements had been made by representatives of the two candidates to conduct a statewide joint debate.

The campaign opened in Chattanooga April 16, 1908 at the old auditorium on East Ninth Street, between Georgia Avenue and Lindsay Street. On that day people of the state and many people from the surrounding states flocked into Chattanooga to hear the opening debate between the great orators. Thousands of people came by train and other conveyances. Many came from Middle and West Tennessee where the Democrats were nearly always in the majority.

I stood in front of the Read House, across from the Ninth Street entrance to the Union Station and watched the many thousands of people who came into the city by train. By previous arrangement, the followers of Governor Patterson came out of the east side of the entrance to the station and the followers of Mr. Carmack marched out on the west side of the station entrance. The followers of Governor Patterson went into the Read House where a luncheon was given in honor of Governor Patterson by his friends. I was selected as toastmaster for this occasion and introduced the speakers. There were present at this luncheon some very brilliant speakers and there was much enthusiasm shown by the followers of Governor Patterson.

The start of the real campaign was the debate at the city auditorium the night of April 16, 1908. I was present at this debate

and had a good seat where I could see and hear to the best advantage. I was greatly interested, as I had never heard two greater speeches than I heard that night. Although I was for Governor Patterson, I must say, however, that I could not help feeling sorry for Mr. Carmack, who had suffered some kind of an accident and wore a black flap over one of his eyes. Of course, this was a great detriment to Mr. Carmack's appearance and to the delivery of his speech. Much sympathy was expressed for him by individuals in the Patterson crowd and others in the auditorium. Mr. Carmack was followed by Governor Patterson who was cool and very deliberate, enjoying the best of health and vigor of manhood.

Those were stirring times in Democratic politics in Tennessee and, as is well-known, Governor Patterson was nominated by the Democratic Party in the primary and was later re-elected.

I am indebted to Mr. Alfred D. Mynders, brilliant editor of the Chattanooga Times for the following story regarding the Patterson-Carmack Campaign:

"In 1908, Governor Malcolm R. Patterson was a candidate to succeed himself and Senator E. W. Carmack who, in 1906, had been defeated in the primary for U. S. senator by ex-Governor Robert L. Taylor, became an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for governor.

The liquor question was the main issue between Governor Patterson and Senator Carmack in the campaign preceding the primary. They conducted a statewide joint debate which opened in Chattanooga April 16, 1908 in the old city auditorium which was on East Ninth Street.

Patterson stood for local option on the liquor question and Carmack for statewide prohibition. The opening debate lasted for about four hours and the Chattanooga auditorium was packed to its capacity. So intense was the interest throughout the state that several newspapers carried the speeches in full.

Patterson was a ready debater, cool and deliberate, and dignified. Carmack was a noted orator.

The primary election was held on June 27, 1908 and Patterson won by a majority of 7,137. He was re-elected governor in the general election in November, 1908 defeating the Republican nominee for governor, the Honorable George N. Tillman, by 133,166 to 113,233.

Senator Carmack became editor of the Nashville Tennessean

soon after the primary. He continued his fight for prohibition. Governor Patterson patched up his quarrel with former Governor Cox and in editorials, Senator Carmack gave credit to Col. Duncan Cooper, an intimate friend of Governor Patterson.

On November 8, 1908, Carmack published an editorial in the Tennessean entitled "The Diplomat of Zweibund." On the afternoon of November 9, 1908, Col. Cooper and his son, Robbin Cooper, met Senator Carmack on Seventh Avenue in Nashville and Carmack was killed and Robbin Cooper was wounded.

The Coopers were tried and convicted and the case was appealed to the Supreme Court which affirmed the verdict as to Col. Cooper who was thereupon immediately pardoned by Gov. Patterson. The Supreme Court remanded the case of Robbin Cooper to the criminal court for a new trial, where it was finally nolle prossed."

I am indebted to Mr. Coleman A. Harwell, the well-known Vice-President and Editor of The Nashville Tennessean, for sending me a copy of the following editorial which appeared in The Nashville Tennessean November 8, 1908. This editorial caused the death of Mr. Carmack, as described in the above story.

THE DIPLOMAT OF THE ZWEIBUND

To Major Duncan Brown Cooper, who wrought the great coalition; who achieved the illustrious confluence of incompatible elements; who welded the pewter handle to the wooden spoon; who grafted the dead bough to the living tree and made it to bloom, and burgeon and bend with golden fruit; who made playmates of the lamb and the leopard and boon companions of the spider and the fly; who made soda and vinegar to dwell placidly in the same bottle; and who taught oil and water how they might agree—to Major Duncan Brown Cooper, the great diplomat of the political Zweibund, be all honor and glory forever!



Mr. Cecil Woods

President, Volunteer State Life Insurance Company

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Mr. Cecil Woods is a native of Shelbyville, Tennessee. He attended the University of the South at Sewanee. In 1922 he moved to Nashville and became the State Agent of the Bankers' Life Company of Des Moines. Under his management this agency became one of the outstanding agencies of his company. He was a member of Million Dollar Club in 1928. He was President of the Nashville Association of Life Underwriters in 1935 and 1936. In May, 1937, he became Manager of the Real Estate and Mortgage Loan Department of the National Life and Accident Insurance Company, which position he resigned to become President of the Volunteer State Life Insurance Company on January 2, 1939.

Mr. Woods served as State Chairman of the War Finance Committee of Tennessee from July 1943 to December 31, 1945.

He is a member of the Executive Committee of the American Life Convention. He is a Director of the American National Bank and Trust Company of Chattanooga; a Trustee of the Southern Research Institute, Birmingham, Alabama; a member of the Tennessee Civil Service Commission; and a Trustee of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.

Mr. Woods is one of the most progressive men in Chattanooga and can be counted upon at all times to do his part in the upbuilding of the city.

I am very proud to number him among my best friends.

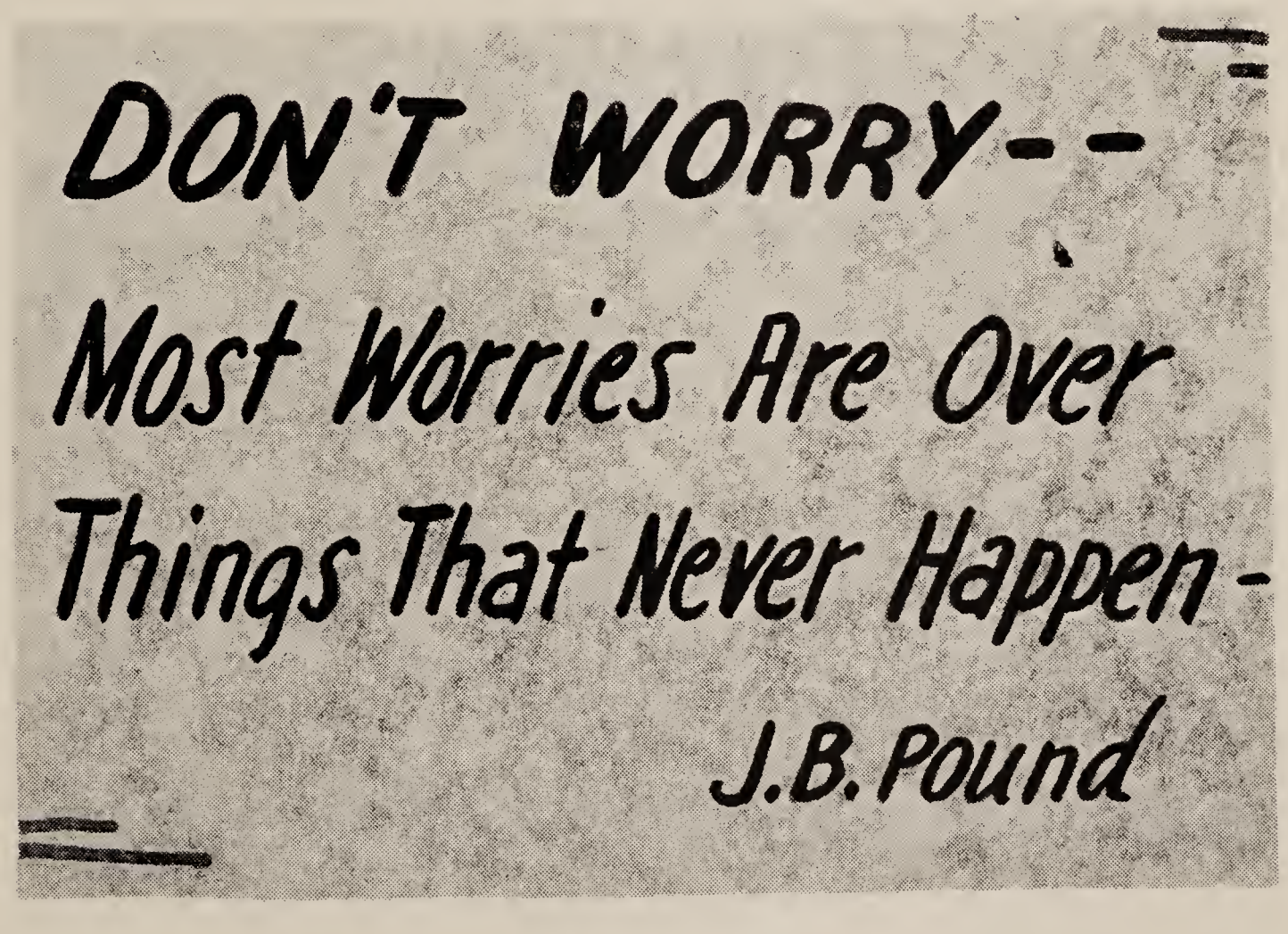
Point Park
Lookout Mountain, Tennessee

This is one of the most beautiful of the Government Parks. The scenery is superb, and from this point can be seen a fine view of the City of Chattanooga, the surrounding mountains and the former battlefields. A splendid view of Moccasin Bend can be seen from this point of the mountain. About 150,000 tourists visit this park each year. The famous New York State Monument occupies the center of the park.

"Don't Worry"

During the panic years, I noticed with particular concern the troubled faces of many of my friends and acquaintances. I have always made a practice of not worrying about anything, at least, not any business trouble. When I close my desk in the afternoons I have always tried to leave my troubles inside my desk and rarely ever mention them to my wife or anyone. This has grown upon me as the years passed by and I have thanked the Good Lord that he has given me the ability to throw off my troubles. I have always said, "Let the other fellow do the worrying" which may not be a very Christianlike spirit but has been of tremendous benefit to me.

I had a motto printed and framed and sent to 100 of my friends.



A Famous Motto

One of these mottoes hangs on the wall of my office at Hotel Patten and nearly every day someone stops, reads and commends it.

By the way, the walls of my office are completely covered with pictures of my friends, managers of my hotels, and members of my family.



GRANDSONS OF JEROME B. POUND

Top Row: Joe P. Temple and Brother, Jerome Balaam Pound Temple
Center: Henry H. Tift; *Bottom Row*: Joe H. Caldwell and James L. Caldwell

My Grandsons

I AM very proud of my five grandsons, with whom I have been associated since their birth. They are as nice young fellows as you will find anywhere. All of them have good vocations and good connections, and I see no reason why they should not have successful careers.

Joseph P. Temple, Jr.
High Point, North Carolina

JOSEPH P. TEMPLE, JR. attended Baylor School, Chattanooga, Tennessee and Chattanooga High School, graduating from the latter in 1932. He entered the University of Chattanooga in the Fall of 1932. Desiring to get married, Joe finished the four year course at the University of Chattanooga in three years, graduating in the Spring of 1935 at the age of twenty.

In June 1935 Joe went to work for the American Discount Company of Georgia in their Chattanooga Office. In April of 1937 he moved to High Point, North Carolina, where he became manager of the American Discount Company in that city. In April 1942 he was transferred to Birmingham, Alabama by the American Discount Company and was Branch Manager of their company there.

During World War II, Joe served with the Federal Bureau of Investigation until the end of the war.

In April of 1946, Joe returned to High Point, North Carolina and established the Temple-Curry Motor Company.

In 1937, Joe married Martha Hopkins Lamoreaux. They have two daughters, Virginia Page Temple and Martha Pound Temple. Joe has recently built a nice home of ranch type and is happily situated.

Joseph H. Caldwell
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Joseph H. Caldwell graduated from Baylor School, Chattanooga, Tennessee, after which he attended Stanford University for two years. He then transferred to Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at University of Pennsylvania, where he received a B.S. degree.

Joe served five and a half years in the United States Army, serving overseas during World War II in Australia, New Guinea, and the Philippines. He enlisted as a private and was discharged with the rank of First Lieutenant.

After his discharge from the army Joe returned to Chattanooga and resumed his connection with the General Appliance Corporation, which he established before entering the army. They now have four stores in different sections of Chattanooga.

Dr. Henry H. Tift
Macon, Georgia

Dr. Henry H. Tift graduated at the Harvard Military School, Los Angeles, California in 1934, received a B.S. degree in Chemistry at Harvard University in 1938 and an M.D. degree from Tulane University in 1942. He also took special courses at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.

Dr. Tift served in the United States Air Forces in the medical department from 1943 to 1946. He served with the rank of Captain.

In June of 1940 Dr. Tift married Christine Cole Lee. They have three sons, Henry Harding Tift, IV., William Lee Tift, and Jerome Pound Tift.

Dr. Tift began the practice of internal medicine in Macon, Georgia, in August 1947 and has established a modern clinic.

Dr. James L. Caldwell
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Dr. James L. Caldwell received an A.B. degree at Harvard University in 1939 and an M.D. degree at Johns Hopkins in 1943. Dr. Caldwell served his internship at University of Michigan Hospital, Ann Arbor, Michigan in 1943.

In 1944, 1945, and until August 1946, Dr. Caldwell was captain in the United States Army Medical Corps in the China-India-Burma Theatre.

Resident in Surgery, University of Michigan Hospital 1946, 1947, 1948 and 1949.

In 1939 Dr. Caldwell married Marjorie Henry of Bay City, Michigan. They have two daughters, Kathleen Pound Caldwell and Marjorie Henry Caldwell.

Jerome Balaam Pound Temple
Savannah, Georgia

"J. B." Temple attended Baylor School, Chattanooga, Tennessee, and later graduated from the Chattanooga High School. After two years at the University of Chattanooga he spent a year working as a bellboy at the Hotel New Yorker in New York City. Following this he attended Cornell University's famous Hotel Administration School, from which he graduated in 1938 with a Bachelor of Science degree.

After graduation "J. B." worked for three years as Sales Promotion Manager at Hotel Seminole, Jacksonville, Florida.

Being a reserve officer "J. B." volunteered for Active Duty in the U. S. Army's Quartermaster Branch, and was accepted in April 1941. He served in the army for five years, obtaining the rank of captain, and serving eight months overseas in France.

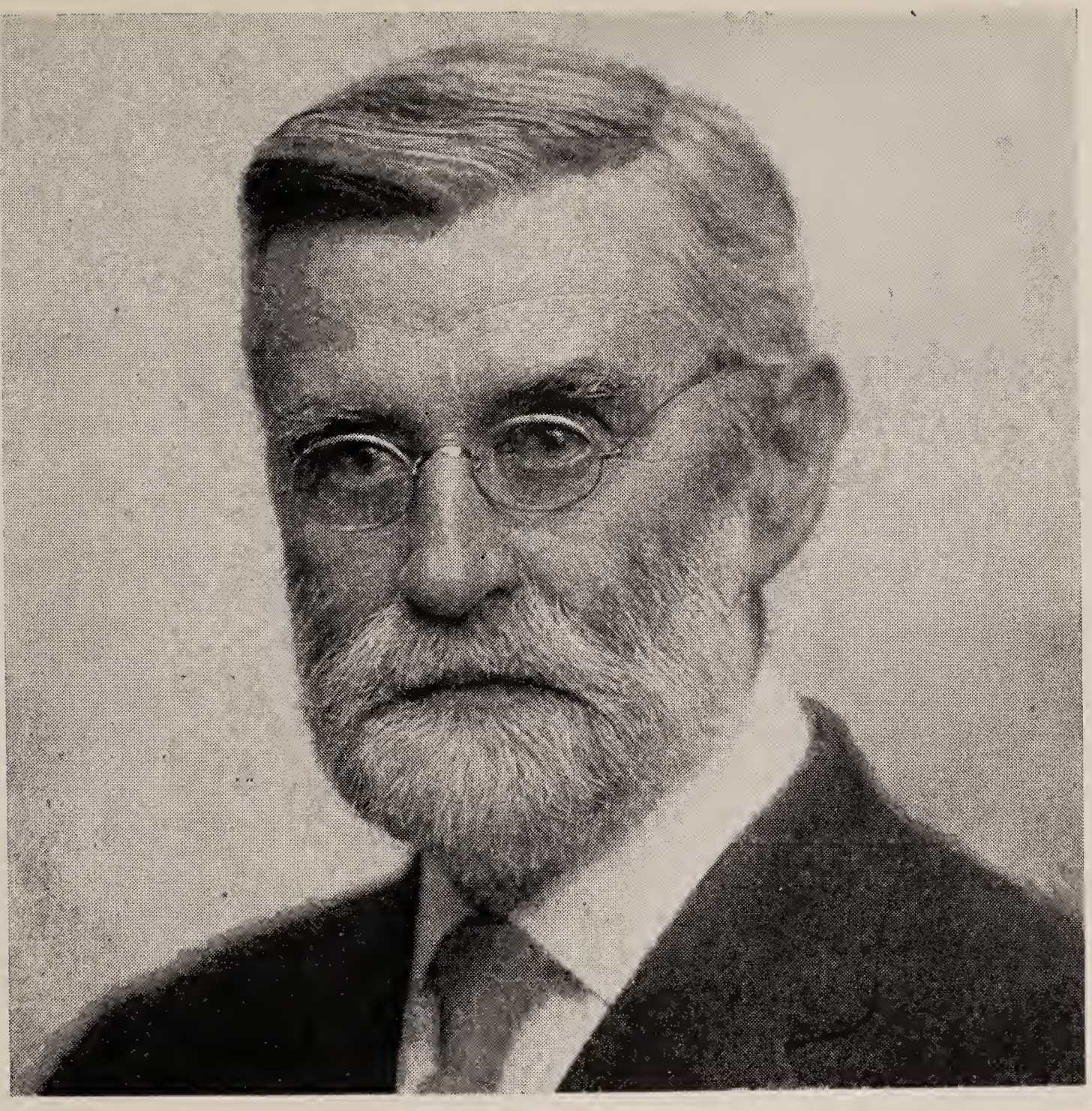
After his discharge from the Army "J. B." went to the General Oglethorpe Hotel and Golf Club on Wilmington Island at Savannah, Georgia, and assisted the manager in handling the International Monetary Conference held there in March 1946 with fifty-five nations attending. Shortly thereafter he became manager of the General Oglethorpe Hotel.

In January 1939, "J. B." married Ann Glascock. They have two sons Jerome Balaam Pound Temple, Jr. and James Glascock Temple.

A Personal Word

From the very first moment, when as a boy of sixteen, I entered the arena of business and started the Macon Evening News, my life has been a story of real adventure and the struggle of a young fellow who had little else than an indomitable will to succeed.

Although the Good Lord has blessed my efforts, and I think He loves a fighter, my trials and tribulations have been many. I have gone through many panics, lived in many different cities, traveled a great deal, made a lot of money and lost a lot of money. I lost about $20,000.00 in the building of the Lookout Mountain Hotel, and in endorsements for other people who were vitally interested in the building of this hotel. I lost $12,000.00 in the development of the Lookout Mountain Cave. There were many other enterprises which I endorsed, most of which cost me money. Of course, a greater part of the half million dollars which I estimate I have lost in endorsements of projects, were not so much for my own benefit but for the benefit of others and the communities in which I lived.



Captain Henry Harding Tift
Tifton, Georgia

One of the finest men that ever came from the North and located in the South was Captain Henry Harding Tift, who did more, perhaps, to build up South Georgia than any man who ever lived there or went to South Georgia.

Captain Tift was born in Mystic, Connecticut and graduated from Greenwich Academy in 1859. Within three years after his graduation he had learned his trade and spent several years as a steamship engineer.

When Captain Tift first came to South Georgia he was associated with Mr. Nelson Tift, his uncle, who was a great developer and who established the Town of Albany, Georgia.

Captain Tift became enthusiastic about the prospects for the development of this section of Georgia. He obtained an option on a 80,000 acre tract of virgin timber. He had very small means. He returned to Mystic and interested some friends, who joined him in the purchase of this tract of land on part of which now stands the City of Tifton, Georgia.

Captain Tift began to develop this land and the surrounding country in a mighty way. He helped build paths and roads, and finally built two or three small steam railroads. He also assisted in building the Georgia, Southern and Florida Railroad, running from Valdosta, Georgia to Palatka, Florida, which opened a vast territory of land before it reached its terminus on the St. John's River. Captain Tift served as a Director of Georgia Southern and Florida Railway for many years. Captain Tift also purchased other large tracts of land in Georgia and Florida.

Some years ago, a mutual friend of Captain Tift and myself pointed out to me an acre of land in the heart of Tifton and told me that Captain Tift paid fifty cents for this acre of land and sold it for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Captain Tift became perhaps the richest man in the State of Georgia. After acquiring great wealth he began its distribution by contributing liberally to any and every enterprise which he thought would help the growth of the community and the section in which he lived. Through the generosity of Captain Tift, the Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College and the Georgia Coastal Plain Experiment Station was located in Tifton. Captain Tift gave 490 acres of land to the college and 226 acres to the Experiment Station, in addition to a large sum of money. He made large contributions to public and private educational and charitable institutions. He also gave and loaned large sums to many worthy persons. A few years before his death, Captain Tift told me that he had given away more money than he would leave when he died.

On June 25, 1885 Captain Tift married Bessie Willingham, daughter of Thomas Willingham, who lived at that time in Albany, Georgia. They lived together for many years and were happy and devoted to each other. From this marriage were born Henry Harding Tift, Jr., Thomas Willingham Tift, and Amos Chapman Tift.

Mrs. Bessie Tift also gave thousands of dollars to educational and charitable institutions. One of her largest gifts was to Mon-

roe Female College, Forsyth, Georgia. After she made this gift of more than $150,000.00 the name of this college was changed to the Bessie Tift College. She was a great believer in missions, especially foreign missions. Captain Tift furnished her with large sums of money and believed in what his wife was doing.

Captain Tift died February 4, 1922 at his home in Tifton, at the age of 83 years.

Mr. Henry Harding Tift, Jr.
Tifton, Georgia

Henry Harding Tift, Jr., the oldest son of Captain Henry Harding Tift and Bessie Willingham Tift, was born October 1, 1886, in a pullman car, near Washington, D. C. when Captain and Mrs. Tift were returning to Tifton, Georgia after having spent the summer at Captain Tift's old home in Mystic, Connecticut. His brothers are Thomas Willingham Tift, Atlanta, Georgia and Amos Chapman Tift, Tifton, Georgia.

Henry attended the public schools of Tifton, graduated from Mercer University, Macon, Georgia in 1906, and attended Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, New York. He was a Phi Delta Theta.

After finishing school Henry returned to Tifton and took a position with the Tifton Cotton Mills of which his father was president and principal owner. He also assisted his father, Captain Tift in the management of his various enterprises. He was extremely successful in these undertakings, and a very popular young man and a favorite in the community in which he lived.

Henry was a member of the First Baptist Church, Tifton, Georgia and a trustee of Mercer University.

Before entering business Henry took a very extensive trip through Europe and other foreign countries. He was accompanied on this trip by his good friend, Bobo Murray.

On November 4, 1914 Henry married Virginia Pound, daughter of Jerome B. Pound and Madeline Palmer Pound. Mrs. Richard Gray Brumby of Atlanta, Georgia, who was formerly Virginia Pound Tift, is their daughter. Their son is Dr. Henry Harding Tift, III, of Macon, Georgia, who married Christine Cole

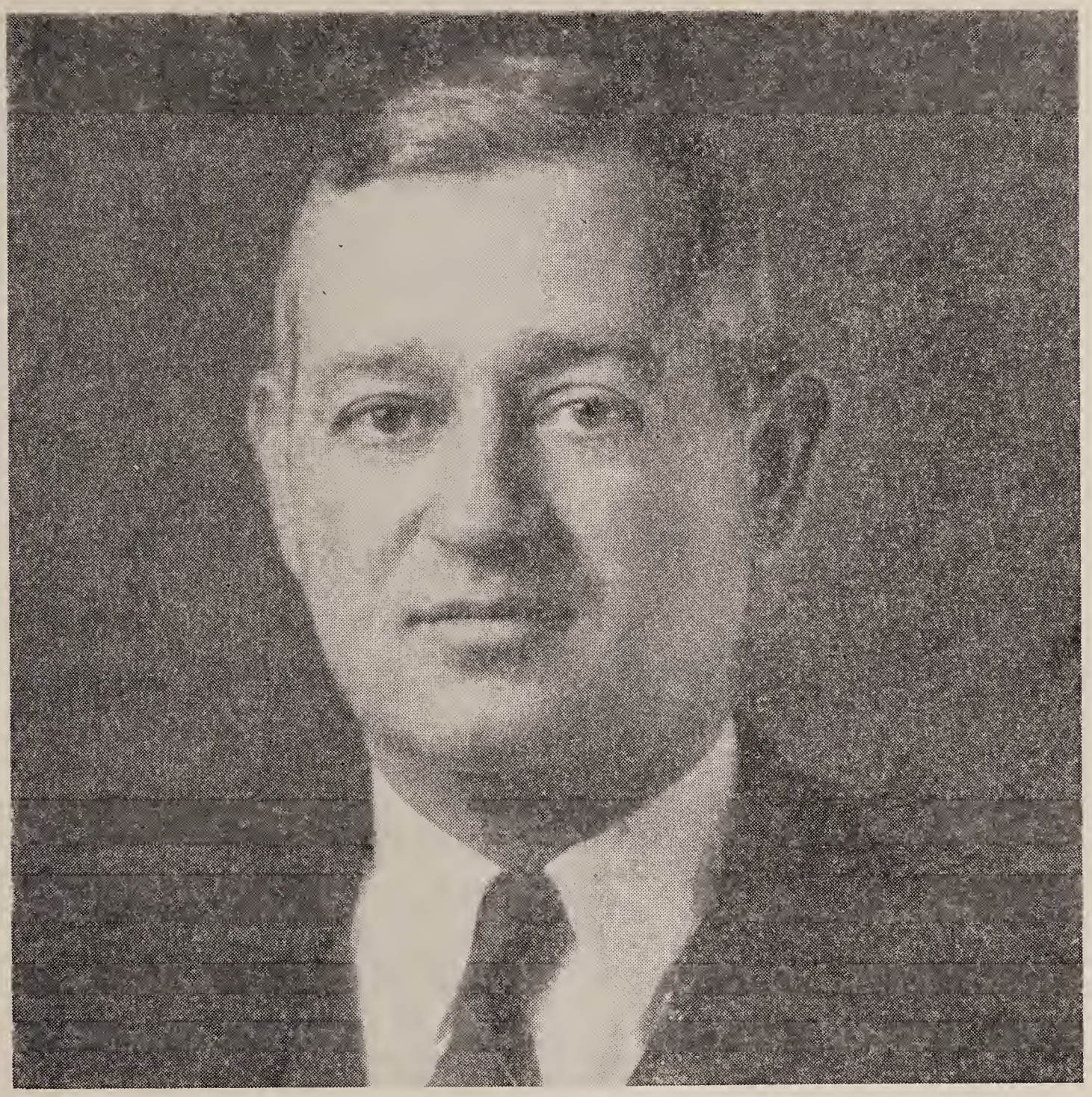


Henry Harding Tift, Jr.

Lee, daughter of Dr. William Green Lee and Christine Cole Lee.

The news of the death of Henry Harding Tift, Jr., June 13, 1929, from an automobile accident, was heard with great sorrow in the city of Tifton and came as a great shock to his hundreds of friends in Georgia and other states, as he was one of the best known and universally loved young men in the Southeast.

I am very proud of the fact that Henry Harding Tift, Jr. was the husband of my daughter, Virginia, who died in 1918. They were devoted to each other, and I loved them both very dearly.



Mr. Thomas Willingham Tift
Atlanta, Georgia

Thomas Willingham Tift was born December 15, 1889 at Albany, Georgia. He is the second son of Captain Henry Harding Tift and Bessie Willingham Tift, who was the daughter of Thomas Willingham, of Albany, Georgia.

In 1910 Mr. Tift graduated from Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, and graduated from Yale University in 1912. At Mercer University he was a Phi Delta Theta.

Mr. Tift lived in Tifton, Georgia until December 19, 1919 when he moved to Atlanta. Before moving to Atlanta he was in the Insurance, Lumber, and Building business in Tifton.

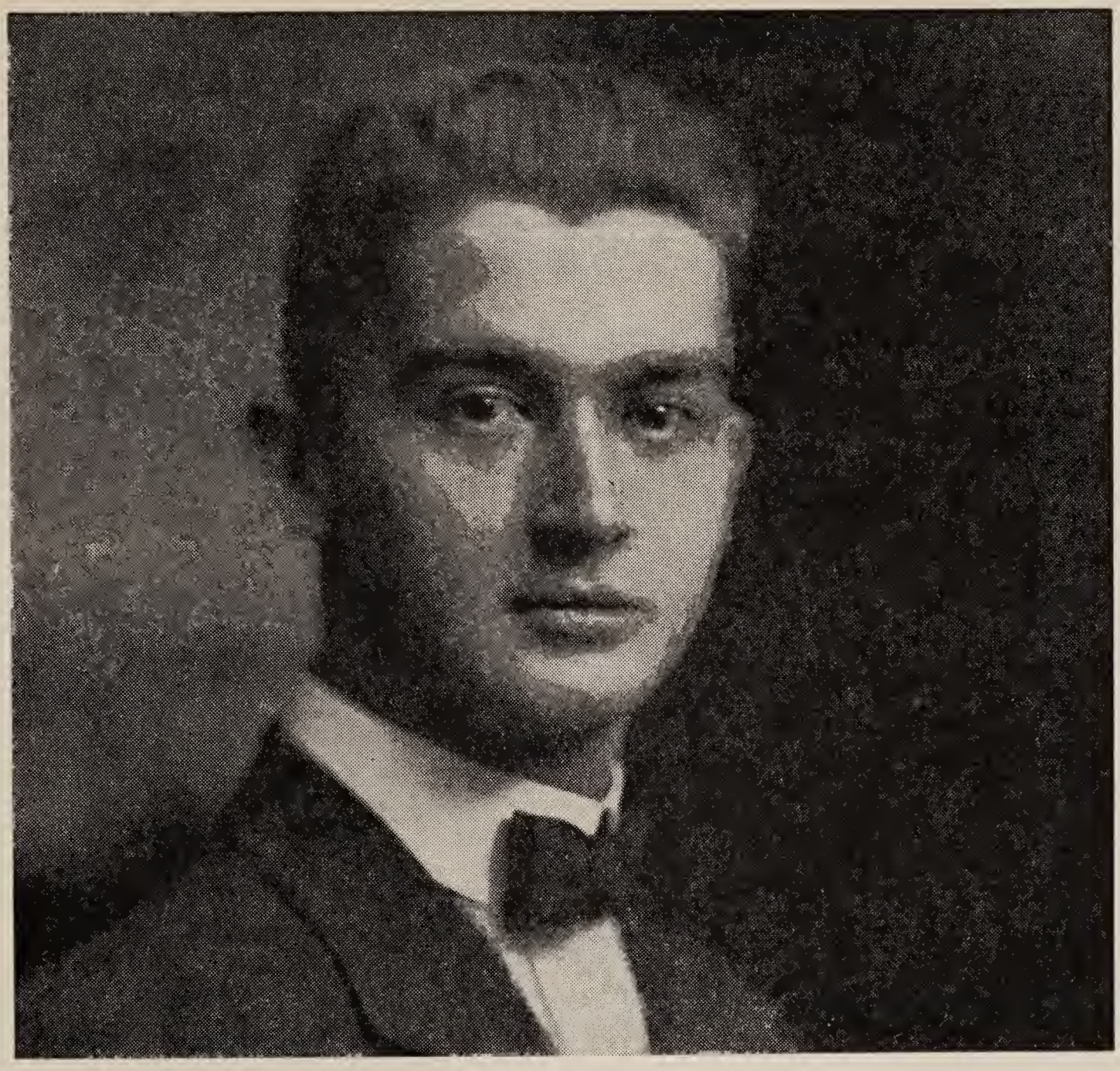
Like his father, Mr. Tift has always been a good money maker and is today one of the wealthy men of Georgia. He is the largest

owner of valuable real estate in Tift County, Georgia. Mr. Tift also owns the old family home in Mystic, Connecticut, which has been occupied by the Tift family for more than a hundred years. One of Mr. Tift's largest real estate developments was the Town of Tiftonia, near Chattanooga, Tennessee, on Route 41 between Chattanooga and Nashville. This property contained several hundred acres and was known as the Parker Farm. I purchased this piece of property and later sold it to Mr. W. J. Willingham, who then sold it to banker Heard of Florida. Later, this property was purchased by Captain Tift, of Tifton, who was the owner of the property at his death and it was inherited by his three sons, Henry, Thomas, and Amos. Thomas represented the estate and his brothers in the development of this property, and it is said that it was sold at a good profit.

On April 16, 1921, Mr. Tift married Catherine Hill Terrell, daughter of Catherine Hill and Dr. Edward Black Terrell of Greenville, Georgia. They have two children, Mrs. James Tinsley Porter (Catherine Hill Tift) and Thomas Willingham Tift, Jr. who graduated from the United States Naval Academy June 4, 1949.

Mr. Tift is president of Piedmont Cotton Mills, East Point, Georgia, a position he has held since 1922; Vice President and Director of the Bank of Tifton; President, Tifton Realty Company; President, Westside Land Company; President Tift Silica Brick Company, Albany, Georgia; President Atlanta Commercial Cotton Exchange 1929; Director Tifton Investment Company; Director Willingham-Tift Lumber Company, Atlanta; Vice President and Director of Tifton Chenille Company; President, Tifton Cotton Mills 1923–1924.

Mr. Tift is a Baptist, and belongs to Piedmont Driving Club, Capital City Club and Rotary Club, all of Atlanta, and is also a member of Tifton Country Club, Tifton, Georgia.

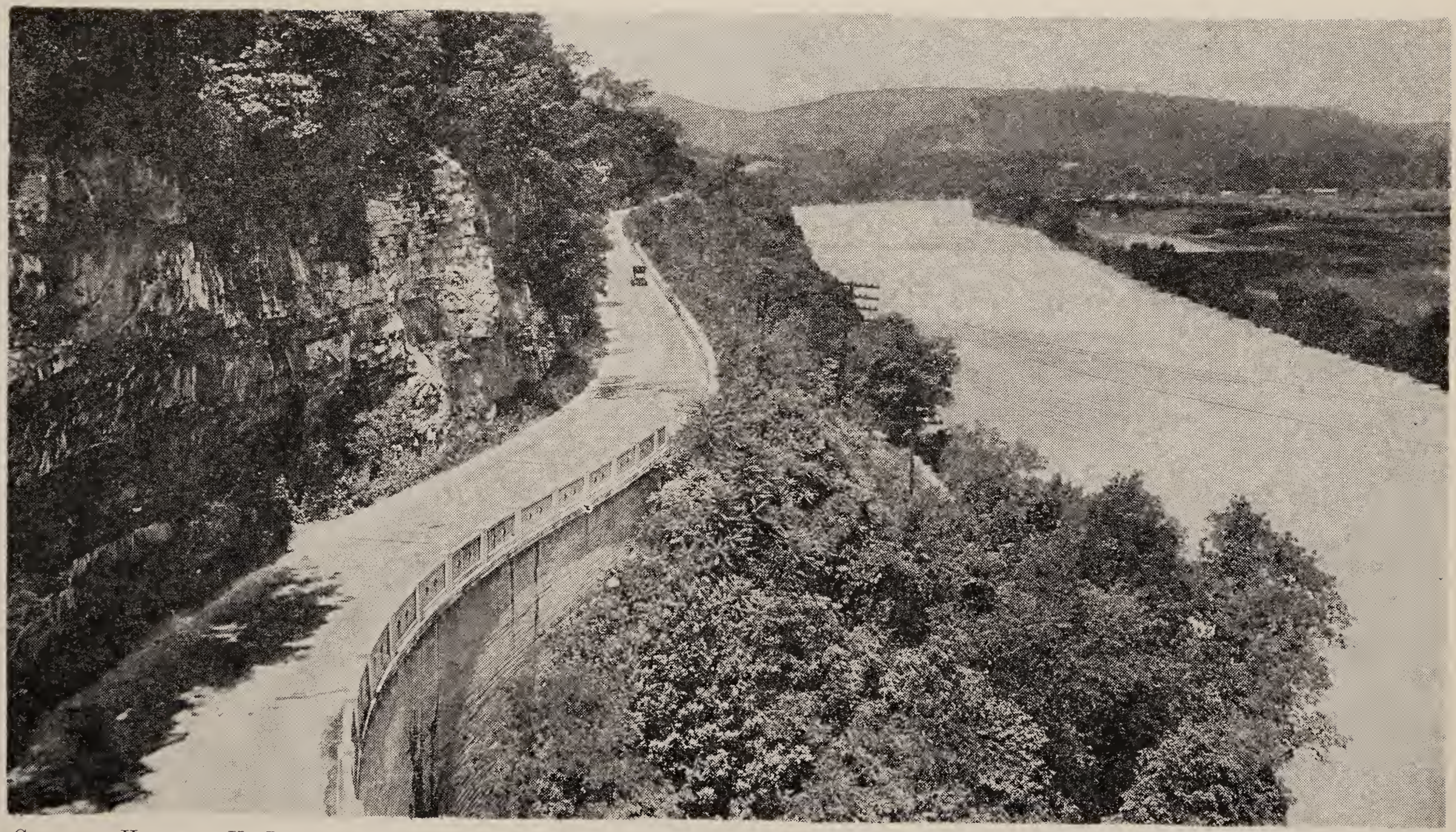


Mr. Amos Chapman Tift
Tifton, Georgia

Amos Chapman Tift, born August 24, 1891, is the third son of Captain Henry Harding Tift and Bessie Willingham Tift.

Mr. Tift attended Tifton public schools, Virginia Military Academy, and graduated from Mercer University, Macon, Georgia. He was a Phi Delta Theta.

After Mr. Tift graduated from Mercer University he returned to Tifton to live. He engaged in the automobile and garage business and in the wholesale distribution of gasoline and allied products, serving not only Tifton but the surrounding country. Later he erected a number of business buildings in Tifton, and has other real estate interests and resides in a new home on his farm near Tifton. He has a Summer home at St. Simons Island, Georgia. He is also interested in farming and raising cattle.



CONCRETE HIGHWAY UP LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN SHOWING THE FAMOUS TENNESSEE RIVER AND A PART OF THE CUMBERLAND RANGE AND OTHER MOUNTAINS SURROUNDING CHATTANOOGA

The distance from Hotel Patten to the residence of J. B. Pound on Lookout Mountain is six miles, as the highway winds around the mountain. As the crow flies it is only three miles.

On July 5, 1918, Mr. Tift married Lutrelle McLennan, daughter of David Charles McLennan and Caroline Robertson McLennan. Their children are Lutrelle McLennan Tift who married Homer Meade Rankin; Amos Chapman Tift, Jr., who married Doris Ruth Purvis, and David Harding Tift.

Mr. Tift is a member of the First Baptist Church, Tifton, and a trustee of Bessie Tift College and a member of the Tifton Country Club.

Reception at Patten Honors TVA Division

Tennessee Valley Authority officials and members of their staffs, who became Chattanoogans when the division of property and supply headquarters moved from Knoxville to Chattanooga, were honored at a reception given by J. B. Pound at Hotel Patten.

A large number of business and civic-minded citizens attended the affair held from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m., Sept. 16, 1949, in ballroom.

Also attending were other officials of TVA already stationed in Chattanooga as well as representatives of systems distributing TVA power in this area.

Offices for the division of property and supply and transportation accounting unit of the division of finance are in the remodeled and modernized Lupton Building.

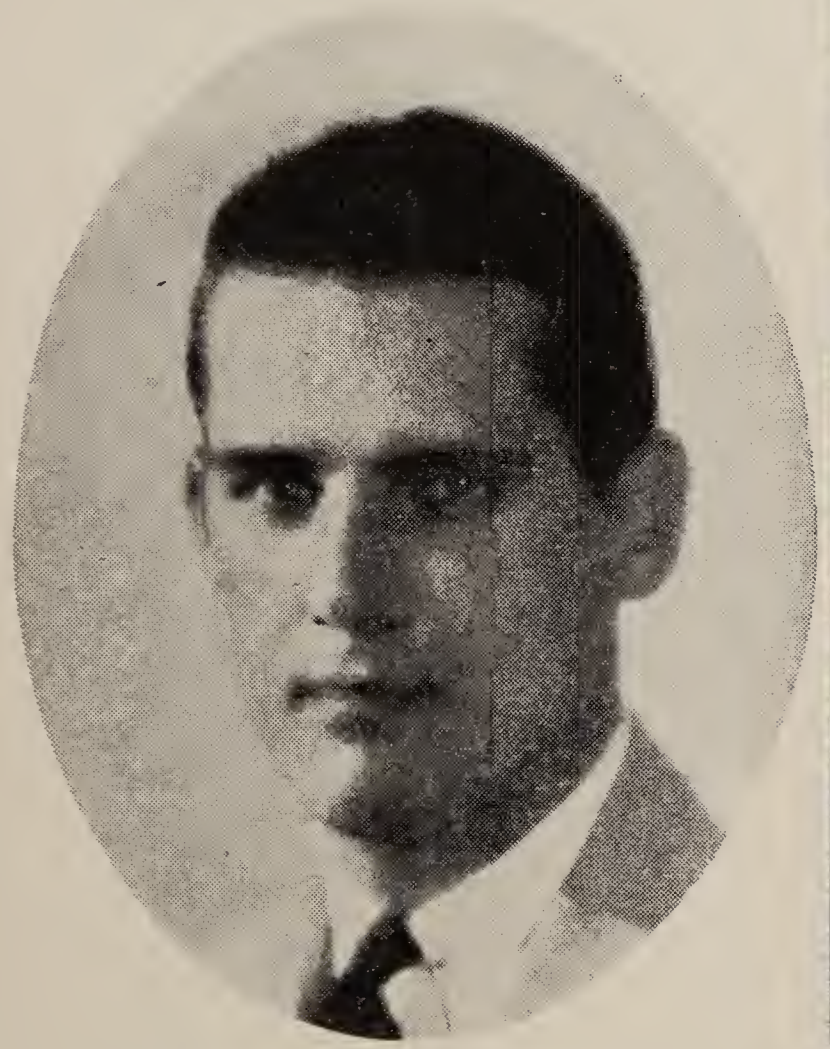
Mr. J. B. Pound
President, Hotel Patten
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Dear Mr. Pound:

On behalf of all members of this division and their wives, I wish to express our gratitude for the lovely reception extended to us by you and Mrs. Pound Friday evening at the Hotel Patten. The move from Knoxville to Chattanooga presented some real problems for many of us. The selling of our homes and breaking up of associations was difficult. The generous and hospitable welcome, however, that you gave us with the assistance of the city and county officials has made us all look forward to the fact that Chattanooga will now be our home.

Thank you again for a very lovely party.

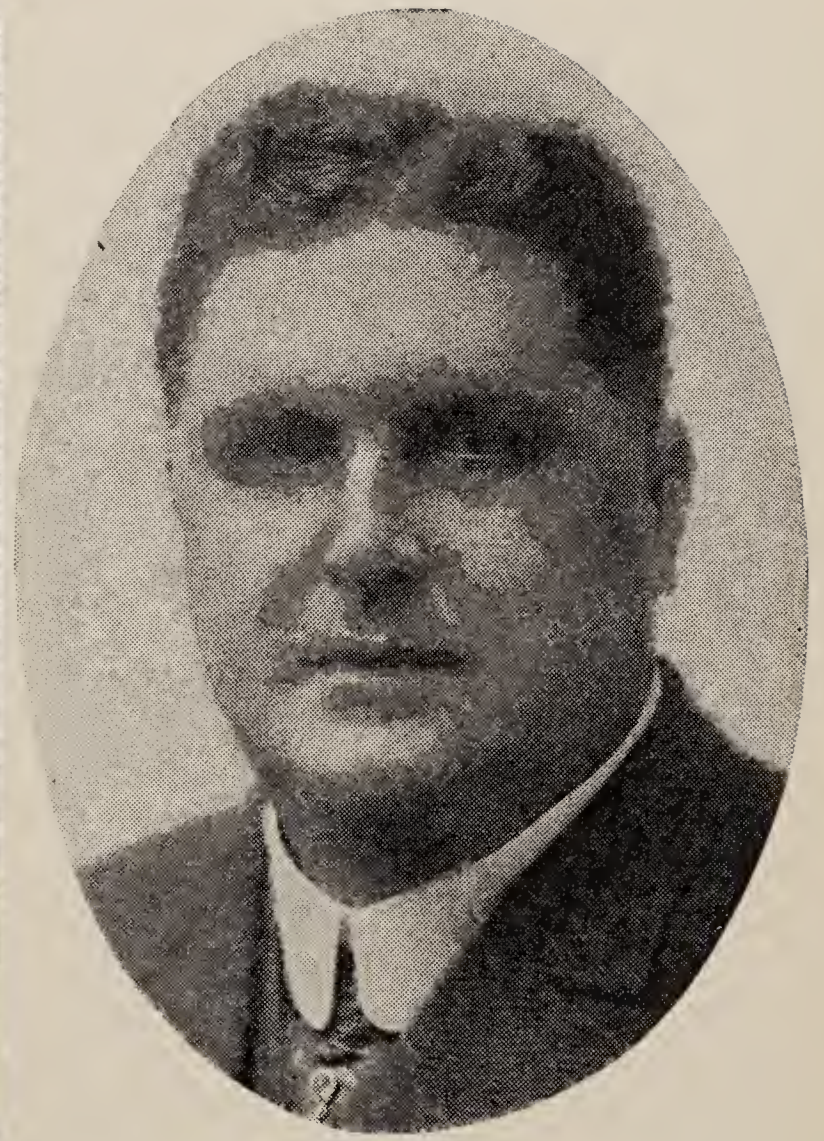
Yours sincerely,
John I. Snyder, Director
Division of Property and Supply



Lt.-Col. Richard Gray Brumby
(Son)



Mr. Thomas Micajah Brumby, Jr.
(Father)



Mr. James Richard Gray
(Grandfather)

Mr. Richard Gray Brumby
Atlanta, Georgia

Richard Gray Brumby was born November 4, 1915 at Marietta, Georgia. He is the second son of Cordelia Gray and Thomas Micajah Brumby, Jr. During his boyhood in Marietta he attended the public schools, and later attended Staunton Military Academy. After graduating from Emory University, Atlanta, he went to work for the Atlanta Journal in the advertising department.

Mr. Brumby entered the Army in 1941 as a Second Lieutenant and during his five year service in World War II he attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He commanded a maintenance battalion which served for two years in Persia on the vital supply route to Russia, and later was a part of the Seventh Army under General Patton during General Patton's powerful push through Germany in the Spring of 1945.

Mr. Brumby now lives in Atlanta, Georgia and is owner and president of Brumby Metals, Inc.

On September 18, 1937 Mr. Brumby married Miss Virginia Pound Tift. They are the parents of Richard Gray Brumby, Jr., Thomas Micajah Brumby, IV., Virginia Tift Brumby, and Jerome Pound Brumby.

Mr. Thomas Micajah Brumby, Jr.
Marietta, Georgia

Thomas Micajah Brumby, Jr., son of Thomas Micajah Brumby, Sr. and Mariah Louise Bates Brumby, was born March 27, 1878 at Goodman, Holmes County, Mississippi. He with his parents moved to Marietta, Georgia in December of that year.

He was a direct descendant of Thomas Lyal Brumby, a native of Manchester, England, who emigrated to South Carolina about 1740 and settled in Georgetown, South Carolina.

Mr. Brumby received his education at Marietta Male Academy, Marietta Public Schools, and Bingham School at Asheville, North Carolina.

At sixteen, Mr. Brumby left school and entered the business world as an employee of the Brumby Chair Company, a manufacturing plant founded in 1874 by his father, Thomas M. Brumby, Sr., and uncle, James Remley Brumby, at Marietta, Georgia. This company made its national reputation on a substantial Porch Rocker known as the "Brumby Rocker." Soon mastering each machine in the shop, Mr. Brumby was made superintendent and advanced rapidly to Secretary and Treasurer, Vice-President and General Manager until 1923 when he was made President, which position he held until his death at Ponte Vedra, Florida on August 20, 1938. Mr. Brumby was an outstanding executive whose leadership was recognized by his community, the men in his employ who gave him their loyal support, and those having business dealings with him.

Mr. Brumby served as President of the Georgia Manufacturer's Association for several years. He was a charter member of the Marietta Golf Club and Marietta Rotary Club and served both clubs as president.

In 1928 Mr. Brumby was elected Mayor of Marietta and was serving his fifth term at the time of his death. Quotation from Atlanta Journal editorial:

"As Mayor of Marietta, Thomas M. Brumby, Jr. wiped out the public debt, restored public credit, improved every branch of public service including the school system and at the same time reduced taxes. Rarely in Georgia or the South has there been another such example of governmental progress moving side by side with governmental economy. In the passing of Thomas M. Brumby, Jr. Georgia and the South has lost an honored business leader and his home city of Marietta one of the master builders. His talents were devoted to the nationally known industry founded by the Brumby family soon after the War Between the States."

Following Mr. Brumby's death the City of Marietta erected a Community Recreation Center with swimming pool, etc. which was dedicated to his memory and bears his name.

In 1905 Mr. Brumby married Cordelia Inman Gray, daughter of May Inman and James Richard Gray of Atlanta, Georgia. The children of this marriage are Mary Louise Brumby (Mrs. Charles C. McGehee) Thomas Micajah Brumby, III, Richard Gray Brumby who married Virginia Pound Tift, and Cordelia Gray Brumby (Mrs. James Bivings Hamil).

Mr. James Richard Gray
Atlanta, Georgia

One of the most prominent citizens of Atlanta, Georgia and the entire South was James Richard Gray, lawyer, editor, and publisher.

Mr. Gray was born September 30, 1859 at Adairsville, Georgia. He was the son of Sarah Jane Venable and John William Gray, an early settler and lifetime resident of Bartow County and Adairsville, Georgia.

He was educated at Col. Fitten's School at Adairsville and North Georgia College at Dahlonega, Georgia a branch of the State University of which he was a graduate. When barely 21 Mr. Gray went to Atlanta and began the practice of law which profession he followed successfully for twenty-one years. For twelve years he was a partner of Judge William D. Ellis in the firm of Ellis & Gray. When this partnership was dissolved he formed a new firm with Edward T. Brown and Hollins N. Randolph under the name of Gray, Brown & Randolph, which lasted until he resigned to take over the management of the Atlanta Journal in 1900. In 1905 he bought the controlling interest of this paper and became President and Editor. Under his direction this daily paper was brought from a comparatively small publication with circulation of only 30,000 to one of the South's leading newspapers with a tremendously increased circulation and a leading position in its field. He was a man "without fear and reproach" ever ready to use the columns of his paper to further the best interests of Atlanta, Georgia and the South. He was frequently urged to enter politics and hold public office, but always declined saying, "I can far better serve the public by directing the policies of the Journal than through any political office." However, he did represent Georgia as Delegate at Large and National Committeeman to the National Democratic Convention several times. Under his leadership the Journal blazed a trail in featuring business, agricultural and educational news. Its editorials which he personally outlined and directed had an ever widening circle of readers. Among his outstanding accomplishments was the abolishing of the convict lease system in Georgia and lowering of freight rates which resulted from continuous editorials in the Journal urging these changes. Through the columns of the paper he was instrumental in raising $250,-

000.00 for the establishing of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta.

In 1881 Mr. Gray married May Inman, daughter of Cornelia Dick and Walker Patterson Inman. There were five children who survived him: Jennie Dick Gray (Mrs. Earl D'A. Pearce), Cordelia Inman Gray (Mrs. Thomas M. Brumby, Jr.), Walker Inman Gray, who married Eleanor Meeks of Nashville, Tennessee, Harriet Frances Gray (Mrs. W. E. Yankey), and James Richard Gray, Jr., who married Ida M. Dorsey of Athens, Georgia.

His sudden death, June 25, 1917, came as a great shock to his city and state.

Royal Arcanum

I joined the Royal Arcanum soon after my arrival in Chattanooga, and have been a member in good standing for over 50 years.

I have held various offices in this organization, among them being representative to the Grand Lodge in Nashville.

The Royal Arcanum is one of the oldest and most prosperous of the benevolent orders and has paid out millions of dollars to its members and their families.



FAMOUS INCLINE UP LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN OVERLOOKING CHATTANOOGA

The Incline is 7/8 mile long and 72.7 degrees at the steepest point. It is owned and operated by Lookout Mountain Incline, Inc. Jo Conn Guild, Jr. is President, A. B. Watson, Manager, and B. F. Manning, Secretary-Treasurer. The ride up and down the Incline is a thrilling adventure. It looks very dangerous, but it is said no accident has ever occurred. The Incline station at foot of mountain in St. Elmo has been rebuilt; new rails and two new modern cars installed.



Dr. William Green Lee
Macon, Georgia

It gives me great pleasure to include in my Memoirs a sketch of the life of Dr. William Green Lee.

Dr. Lee was born November 26, 1875, in Wilkinson County, Georgia. He graduated with an M.D. Degree from the Medical Department of the University of Georgia in 1899, and delivered the Valedictory to a class of sixty. He practiced the profession successfully in Macon for ten years.

For the past twenty-one years Dr. Lee has been Chairman of the Board of the First National Bank & Trust Company, Macon, Georgia. He has also served as director in several other important banks and enterprises. Dr. Lee is Chairman of the Alexander School Board, Macon, and was a Trustee of Mercer Uni-

versity from 1917 to 1941. Dr. Lee is a Past President of the Macon Rotary Club.

Dr. Lee's hobby is Camellia-Japonica, and he is a director of the American Camellia Society.

Dr. Lee's first wife was Christine Cole, of Newnan, Georgia, who was the daughter of Madison Filmore Cole and May Stewart Cole. Dr. and Mrs. Lee had three children, Christine Lee, Madison Cole Lee and William Green Lee, Jr. Christine Lee married Dr. Henry Harding Tift, III. They have three sons, Henry Harding Tift, IV., William Lee Tift, and Jerome Pound Tift. Madison Cole Lee and William Green Lee, Jr. lost their lives in the Navy during World War II.

Dr. Lee's present wife was Anna Corry Weaver, daughter of William Hudnall Morgan Weaver and Ann Stephens Corry Weaver. Mrs. Lee is a very charming woman and has been principal of Lanier High School for Girls, Macon, Georgia, since 1933.

COMBINING EVERY COMFORT AND SAFETY OF MODERN HOTELS



● HOTEL DE SOTO
CHAS. G. DAY
V. Pres. and Gen'l Mgr.
Savannah, Ga.



J. B.
POUND
HOTELS

J. B. POUND
President

GARNETT ANDREWS
Asst. to the Pres.

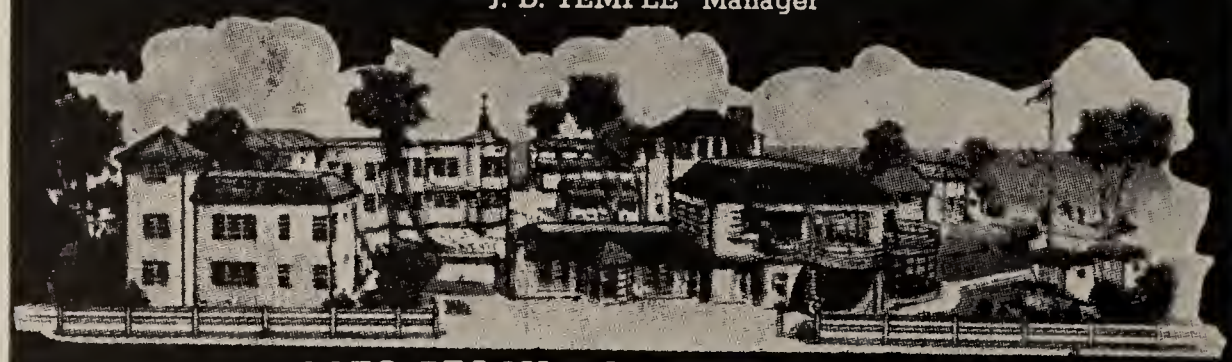


● HOTEL SEMINOLE
J. M. MORROW
Manager
Jacksonville, Florida
Air Conditioned

● HOTEL PATTEN
GARNETT ANDREWS
V. Pres. and Mgr.
Chattanooga, Tenn.



● The GENERAL OGLETHORPE, Wilmington Island, Savannah, Ga.
J. B. TEMPLE Manager



● DE SOTO BEACH HOTEL, Savannah Beach, Ga.
HOWARD A. SNYDER, Manager



MANAGERS OF J. B. POUND HOTELS

J. Garnett Andrews
Hotel Patten

J. Marshall Morrow
Hotel Seminole

J. B. Temple
General Oglethorpe Hotel

Chas. G. Day, Hotel De Soto

Howard A. Snyder
De Soto Beach Hotel

Valued Employees

I AM very proud of the fact that I have had some of the most faithful and able associates in my employ. Many of them have stuck to me through thick and thin. One of these is Mrs. Thresia D. Mitchell, who has been my secretary for over 26 years.

HOTEL PATTEN
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

Miss Gussie L. Pogue has been auditor at Hotel Patten for 37 years and is one of my most valued employees.

Miss Ola Taylor has been employed at Hotel Patten for 29 years. She started work as mail clerk and is now front office cashier.

Mrs. Lillian Brock has been telephone operator at Hotel Patten for 28 years.

Mr. John George Stolle, the chief engineer at Hotel Patten, was formerly assistant engineer at Hotel DeSoto. He was with me 11 years at the DeSoto in Savannah and has been with me at the Patten for 14 years, a total of 25 years.

Mr. John B. White has been electrician at Hotel Patten for 24 years.

Mrs. Willie Mann has been telephone operator at Hotel Patten for 23 years.

Mr. Herbert Wallace has been printer at Hotel Patten for more than 20 years.

Mr. Edward F. Thurston, head painter at the Hotel Patten has been with the hotel 20 years.

Mr. W. C. Jamerson, who is now Assistant Manager of Hotel Patten, has been with the hotel 19 years.

HOTEL DESOTO
SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

MR. JOHN KIMKER, chief engineer at Hotel DeSoto, Savannah, Georgia, has been with the Hotel DeSoto for 32 years. He was employed at the DeSoto for 6 years when the hotel was owned by the Joseph Hull Family and has been with me 26 years.

Mr. Lawton Heath, head painter at the DeSoto has been employed by the J. B. Pound Hotel Company for 30 years. He was employed at the Hotel Savannah and later was transferred to the DeSoto.

Miss Maude Teeple entered the service of the J. B. Pound Hotel Company as assistant auditor of Hotel Savannah in 1921 and remained until 1925 when she was transferred to Hotel De-Soto as house auditor. In 1927 she married Edward S. DuFour. However, she is still known among her associates and fellow employees as "Miss Teeple."

Mrs. Jane Hervey has been at the Hotel DeSoto, Savannah, as executive housekeeper for 25 years.

Tony Marino was born in sunny Italy and grew up there to near his majority age. He came to America and located in beautiful sunny Savannah, Georgia. He served as head of the DeSoto Hotel Barber Shop for 30 years. He was always on the job and insisted on having good barbers in his employ. Tony died October 22, 1949.

HOTEL SEMINOLE
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Miss Edith Darling was employed at Hotel Seminole in 1917. She was appointed to various positions in the hotel for which she showed ability and for many years has been room clerk.

Mr. William Nolting, Executive Assistant Manager, has been at Hotel Seminole for 24 years.

Mr. Tommy Ybanez, Head Bartender at the Hotel Seminole has been with the hotel 24 years.

COLORED EMPLOYEES WHO HAVE BEEN WITH J. B. POUND HOTELS FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS

The following valued colored employees have served the J. B. Pound Hotels faithfully:

James A. Walker	Culinary Department	Hotel DeSoto 58 years
Bruce Saxton	Engine Room	Hotel Patten 40 years
Fletcher Samuel Scott	Head Waiter	Hotel Patten 40 years
Will Evans	Houseman	Hotel Seminole 34 years
Ira Crawley	Valet	Hotel Patten 31 years
Charlie Bell	Head Bellman	Hotel DeSoto 27 years
James J. Bonam	Waiter	Hotel Patten 26½ years
Phil Pyron	Waiter	Hotel Patten 25 years
Eddie Billingsley	Waiter	Hotel Patten 25 years
Herbert Redding	Bellman	Hotel Patten 24 years
Wilbur Chaney	Head Bellman	Hotel Patten 22 years
Roy Keith	Porter	Hotel Patten 22 years

Leonard Smith	Porter	Hotel Patten 22 years
Ruth Johnson	Maid	Hotel Seminole 21 years

I have had many other employees during these years, many of whom have been faithful and intelligent. I can only recall two or three, who, in my opinion, more than betrayed their trusts.

Illinois Commercial Men's Association

I have been a long-time member of the Illinois Commercial Men's Association, which is one of the most prosperous and well managed associations to be found in this or any other country. Mr. Robert A. Cavenaugh is Secretary-Treasurer of this excellent association and is well qualified to handle the affairs of the many thousands of Illinois Commercial Men's Association policyholders. He is a man of the highest business and personal integrity and can be depended upon to place the interests of policyholders above everything else. Officers of the Association are supported by a well qualified Board of Directors.

Tragedies and Sorrows

With all my good fortune, many tragedies have come into my life.

The first tragedy was in connection with my father. When he died I think I was about two or two and a half years old. My father's brother, John, was standing on one of the streets in Barnesville, Georgia, having a very heated discussion with a stranger, whose name was Taylor. I never knew for sure where Taylor was from, but I was told that he was an Alabama desperado. As soon as he had shot my father, he jumped on his horse and rode out of Barnesville just as fast as the horse could go. It seems that Taylor had been in some kind of a dispute with my father's brother, John H. Pound, who was the oldest of the three Pound brothers, who were John H. Pound, the oldest, Newman Pound, my father, and Ambrose M. Pound, who was the youngest brother of the family. As narrated to me, my father came up as a peacemaker. He was not armed in any way. His whole idea was to persuade Mr. Taylor and my uncle not to get into a fight or anything of that kind. It seems that Mr. Taylor wheeled around on one foot, jerked his pistol from his belt, and shot my father dead.

As narrated in another chapter, my father went into the war when he was eighteen years old. He was a very brave young man. He served his beloved South for four years, went through many battles, and was wounded and carried on a stretcher off of three battlefields.

Those were chaotic times in the South, just after the War Between the States. Many desperadoes rode up and down the roads and through the hills. There was little or no law enforcement at that time, and Taylor, so far as I know, escaped punishment.

I am including in this book a picture of my father which was taken from a daguerreotype, probably made during the War Between the States, as the picture shows him in his Confederate uniform.

When my father died my mother was left with two children and an unborn child. My younger brother, Eugene Lee Pound, was born several months after my father's death. As long as my grandfather Pitts lived, we had a good home and everything that we needed to supply every want, as he was a very well-to-do

man. As stated in another chapter, when my grandfather died, we moved to Barnesville, Georgia.

The second tragedy in my life occurred when my mother died from typhoid fever, July 22, 1886, at the age of forty-one. She was a very lovely cultured woman. I am including in this book a picture of her taken during the War Between the States.

The third tragedy was the death of my only brother, Eugene Lee Pound, who also died from typhoid fever, September 19, 1887. I am also including a picture of him. He died when he was about nineteen years old. He was associated with me in the early days of the Macon Evening News.

The fourth tragedy was the death of my daughter, Aloysius Ferdinand Pound, October 10, 1889, at the age of nine months. She was a very beautiful child with golden hair. She was christened in the Catholic Church, Chattanooga, and her Godfather was Mr. Ferdinand Voigt.

The fifth tragedy was the death of my first wife, Madeline Palmer Pound. Her death occurred January 24, 1897 in Knoxville, Tennessee, where I lived for three years when I owned and published the Knoxville Morning Tribune and the Knoxville Evening Sentinel. She was buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, Macon, Georgia, where my mother and other members of my family were buried.

Another great tragedy was the death of my only son, Jerome Gordon Pound, July 2, 1901. He was a very bright and fine looking boy, fourteen years of age. We expected to be associated together in the newspaper business. He had his own printing outfit at our home in Chattanooga, and printed cards and handbills of all kinds for people who wanted them. No doubt had he lived he would have been a great publisher and editor. He was a great friend and playmate of John Chambliss, son of Hon. A. W. Chambliss. Gordon was on a visit to his aunt, Sister M. Aloysius, in Macon, Georgia. He had visited Macon before and had a number of young boy friends. Among them were Aloysius Daly, Ben Giannone, and Leon Cusson. Gordon and these three boys went swimming in the Ocmulgee River, just below the Bond monument in Rose Hill Cemetery, where the branch flows into the river. One of the boys, Leon Gregory Cusson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Cusson, who was about the same age of Gordon, stepped into a hole in the bed of the river. He shouted for help. Gordon immediately went to his rescue. As soon as Gordon

reached him, the boy threw his arms around Gordon and pinned him in a grip of death. They both went down together. Their bodies were found the next afternoon about a mile below where the tragedy occurred. The news of Gordon's death created tremendous attention and sorrow in Chattanooga, Knoxville, Macon, and other cities in which I had lived. A number of my friends from Chattanooga, including Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher, who was at that time pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chattanooga, Hon. James B. Frazier, Hon. Alexander W. Chambliss, Mr. W. J. Willingham, Mr. Chas. M. Willingham, Mr. James G. Rice, who at that time was editor of the Chattanooga News, Mr. Wilbur Cherry, and Mr. Jeff Palmer, attended the funeral in Macon and were pallbearers. Chief of Police John T. Boifeuillet, of Macon, was also a pallbearer. Gordon was buried in the Pound Family lot in Rose Hill Cemetery.

On June 12, 1903, my daughter, Margaret Beatrice Pound, passed away and was buried in Forest Hills Cemetery in Chattanooga. She was my first child by my second wife, Caroline Willingham Pound. She was a very lovely and beautiful child and was only eighteen months old when she died.

My daughter, Virginia Palmer Pound Tift, died September 30, 1918, in Asheville, North Carolina. Her body was brought to Chattanooga and buried in Forest Hills Cemetery. Her husband was Henry Harding Tift, Jr. of Tifton, Georgia. She left two children, Henry Harding Tift, III and Virginia Pound Tift. I am quoting a portion of a letter about my daughter, Virginia, received by Dr. Frank A. Tobey, former pastor of Lookout Mountain Baptist Church from Dr. Wm. F. Powell, who was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Chattanooga for many years. Dr. Powell is now pastor of the First Baptist Church in Nashville, Tennessee. He wrote Dr. Tobey as follows:

"I wish you could have known Mr. and Mrs. Pound's daughter, Virginia. I believe she was the most radiant human being who ever touched my life. Some day I hope to tell you about her as a bride, as a young wife, and mother, and as a Christian who went to Heaven triumphantly after, in her few short years, having made a Heaven for those she loved on earth."

J·B·POUND

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER, EDITOR, MANAGER & OWNER

1884 Macon Evening News

1888 Chattanooga Evening News

1891 Knoxville Sentinel

1894 Knoxville Morning Tribune

1901 Memphis Morning News

Mr. Pound started his newspaper career at the age of 16 and was in the newspaper business continuously from 1884 to January 1909 when he sold the Chattanooga News. He also published during this period many Weeklies Business Magazines, Farm Papers and 100 inside sheets for Weekly papers.



BROADCASTING STATIONS

1926 - 27

W.T.O.C. SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

1930

W.I.S. COLUMBIA, S.C.

1930

W.B.I.G. GREENSBORO, N.C.

Owned and Operated by

J.B. Pound



Success of Pound With Local Hotel Subject of Article

FROM SAVANNAH MORNING NEWS

July 1, 1949

How J. B. Pound changed the General Oglethorpe Hotel from a consistent money-loser to a profit-making business is interestingly told in the June issue of the trade magazine, "The Hotel Monthly."

James Pearson, in the story, called "Making Money from a 'White Elephant,' " says, "When Mr. Pound bought the General Oglethorpe Hotel on Wilmington Island, near Savannah, Georgia, in 1941, there was not a hotel man in the South who thought he could operate it for a profit . . . it had always been a money-loser. No one thought Mr. Pound got the hotel at a bargain. Even though he acquired it for something over one hundred thousand dollars, any price at all was a high price for a white elephant resort. But Mr. Pound bought it, and poured half a million dollars into improving it, and, for the past two years, the hotel has been operating at a good profit."

The secret of the success of the Oglethorpe under the J. B. Pound management, the writer of the article believes, lies in the astute way in which the hotel's executives have managed to combine individual tourist trade with convention business—always a delicate feat, since the two types of trade are in many ways incompatible—and the policy of selling entertainment as well as rooms and meals. This means that the hotel will take full responsibility for the individual's entertainment from the time he reaches the hotel until he leaves, including sight-seeing trips, sports, barbecues, and similar features. This service is for both individuals and conventions.

Full credit is given in the well-illustrated story not only to J. B. Pound himself, who owns the Hotel DeSoto in Savannah and the DeSoto Beach Hotel at Savannah Beach, but also to Charles G. Day, vice president and general manager of the Pound hotels here; Bradley Powell, sales manager of the hotels; J. B. Temple, manager of the Oglethorpe; and Garnett Andrews, Mr. Pound's assistant.

With well-directed publicity, these executives have played up

the Oglethorpe to the East for winter vacations and to the Southeast for summer comers. With these year-'round tourists as a nucleus, the hotel has added conventions for every month of the year until the hotel is coming to merit the title, "Convention Center of the Southeast."

To keep the tourist and the convention goer out of each other's hair, the Sunset Terrace was constructed in 1941. This is used as the dining room for individuals and small parties, leaving the main dining room, seating 400, for conventions. Also, toward the same end, Sunrise Lounge, overlooking the river, was added in 1947. This extra lounge reduces crowding in the small lobby and prevents convention guests from seeming to monopolize the hotel.

"Local people," the article adds, "have come to consider the Pound Hotels a blessing to Savannah because of the sales job they are doing for the city."

A Very Much Appreciated Letter from Mr. T. R. Preston,
Chairman of the Board, Hamilton National Bank,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

June 11, 1949

Dear J. B.:

I want to congratulate you on the wonderful change in the appearance of the Patten Hotel. It is really a show place, and a credit to our city.

You have been a great asset to this area, and I am glad to number you among my personal friends.

You are fortunate in having a man like Garnett Andrews to assist you.

With kind regards, I am

Cordially yours,
T. R. Preston

Mr. J. B. Pound,
Patten Hotel,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

A Very Much Appreciated Letter from
Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hutcheson, Sr.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Three hundred and eighty-six
South Crest Road
Chattanooga, Tennessee

My dear Mr. Pound—

Mr. Hutcheson and I were very sorry not to be able to see you and offer our congratulations on your beautifully done over Patten on your opening day—but we do want you to know we thought of you and are very proud of your many accomplishments and what you have meant to Chattanooga and its people.

We are very proud to be counted among your friends.

Affectionately
John and Laura Hutcheson

Monday, June thirteenth



Left to Right: W. I. H. Pitts, Dr. Samuel Candler Dobbs, Mrs. W. I. H. Pitts and Mr. and Mrs. Pitts' daughter, Margaret

Mr. William I. H. Pitts
Waverly Hall, Georgia

It gives me great pleasure to publish in my memoirs a photograph of Mr. William I. H. Pitts, of Waverly Hall, Georgia.

Mr. Pitts is one of the most prominent men in his section of the country and is also well known in other parts of the country. He is a man of sterling integrity. He has led a busy and successful life. Mr. Pitts is especially well known in religious circles and always contributes to all worthy undertakings. He tithes and believes that one never loses anything by taking God as his partner. Mr. and Mrs. Pitts are members of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Pitts' grandfather, Samuel H. Pitts, moved from around Asheville, North Carolina to Middle Georgia and located at Eatonton, Putnam County, Georgia, in the early 1800's. Later, Samuel H. Pitts moved to Harris County and settled six miles west of Waverly Hall.

Mr. William I. H. Pitts was born at Waverly Hall, Georgia, March 7, 1862, the son of Irby Hudson and Mary James (Whitehead) Pitts. On October 24, 1888, Mr. Pitts married Miss Lula Ellison, a member of one of the poineer families of that section. Col. W. H. Ellison, a relative of her family was one of the first presidents of Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia, said to be the first Woman's College chartered in the world.

Mr. Pitts and his family have been in the mercantile business in Waverly Hall since 1869.

Mr. Pitts is listed in the sixth international edition of "Who's Who in Commerce and Industry" as capitalist and philanthropist.

In 1948 Mr. and Mrs. Pitts gave to Andrew College, Cuthbert, Georgia, a $50,000.00 library building, which is of colonial design and has facilities for 10,000 books.

My grandfather was Rev. Isaac Pitts, a Baptist minister. I do not know that I am a direct kinsman of Mr. William I. H. Pitts, but I would feel highly honored if this is true. He is a man whose kind words and deeds I would like to emulate.

Correspondence with My Friend, Bishop O'Hara

Savannah, Georgia, U. S. A.
June 18, 1949

The Most Rev. Gerald O'Hara, J. U. D.
Bishop of Savannah, Atlanta
Apostalic Nuncio Ad Interim to Romania
% Apostalic Nunciature
Thumstrasse 60
Berne, Switzerland

Dear Bishop O'Hara:

I am sure you remember, with a great deal of pleasure, my only sister—Sister M. Aloysius—who was a member of the faculty at Mount de Sales Academy, Macon, Georgia, for more than 40 years before her death in 1943.

I had the pleasure of being with you on my visit to the Convent, I think the last time I saw my sister alive. As you know, she was a very devout Catholic and a very lovely woman.

Among her memorandums, papers, etc. was a story in reference to Father Pound. It is said that for many years he was a Catholic Priest in England.

It seems that the English were trying to run the Catholics out of England and make them accept the English religion, which Father Pound refused to do.

As the story goes he was kept in a dungeon for 20 years and died there, and that after his death he was made a Saint by the Catholic Church.

I sincerely hope that your health is good. I hope the Good Lord will continue to bless you.

Sincerely yours,
J. B. Pound

Nuntiatura Apostolica
in Romania

19 July, 1949.

Mr. J. B. Pound,
Hotel De Soto,
Savannah, Georgia.

Dear Mr. Pound:

You can be sure that it was with much pleasure that I received your kind recent letter with which was enclosed a newspaper clipping entitled: "Strange but True" that was found among the papers of your deceased Sister—Sister M. Aloysius—who was a member of the Faculty of Mt. de Sales Academy in Macon.

Over and above the pleasure that I derived from hearing from you I read with much interest the brief story of Thomas Pounds, martyr, "the most impudent Catholic in England," who became a Jesuit Brother by correspondence at the time of the persecution of the Church in England in the 16th century. It does not surprise me in the least that you should be connected with a family that has produced Saints! I am returning the clipping to you because it might be very difficult to replace it and at the same time because of the family reference you would want to have it among your own papers.

How is dear old Savannah and that famous Savannah landmark—the Hotel De Soto? And above all, how is its kind and gracious President? Believe me, my thoughts are often of Savannah and I hope that soon it may be possible for us to return.

With kindest regards and thanking you for your prayers, I remain, dear Mr. Pound,

Sincerely yours in Christ,
/s/ Gerald P. O'Hara
Bishop of Savannah-Atlanta,
Regent of the Apostolic Nunciature
in Rumania.

Encl.

A German Visitor

We enjoyed our trip through Europe very much, indeed. On our way back we stopped for lunch at Coblenz, Germany, which had been occupied by the American Army as headquarters during World War I.

I called on the manager of the hotel. He gave us an invitation to be his guests for the night, or longer. We told him that we had an engagement to spend the night at a city not far distant and could not accept his invitation. However, we told him that we did want a couple of bottles of the best native champagne to be served with our lunch. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon and we were quite hungry and very thirsty. He brought us two quarts of some very old champagne. It was served in two silver wine coolers and was some of the most delicious champagne we had ever tasted. It will be interesting to know that this champagne was billed to us for forty-five cents a quart. It was the best, all beautifully served, just like you would get it served in the Sapphire Room, the famous night club in the Hotel De-Soto, Savannah, Ga.

While we were eating, the manager was very solicitous about our wants. When we were leaving he came out to our automobile to tell us goodbye and I said to him, "If you should ever come to America and should be in one of my hotels, I will be very glad to have you call on me," never suspecting that he would ever do so. However, several months after I returned to Chattanooga this man walked into the lobby of the Hotel Patten, held out his hand, smiling and showing his beautiful teeth, and shook hands with me. At first I could not remember him, although I knew he was someone I had met before. He thought, of course, I would know him, and when I did not it embarrassed him. I soon recovered from my surprise after he said, "Mr. Pound, don't you know me? I met you at Coblenz." All the facts of my brief visit to that city came back to me.

To make a long story short, he and his wife had escaped from Germany and wanted to live in America. He wanted to get a job in a hotel and, of course, wanted me to help him get a position. I was very glad to help him. I telephoned my friend, Mr.

C. B. Atkin, of Knoxville, Tennessee, who owned the Atkin Hotel, and told him about this man wanting a job. I also told him I thought he would make him a good man if he needed someone. Mr. Atkin replied that if he would take the position of night clerk, he would probably be able to employ him, and if he was satisfactory, that he would be given a better position at a higher salary. This young German accepted the position, went to Knoxville, and liked it very much. In about four days Mr. Atkin telephoned me and said that he was in serious trouble; that in some way it became noised about that this handsome young German who was night clerk at the Atkin Hotel had been the captain of a submarine during the war between Germany and the Allies. It was not very long after World War I. Of course, the members of the American Legion heard about it and became very much excited. They made a demand on Mr. Atkin that he get rid of him at once, and told him it was unsafe for this German to remain in Knoxville. Mr. Atkin tried to persuade them otherwise. He told them the war was over, but it didn't do any good. They intimated to Mr. Atkin that if the German did stay, it would be not only bad for the young German but also for the owner of the hotel.

The young man returned to Chattanooga and explained to me all the circumstances. I told him, "Well, the best way for me to help you is to send you to a city that has a large German population and you will have a better opportunity to get a good job." I called up a friend in Louisville, Kentucky, which has a very large German population and secured a position for this young man. He rapidly made his way to the top. After spending a short time in Louisville, he secured a position in Milwaukee. Within five years he became firmly established. I heard from him numbers of times after he left Chattanooga, but his correspondence suddenly stopped and I never knew what became of him.

THE

POUND FAMILY



The Pound Crest

THE POUND FAMILY

By

Jerome B. Pound

I AM indebted to Sister M. Aloysius, my only sister, whose picture appears on another page, for information about the early history of the Pound Family. I quote, verbatim, her words:

"The American branch of the Pound Family came from Lancashire, England, near the Irish Sea, and settled in Canada. Three sons of the family crossed the boundary and joined the American Revolution. One settled in New England; one, in North Carolina; the other, in the West, either in Kansas or Nebraska.

"In England, the Pounds were subjects of the Lancastrian King, Henry VI, whose coat-of-arms was a red rose. Then the entire family held a large estate, and all were devout Catholics.

Under Henry VIII, and later under Queen Elizabeth, persecution and heavy fines forced the family to sell the land, acre by acre, until little remained except the old home, built in the sixteenth century—and it remains today.

Poverty, caused by persecution, influenced the family to accept the new religion. Father Thomas Pound was in the dungeon twenty years and died an English Martyr, under Queen Elizabeth. After his death he was made a Saint by the Catholic Church."

I am very much indebted to Mrs. May Belle Oliver Allison Risley, of St. Petersburg, Florida, for furnishing me with a copy of the history of the well known Bullock family, of Georgia. Mrs. Risley is the daughter of Henry Grimes Oliver. Mr. Oliver was the son of Sarah Ann Catherine Bullock Oliver, who was the daughter of Irwin Bullock and Ladufsia Pound Bullock. Ladufsia Pound Bullock was the daughter of Dickey (or Richard) Pound. I learned by reading this history of the Bullock family that Irwin Bullock was the husband of Ladufsia Pound, who was the daughter of Dickey (or Richard) Pound of Putnam County, Georgia. I have been told that Ladufsia Pound was the sister of my grandfather, Newman Pound, Sr. This would make Dickey (or Richard) Pound my great-grandfather.

I have searched diligently for more detailed information about the Pound Family, beginning with my Grandfather Newman Pound, Sr. who married Martha Clara Murphey, but have been

unable to find any more information about them than I have related in this book. Such information as I have been able to gather has been used in this and other chapters of this book.

Newman Pound, Sr. married Martha Clara Murphey, who was born April 18, 1811 and who was the daughter of Ambrose Murphey and Sarah Horne Murphey; issue:

I. John H. Pound, married Sallie Johnson. Their children were Holder, Mattie, Ernest, George H., John, Florence, and Paul.

II. Clara Pound, married John Ross. No information obtainable.

III. Newman Pound, Jr., married Beatrice Lausia Pitts, who was born March 29, 1845, died July 22, 1886, daughter of Rev. Isaac Pitts and Martha D. Pitts; issue:

1. Jerome Balaam Pound, married first Madeline Palmer, who was born June 16, 1866, died January 24, 1897, daughter of Dr. John Turner Palmer and Virginia Buckmaster Palmer; married second, Caroline Willingham, daughter of Winborn Joseph Willingham and Florence Margaret Baynard Willingham. Children of Jerome Balaam Pound and Madeline Palmer Pound were:
   (1) Jerome Gordon Pound. Born October 6, 1886. Died July 2, 1901.
   (2) Aloysius Ferdinand Pound. Born January 11, 1889. Died October 10, 1889.
   (3) Kathleen Madeline Pound, married first Joseph Hardwick Caldwell, son of James Leonidas Caldwell and Margaret Hardwick Caldwell; married second, Stanley Horton Robertson, son of Albert A. Robertson and Susan Horton Robertson. Children by first marriage:
      (1) Joseph Hardwick Caldwell, Jr.
      (2) James Leonidas Caldwell, married Marjorie Henry, daughter of William Blodgett Henry and Freda Weber Henry; issue:
         (1) Kathleen Pound Caldwell
         (2) Marjorie Henry Caldwell
   (4) Carmelite Mercedes Pound, married Joseph Page Temple, son of Levi Wake Temple and Alice Page Temple; issue:
      (1) Joseph Page Temple, Jr., married Martha Hopkins Lamoreaux, daughter of William Francis Lamoreaux and Maude Elma Hopkins Lamoreaux; issue:
         (1) Virginia Page Temple
         (2) Martha Pound Temple
      (2) Jerome Balaam Pound Temple, married Ann Glascock, daughter of James A. Glascock and Lucille Carter Glascock; issue:
         (1) Jerome Balaam Pound Temple, Jr.
         (2) James Glascock Temple
   (5) Virginia Palmer Pound, married Henry Harding Tift, Jr., son of Capt. Henry Harding Tift and Bessie Willingham Tift; issue:
      (1) Virginia Pound Tift, married Richard Gray Brumby, son of Thomas Micajah Brumby, Jr. and Cordelia Gray Brumby, issue:

(1) Richard Gray Brumby, Jr.
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(3) Virginia Tift Brumby
(4) Jerome Pound Brumby

(2) Henry Harding Tift, III, married Christine Cole Lee, daughter of Dr. William Green Lee and Christine Cole Lee; issue:
(1) Henry Harding Tift, IV.
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(3) Jerome Pound Tift

On January 5, 1898, Jerome Balaam Pound married Caroline Willingham, daughter of Winborn Joseph Willingham and Florence Margaret Baynard Willingham; issue:

(1) Margaret Beatrice Pound. Born December 13, 1901. Died June 12, 1903.
(2) Caroline Drucilla Pound, married John Garnett Andrews, son of Daniel Marshall Andrews and Adeline Van Court Andrews; issue:
(1) Caroline Willingham Andrews
(2) Adeline Van Court Andrews

2. Martha Drucilla Pound. Baptized in Catholic Church as Martha Aloysius Pound and became a Nun. Known as Sister M. Aloysius.
3. Eugene Lee Pound. Born March 27, 1866. Died September 19, 1887. Not married.

IV. Ambrose Murphey Pound, married Martha Frances Carey, daughter of John Carey and Tabitha Mercer Carey; issue:

1. Butos Pound, married Jarrett Carter Purcell. No issue. Mr. Purcell was born 1862 at Stone Mountain, Georgia.
2. Annie Reed Pound. Died unmarried.
3. Ralston Murphey Pound married Frances Egerton Smoot, daughter of James Clinton Smoot and Frank Elizabeth Wood Smoot; issue:
(1) Ralston Murphey Pound, Jr., married Billie Claudine Shaw, daughter of William Shaw and Mary Isabelle (May Belle) Duckworth Shaw; issue:
(1) Ralston Murphey Pound, III.
(2) Frances Smoot Pound, married Charles Edward Fancher, son of Charles Henry Fancher and Christine Crites Fancher. No issue.
(3) Carey Pound
(4) James Egerton Pound

THE
MURPHEY FAMILY



Mr. and Mrs. William Reid Murphey
Among the Early Builders of the Town of Barnesville, Georgia and Middle Georgia
Mr. Murphey was a brother to Jerome B. Pound's grandmother

THE MURPHEY FAMILY

By

Jerome B. Pound

The Murphey Family originally came from the north of Ireland and spelled their name with an "e" (M-u-r-p-h-e-y). As a rule the Murphys from the south of Ireland spelled their name without an "e" (M-u-r-p-h-y). I have remembered this all of my life when I came in contact with the Murpheys wherever I'd go —I could tell from which part of Ireland they came.

The Murphey Family of which I am a relative is best known perhaps as leaders and upbuilders of the splendid town of Barnesville, Georgia, where many members of this family have located, married, reared their families, and played their part in life's battles. They have always been interested in better politics, better business methods, scientific production of the soil, and the general up-building of the community.

Looking back over their history I find them leaders in schools, colleges, manufacturing, buildings for business and homes, and searching life for its hidden mysteries that mean better cultural lives and happier people. I haven't the space to mention in detail all of the good men in this family who have wrought their own destiny by diligent work and mastery of scientific and cultural problems. However, I want to especially mention Mr. William Reid Murphey who played probably the most important part in the upbuilding of Barnesville, Georgia.

William Reid Murphey was a brother of my grandmother, Martha Clara Murphey, who married Newman Pound, my grandfather. William Reid Murphey came to Monroe County, Georgia, an orphan boy in the early 1840's and after establishing himself near Yatesville, Georgia, married Lucy Ann Floyd. There, in a log cabin, they started life and reared a family of six boys: John T., Erastus J., E. Milledge, Azmon A., Phineas A. and Artemus O.: and four girls, Susan, Elizabeth, Melatiah and Priscilla; all of whom reached the age of manhood and womanhood at the old homestead in Monroe County.

William Reid Murphey was a very active man, endowed with the qualities of leadership. Self-educated and working himself up from a poor orphan boy, he became a leader in his community, giving his time and influence to the development of the agricultural, commercial and educational interests of his peo-

ple. In 1855 he represented Monroe County in the Georgia Legislature at Milledgeville. Although crippled so he could not serve in the War Between the States, he furnished three boys for the front and gave his untiring efforts in collecting and carrying provisions to the armies of the South.

After the War Between the States, he moved to Barnesville and organized the firm of Powell and Murphey, which was superseded by W. R. Murphey and Company. The active competition (in a business way) between this firm and that of Stafford, Blalock and Company, headed by W. R. Murphey and Alvis Stafford, made Barnesville what she was in the zenith of her glory from 1870 to 1890. During this period there was no movement, social, commercial, industrial, educational or religious, that did not bear the impress of the loyal support and active participation of W. R. Murphey and his sons and their families. And it is said that it was W. R. Murphey's money through his son, Azmon A. Murphey, and Charles E. Lambdin, that founded and built Gordon Institute, Barnesville, Georgia, and maintained it until taken over by the municipal government.

The progress, development and history of Barnesville and community are inseparable from the lives and activities of William Reid Murphey and his sons, John Thomas, Erastus Jabez, Eramus Milledge, Phineas Appolas, Azmon Aristarchus, Artemus Onesimus, and stand as monuments to their energy, public spirit and sterling worth. Notwithstanding their heavy losses by the fire of 1884, each of them took active part in the rebuilding of Barnesville, and were in a large way responsible for the reshaping of the business section, which was accomplished under the administration of Capt. E. J. Murphey as mayor.

On another page of this book appears a photograph of Mr. William Reid Murphey and his loyal wife and helpmate. Mr. William Reid Murphey was born November 17, 1819 and died August 20, 1895.

His brothers were Osburn H., Horne, Ambrose, and John M. who was born March 4, 1807 and died December 16, 1816.

His sisters were Terrinda E., born April 14, 1809, died October 3, 1825, Martha Clara, who was my grandmother, and Matilda F.

The names of his children appear in another part of this chapter.

Another brother of my grandmother was Ambrose Murphey,

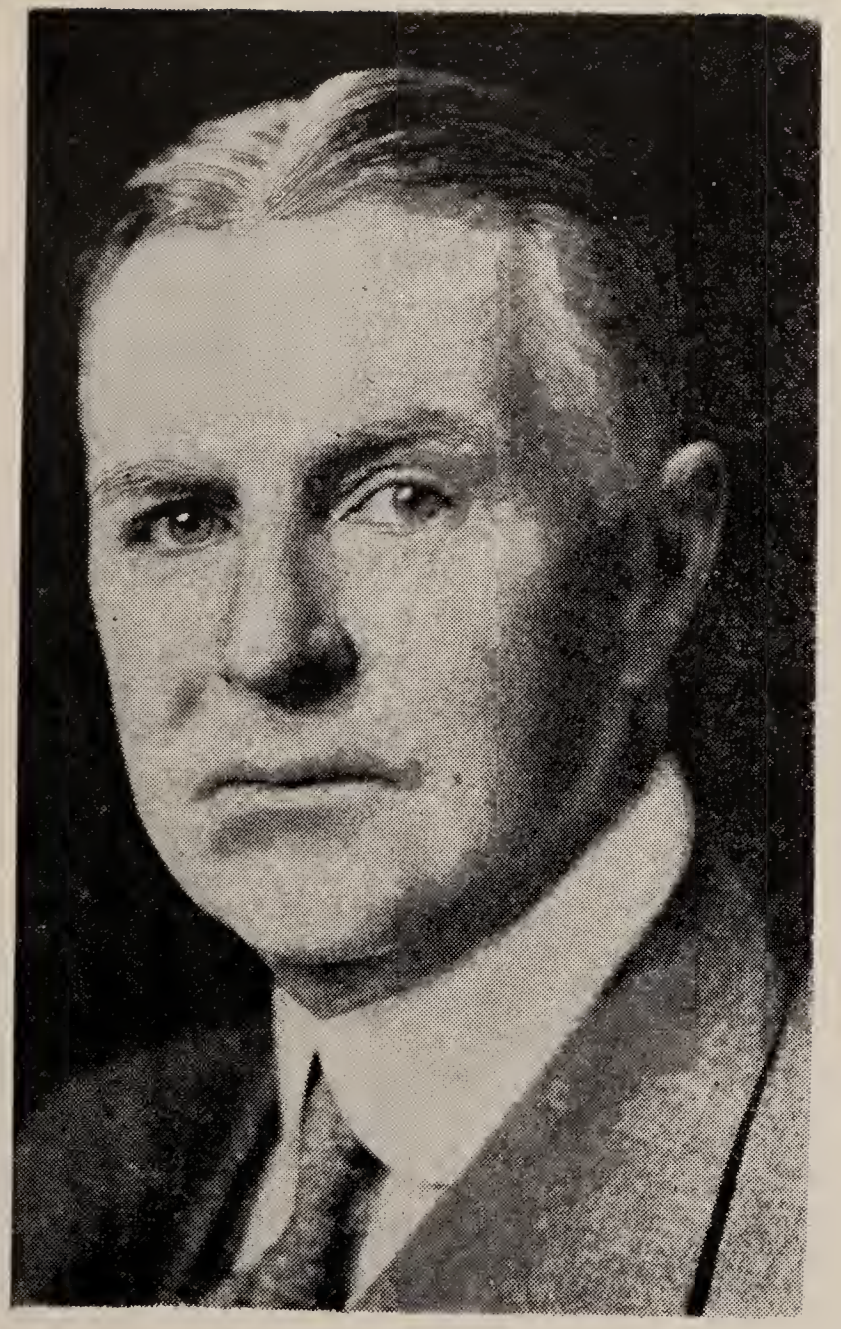
Jr., the son of Ambrose and Sarah Horne Murphey. He was born in Wilkinson County, Georgia, July 30, 1826. His mother was the only child of John Horne, of Red Bone District, Monroe County, Georgia. After the death of her husband, she returned to her father's home with her children, who were reared there.

John Horne gave his two grandsons, Ambrose and William Reid Murphey, adjoining farms in Monroe County, where they lived until they moved to Barnesville about 1870. The lives of these two brothers were so linked socially and in business that it is difficult to separate them in family history. The thirteen children of the two households, all born in Monroe County, lived almost as one family in the two hospitable country homes.

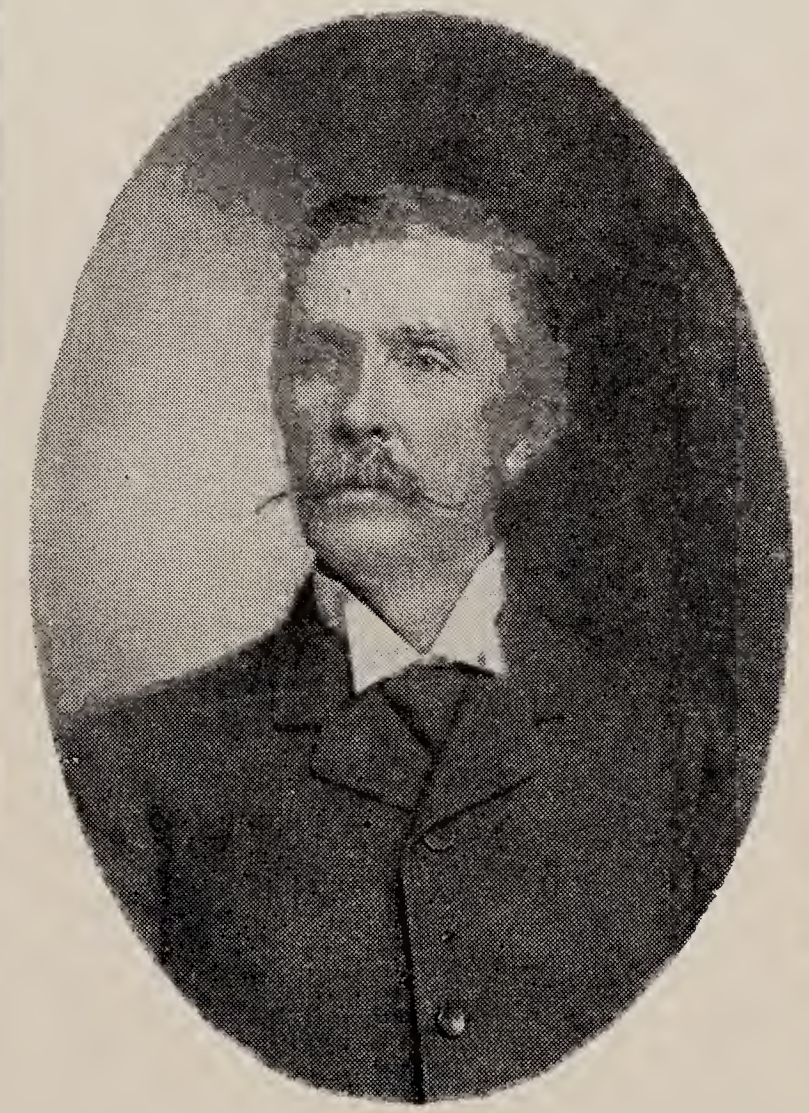
The two brothers and every member of each family were in some way interested in the building of Barnesville, Georgia. In addition to the commercial activity of W. R. Murphey & Company, they fostered such industries as the foundry, oil mill, buggy factory, knitting mill, cotton warehouse, banking and sale of livestock. They were also identified with the social, religious and educational life of the community. Ambrose Murphey, was engaged privately in a drug business, sale and livery stable, and farming. He married Sarah Ann Peurifoy, daughter of Stanley and Martha Neal Peurifoy, of Upson County, on December 14, 1843. The children of Ambrose, Jr. and Sarah Ann Murphey were Eneas S., Thaddeus E. and Otis A.

I have also inserted in this book photographs, which were obtainable, of the Murphey Family. It has been most difficult to secure photographs which were made so many years ago. One photograph is that of Mr. Ambrose Murphey. I am also including a photograph of Mr. J. Clay Murphey, who is the grandson of Mr. Ambrose Murphey, Jr., and who shares the same relation to Ambrose Murphey, Sr. that I share.

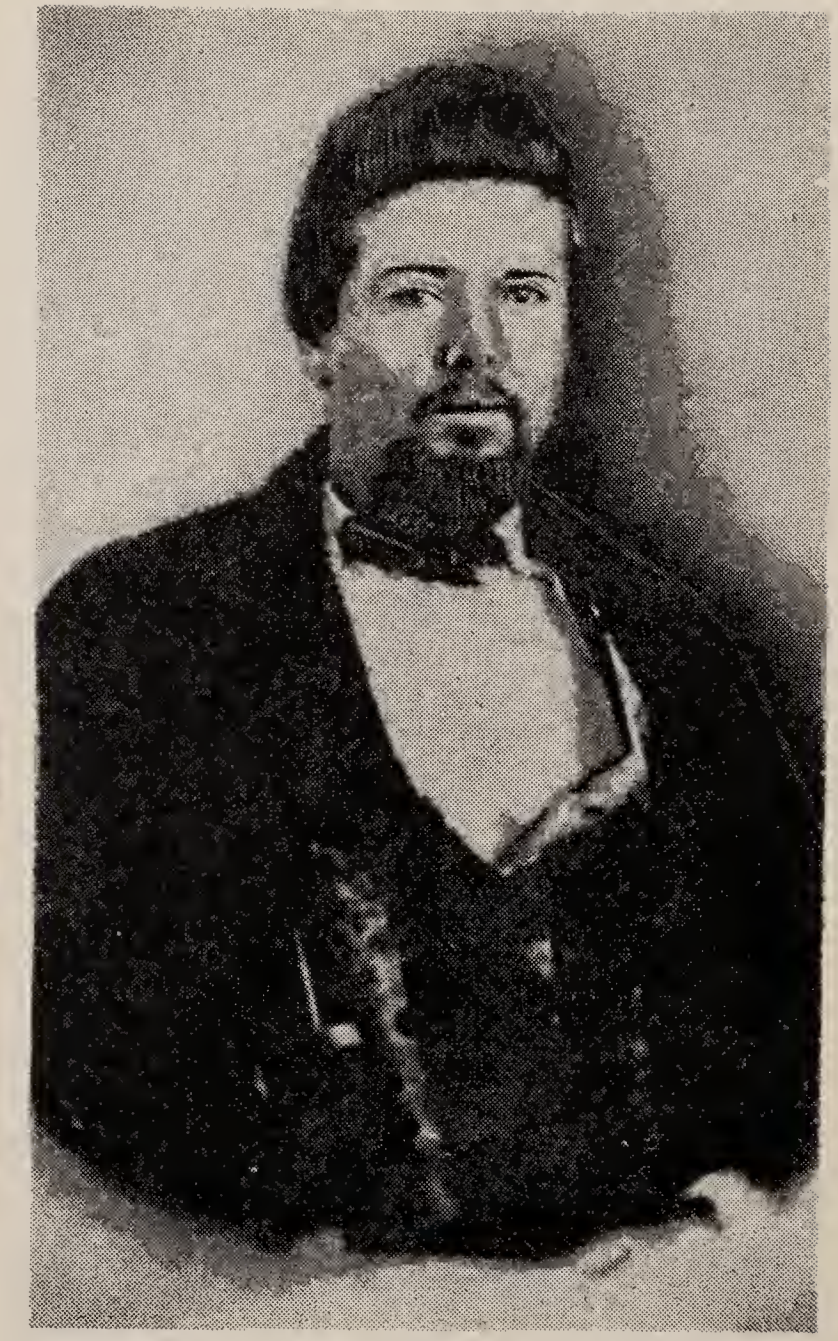
Mr. Artemus O. Murphey was the son of Mr. William Reid Murphey, whose strong character and outstanding personality left its impress on the son to the extent that he always stood out as a "man among men." He graduated at the head of his class from the University of Georgia in 1877, and he was looked upon as a leading citizen, with a keen and cultured mind and an irreproachable character. For many years he was regarded as one of the most successful peach growers of Georgia. Artemus O. Murphey married Irene Simmons, Daughter of Chief Justice Thomas J. Simmons of the Supreme Court of Georgia.



JULIAN CLAY MURPHEY
Valued Citizen of Macon, Georgia
Director of Many Manufacturing and
Educational Institutions



THADDEUS E. MURPHEY
Macon, Georgia
Prominent Member of Murphey Family.
Insurance Representative, and
Former Mayor of Barnesville, Georgia
Died January 17, 1917



AMBROSE MURPHEY
Barnesville, Georgia
Father of Thaddeus E. Murphey and
grandfather of Julian Clay Murphey

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Artemus O. Murphey are Floyd, Tom S., Meta, and William R. Murphey.

I am very much indebted to my cousin, J. Clay Murphey of Macon, Georgia and to Mrs. Dean Saunders Murphey, Barnesville, Georgia for furnishing me with many of the facts regarding the Murphey Family which I have used in this book.

I am especially grateful to Mr. J. Clay Murphey for furnishing me with the History of the Murphey Family which I take great pleasure in appending herewith. It involved a lot of labor and research on his part, which I am sure will be greatly appreciated by all members of the Murphey Family, their connections, and friends.

Many members of the Murphey Family, both men and women, have distinguished themselves in their life's work. I only wish I had space to call attention to them for their good deeds.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE MURPHEY AND POUND FAMILIES

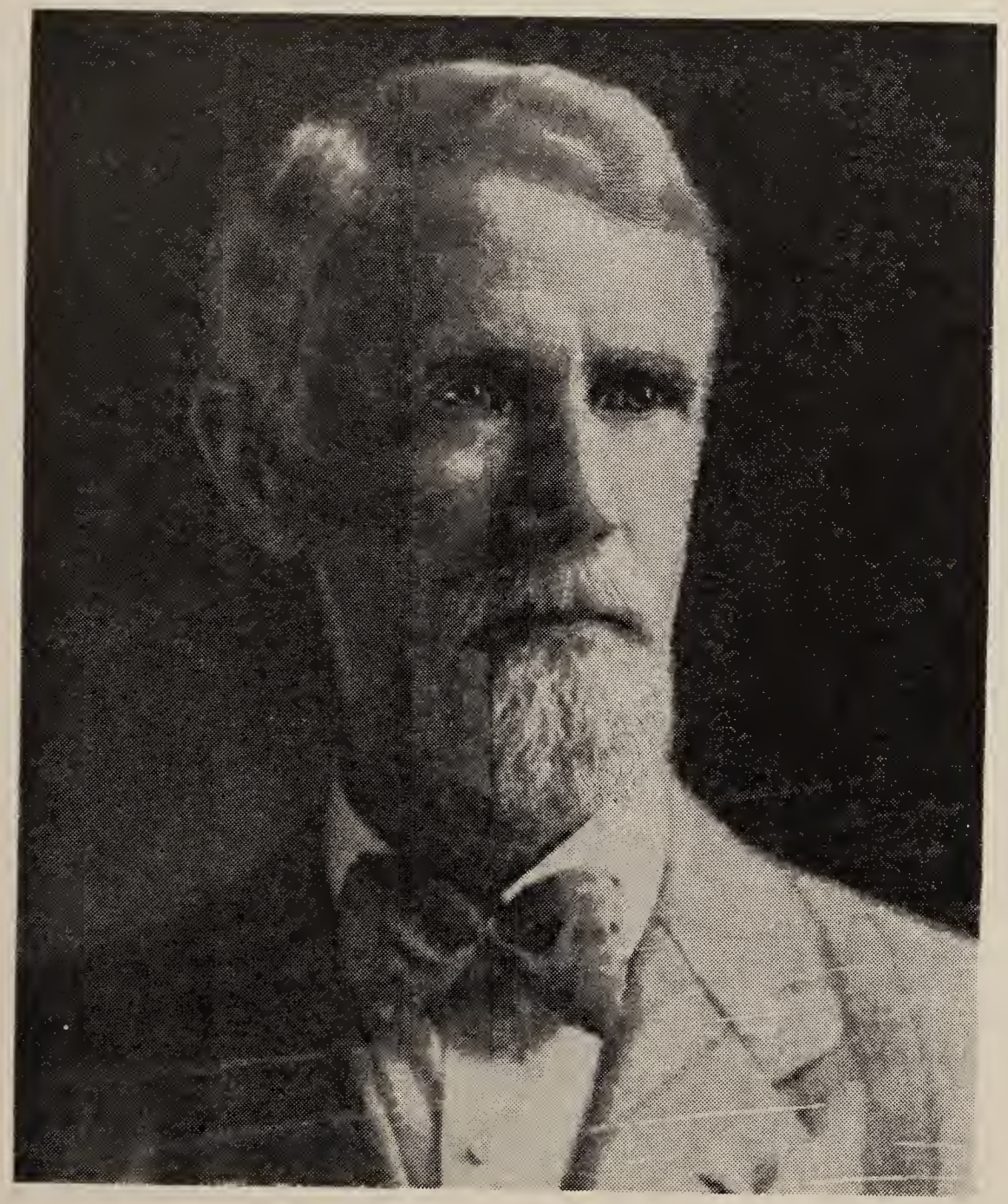
Martha Clara Murphey, born April 18, 1811, daughter of Ambrose Murphey and Sarah Horne Murphey, married Newman Pound, Sr.; issue:

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ARTEMUS O. MURPHEY
A Member of the Famous Murphey Family
Barnesville, Georgia.



WILLIAM R. MURPHEY
Chattanooga, Tennessee
Successful Textile Manufacturer and Popular Citizen

(2) James Leonidas Caldwell, married Marjorie Henry, daughter of William Blodgett Henry and Freda Weber Henry; issue:
(1) Kathleen Pound Caldwell
(2) Marjorie Henry Caldwell

(4) Carmelite Mercedes Pound, married Joseph Page Temple, son of Levi Wake Temple and Alice Page Temple; issue:
(1) Joseph Page Temple, Jr., married Martha Hopkins Lamoreaux, daughter of William Francis Lamoreaux and Maude Elma Hopkins Lamoreaux; issue:
(1) Virginia Page Temple
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      (1) Ralston Murphey Pound, III.
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   (3) Carey Pound
   (4) James Egerton Pound

Mr. Thaddeus E. Murphey
Macon, Georgia

Thaddeus Enos Murphey was born January 23, 1857, in Monroe County, Georgia, near Yatesville, in the old family homestead. His father was Ambrose Murphey and his mother was Sarah Peurifoy. He was the second of three children, his oldest brother being named E. Stanley Murphey and his youngest brother, Otis Ambrose Murphey.

He lived on the farm with his parents during the Civil War and when he was about ten or twelve years of age, his father moved to Barnesville, Georgia.

Thaddeus Murphey spent his boyhood in Barnesville, attended Gordon Institute, and in 1874 entered Mercer University, graduating with first honor. After his return to Barnesville at the age of nineteen, he entered the drug business for a year and was also associate editor of the Barnesville Gazette. He then decided to enter the practice of law, for which he studied for a period of two years under Judge John I. Hall, who at that time lived in Thomaston, Georgia. Later he practiced law.

He was mayor of Barnesville in 1881, 1882, and in 1886.

In 1890 he entered the insurance business, and moved his family to Macon, Georgia, where he was representative for the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company. He was quite successful and built up a very large business in this section.

He was a well-educated and popular man, and an accomplished public speaker.

He died January 17, 1917.

Mr. Julian Clay Murphey
Macon, Georgia

Mr. J. Clay Murphey was born in Barnesville, Georgia, April 26, 1880, his father being Thaddeus E. Murphey and his mother Alice Hammond of Forsyth, Georgia.

He attended Gordon Institute at Barnesville before moving to Macon in 1889, where he attended the public schools.

For over fifty years he has been agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company in Macon, which his father represented in Barnesville in 1889 and also after he moved to Macon.

Having gone into the insurance business with his father after graduating from high school, he, in 1906 organized the real estate firm which is now known as Murphey, Taylor & Ellis, Inc. It is probably the largest organization of its kind in Middle Georgia.

Mr. Murphey has been very active, sharing the duties and responsibilities of the most active men in all phases of Macon's civic activities.

He has been a member of the Rotary Club for thirty years and is a Past President. Mr. Murphey is a member of the Board of Education, Chairman of the Finance Committee; Director of the Georgia Power Company and the Bibb Manufacturing Company. He is also at this time Chairman of the Macon Housing Authority, which is the Government agency owning the Government housing in Bibb County. He served 6 years as Trustee of Mercer University.

In 1907 he married Fanny Plant who died in 1935. From this marriage there were five children. His second marriage was to Annie Taylor.

Mr. Murphey is an influential and important citizen in Macon and the State of Georgia.

Mr. William R. Murphey
Chattanooga, Tennessee

I TAKE great personal pleasure in presenting in this book a picture of Mr. William R. Murphey and a short sketch of his life.

Mr. Murphey is the son of Artemus O. and Irene Simmons Murphey and was born October 13, 1889 at Barnesville, Georgia. He was educated at Gordon Military Prep School and Georgia School of Technology.

Mr. Murphey moved to Chattanooga in 1913 and was associated with Mr. T. N. Van Dyke of the Richmond Spinning Mills. In 1916 he helped organize, plan, and equip the Signal Knitting Mills, Chattanooga, and is Vice President and General Manager of Signal Knitting Mills, Ilena Mills, Inc. and Kain-Murphey Corporation.

In 1916 Mr. Murphey married Miss Mabel Stone. They have one son, Mr. Reid S. Murphey, who with his family resides on Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Mr. and Mrs. William R. Murphy reside at 116 Ridgeside Road, Shepherd Hills, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mr. Murphey is a very fine man, a good citizen, and has had a successful career.

BY J. CLAY MURPHEY

Ambrose Murphey, Sr., settled in Wilkinson County, Georgia, near Irwinton. He was born in 1786 and died in 1828. It is thought he or his family came from South Carolina, probably the Pendleton District, and was a brother of Solomon B. Murphey.

He married Sarah Horne, daughter of John Horne, who lived in the Red Bone District of Monroe County near Yatesville, Georgia, when the Indians were here. John Horne lived at what was known later as the old Murphey Homestead, and had some Revolutionary record.

Ambrose Murphey, Sr. (1786–1828) and Sarah Horne had eight children, born in Wilkinson County, Georgia; John M., Terrinda E., Martha Clara, Matilda, Osburn, William Reid, Horne, and Ambrose Murphey.

John M., born March 4, 1807, died December 16, 1816.

Terrinda E., born April 14, 1809, died October 3, 1825.

Martha Clara married Newman Pound of Barnesville, and was grandmother of Jerome B. Pound of Chattanooga.

Matilda married Marshall Odum. No other information.

Osburn Murphey lived in Columbus, Georgia. Married. Granddaughter, Mrs. Alice Lyon Kennedy (Mrs. J. L.) of Barnesville, Georgia.

William Reid Murphey married Lucy Floyd and they had 10 children.

Horne Murphey. No information. Probably died young.

Ambrose Murphey was my grandfather; was 2 years old when his father, Ambrose Murphey, Sr., died. His mother moved to Murphey Homestead in Monroe County near Yatesville, Georgia, and lived with her father, John Horne, about 1835 to 1840.

Ambrose Murphey, Sr.'s wife, Sarah Horne, administered his estate and raised the six children. He must have been a well to do planter, owning slaves, land, and other property. In the old 1828 record in the Ordinary's office in Wilkinson County, there is a record of the administration of his estate, showing about 15 or 20 slaves, listed by given name and valued at $250.00 to $300.00 each. His wife, Sarah, rented out their services for about $50.00 per year each and entered board for her six children as $3.00 per month, or $36.00 for a year, paid out of the funds of the estate.

John Horne gave a farm to William R. and Ambrose Murphey near Yatesville, when his daughter, Sarah, moved from Wilkinson County after the death of her husband, Ambrose, Sr., in

1828. She moved back to Monroe County about 1835 to 1840 (?). John Horne supposedly received his land as a grant from the Federal Government in recognition of his services in the Revolutionary War.

AMBROSE MURPHEY, BARNESVILLE, GEORGIA

Ambrose Murphey, my grandfather, was born July 30, 1826, in Wilkinson County, and died September 20, 1903; buried in Barnesville, Georgia. He married Sarah Ann Peurifoy (1828–1893), sister of Charles Peurifoy near Yatesville, and had three children. He married in 1843, when he was 17 and his wife was 15 years of age.

Eneas Stanley Murphey, born in Monroe County, about 1854, died in Barnesville, about 82 years of age. Married Fannie E. Anderson of Hawkinsville, Georgia, and had five children.

Erle D. (Married Meta Murphey and Mildred ?, second wife). Had two children.

Ione, married Major Wm. D. Candler, son of Governor Allen Candler, and mother of Dr. Allen Candler, now living with his father in Eatonton, Georgia.

Harrold A.—Unmarried—deceased.

Robert—Unmarried—deceased.

Ruel—Died in infancy—twin with Robert.

Sara—Died in infancy.

E. Stanley, Jr.—Married Mildred Florence, died in 1946. No children.

Thaddeus Enos Murphey, my father, born January 23, 1857, in Monroe County, Georgia. Died January 17, 1917, buried in Macon. Moved to Barnesville after the Civil War. Went to school at Gordon Institute in Barnesville, and also to Mercer University in Macon. Graduated with first honor in 1876. Married Alice Hammond of Forsyth in 1878. She was born November 4, 1858, died in Macon, September 14, 1942; buried in Riverside Cemetery. J. Clay Murphey, son of Thaddeus Enos and Alice Hammond Murphey, married Fanny Ross Plant April 10, 1907. She died in 1935. His second marriage was to Annie Taylor. Children by first marriage: Julian Clay Murphey, Louisville, Kentucky. Margaret Murphey Martin, Macon, Georgia. Mary Murphey Dillon, Thomasville, Georgia. Thad E. Murphey, Macon, Georgia. Flew P. Murphey, Macon, Georgia.

Otis Ambrose Murphey, youngest son of Ambrose Murphey, born in Monroe County, died in Atlanta. He married Sally Lou Hunt of Barnesville, and had seven children: Julian L., Clarence H., Candler Ambrose, Mary (Mrs. DeLoach), Lyman, Edward and Frank.

Ambrose Murphey, my grandfather, and his brother, William Reid, moved to Barnesville from Monroe County after the Civil War and lived next door to each other till their death.

WILLIAM REID MURPHEY

Older brother of Ambrose Murphey, and my great uncle. Born

in Wilkinson County about 1822, died about 1895, in Barnesville, Georgia. He married Lucy Floyd and had ten children:

John Thomas Murphey, married Minnie Stevens and had two daughters, Arlie (Mrs. Ward Albertson), and Alma.

Erastus Jabez Murphey, married Ida Merritt. Children, Ada (Mrs. Jere M. Pound, Athens, Ga.), Lucy (Mrs. E. Aldine Pound), Merritt M. (Little Rock), Maude (Mrs. T. E. Brown, Macon), and W. R., deceased.

Willie Murphey, married Chas. H. White. Children, Leigh, Myrtis (Mrs. Tom Wood, Savannah), C. H., Jr., and Essie.

Elizabeth Murphey, married Jas. L. Hunt, had 3 children—Reid (Atlanta), Comye (Mrs. Walter Flynt), and J. Lawrence. Lawrence married Vera Harris of Columbus; deceased.

Erasmus Milledge Murphey, married Dora Lee of Virginia. One daughter, Irma (Mrs.—Dr.—M. A. Clark of Macon).

Phineas Appolos Murphey, married Miss Addie Gibson (?) and had 4 children, Eza, Bertha, Sarah, William. Second wife, Caroline (?).

Azmon Aristarchus Murphey, married Oriana Verdery and had two daughters, Belle (Mrs. Kimbrough), Emmie (Mrs. E. Lawshe), son Azmon A. by second wife (Caroline ?).

Artemus Onesimus Murphey, married Irene Simmons, daughter of Judge Thos. J. Simmons. Children, Floyd, Tom S. (married Dean Saunders), Meta (Mrs. Erle Murphey), William R. (Chattanooga, Tenn.)

Meltiah Murphey, married David A. Stroud. Children, Priscilla, Lucy (Mrs. Bowen), Lillius (in Florida).

Priscilla Murphey, died age 20. Unmarried, engaged to Duncan U. Fletcher, later U. S. Senator from Florida.

SOLOMON B. MURPHEY OF WILKINSON COUNTY (WIFE, ELIZABETH)

Supposedly brother of Ambrose Murphey, Sr., lived in Wilkinson County, Georgia, Irwinton. Children: Newman, lawyer; James, bachelor, lived with Eneas in Barnesville at one time. Elizabeth, married James Kinney, father of W. Oscar Kinney of Macon. Nine children in all.

Solomon Murphey, born 1796, died 1848 in Wilkinson County. Came from Pendleton District, South Carolina. Judge 4 year term Inferior Court (now Superior Court) 1826. Sheriff Wilkinson County, 1832, 1834, 1836, 1842, 1846, 1848. Member Georgia Legislature. No administration, census of 1850, lists his wife Elizabeth and nine children, ages 26 years to 2 months.

Other Murphey names from history of Wilkinson County:

Effie Shepherd Murphey, St. Petersburg, Florida
M. N. Murphey, school teacher, 1852–1859
J. B. Murphey, school teacher, 1852–1859
(Probably children of Solomon B. Murphey)

THE

WILLINGHAM FAMILY



Willingham Crest

THE WILLINGHAM FAMILY

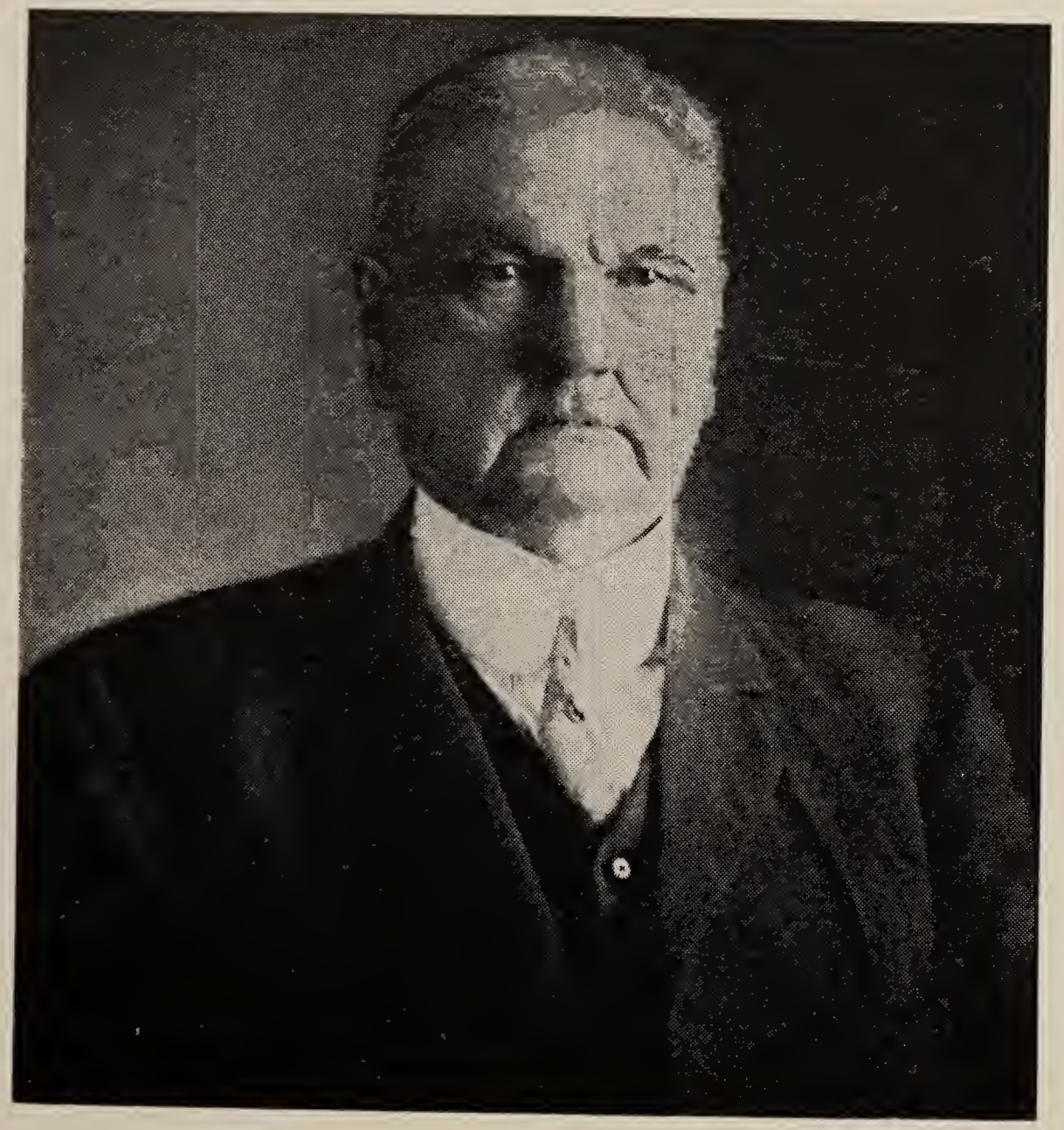
By

Jerome B. Pound

No story that I could write would be complete without a record of the beginning of the Willingham Family, the members of which are so prominent and numerous throughout the Southern States.

I have just read with a great deal of pleasure the book, "A Family History—Willis-Willingham-Baynard-Wright-Harper," written by Mrs. Anne Willingham Willis of Rome, Georgia, which is one of the most complete books of the kind that I have ever seen. Mrs. Willis devoted years to compiling the information which she has presented in such an attractive manner. I am sure that I could not write anything that would be comparable to what Mrs. Willis has written, and she has very graciously permitted me to copy anything that I desire out of her copyrighted book to be included in my Memoirs.

I am using the story about the early period of the Willingham Family just in the same detail as Mrs. Willis has portrayed it. However, I do not think it possible in the space that I have in this book to go into detail as to the names of the members of the different branches of the Willingham Family, which are many.



WINBORN JOSEPH WILLINGHAM



FLORENCE MARGARET BAYNARD WILLINGHAM

Parents of Mrs. Jerome B. Pound

The House of Willingham
From the Book
"*A Family History*—Willis-Willingham-Baynard-Wright-Harper"
by
Mrs. Anne Willingham Willis
Rome, Georgia

"According to Harrison's 'Surnames of the United Kingdom,' the surname Willingham is of English origin. The Domesday form points to an Anglo-Saxon Wiflinga-ham, which in reality means 'happy home.' The family settled at Market-Rasen, Lincolnshire, England, and Willingham Manor, built over six hundred years ago, was still in splendid condition in 1937 when Gladys Willingham McDermott was there with her family. Also the Willingham Episcopal Church is nearby and the cemetery in which many Willinghams are buried. The original part of the manor house was added to in 1730, the addition being of Georgian architecture with lovely Ionic columns; it is beautifully situated amid giant oaks and pretty lakes. It is said that Thomas Willingham sold his estate in Market-Rasen and his son, my great-great-grandfather, Thomas Henry Willingham, received his patrimony and emigrated to America. George Sherwood, Record Searcher and Archivist, of London, in 1943 wrote to me of the Willinghams, 'In a printed list of Lincolnshire wills, eleven people of the name appear between the years of 1557 and 1599, and others later. There are four parishes of the name in Lincolnshire.'

"The earliest records I have found of Willinghams in South Carolina were, one in the book by A. S. Sally, Jr., 'Stub Entries to Indents—issued in payment of claims against South Carolina growing out of the Revolution; Number 48—Book W. Issued on August 1, 1785, to Thomas Willingham for 49 Pounds—13 shillings and 5 pence sterling for Duty . . .' The other, in the Charleston courthouse, is the record of a will probated March 9, 1789, of Joseph Willingham. Joseph was probably a brother of Thomas Henry, for I have always heard there were three brothers who came to America at the same time.

"Thomas H. Willingham settled on Sullivan's Island, South Carolina; he married Sarah Chovine, who was born August 7, 1780, and died December 30, 1823, the daughter of Sarah Guerin (born July 10, 1763, died December 23, 1816) and Charles Chovine, who was born in 1763, the son of Charles I. Chovine. Sarah and Thomas H. Willingham had one child, a son named Thomas, born December 23, 1798, Santee, South Carolina. When he was only three months old his father died, and the widow, Sarah Willingham, married Elais Gabriel Jaudon (1772–1826) on November 14, 1799. They had ten children (for names see Jaudon). My mother often told me how devoted to him was Thomas Willingham's old colored mammy; when she died her last words were, 'God bless Marse Tommy.' I imagine his colored mammy had much to do with his rearing as his young mother married for the second time while she was still in her teens and he less than a year old. His nurse's prayers were answered, for God blessed him greatly. On November 13, 1823, Thomas married Phoebe Sarah Lawton. He moved to Savannah, where he was a cotton merchant, but his health became impaired and on the advice of his physician he located in the country. He had plantations from the rice fields of South Carolina to the sea island cotton lands of South Georgia. All of his plantations were well improved, hospitals provided for the sick, and everything conducted in the most orderly and methodical manner. He was a kind master to his slaves; there was an attachment existing between master and mistress and their slaves which one who had never borne such a relationship could ever understand. Thomas Willingham built his home, a lovely old house at Lena, South Carolina, long before the War Between the States, which was burned by Sherman's army in 1864; he rebuilt it but that house was also burned by fire caused by a defective flue in 1930. His grandson, Thomas Oregan Lawton, who was my father's first cousin, writes me in 1941, 'All evidence of Grandfather's handiwork has gone except the old hewn timber barn on one side of which a hole was cut through which Wheeler's cavalrymen loaded corn as they passed through, ahead of, or behind Sherman's Army.' Thomas Willingham died July 7, 1873, at Allendale and is buried in the old Lawtonville Baptist Church cemetery. He was a deacon in this church for over fifty years. In his home no day was ever begun without the family gathering for prayer at which a chapter in the Bible was read, a custom

which was kept up by many of his descendents. He had seven sons, five of whom fought for the Confederacy, and four daughters. His second son, Benjamin Lawton Willingham, my grand-



Mrs. Anne Willingham Willis
Rome, Georgia
Talented author and writer
Author of "A Family History—Willis-Willingham-Baynard-Wright-Harper"

father, was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, on April 21, 1829, and died at Macon, Georgia, February 17, 1898. He was educated at The Citadel, Charleston, later spent one year at Madison

College, now Colgate University. While attending The Citadel, he met Elizabeth Baynard, a student at Miss Ball's School in Charleston, and fell in love with her. On February 15, 1848, when he was only eighteen and she just seventeen, they were married. The early years of their married life were spent in Beaufort, and Barnwell County. He was a successful planter and built his home 'Gravel Hill' at Allendale, which was spared by Sherman for some reason and is still standing. It was built in 1856 and sold in 1888 to the Bryan family, whose descendents still own it, and one of the descendents, W. Wright Bryan (who married a cousin on my mother's side), revels in returning to the scenes of his childhood days at 'Gravel Hill.' The Charleston News and Courier, July 12, 1943, has an article describing this old place: 'Fifteen enormous rooms are arranged on either side of wide halls. The spacious lower hall affords a vista of a graceful stairway. Large windows framed in hand-wrought molding, massive matching doors, carved panels, stately mantels are found in this old home. Plastering remains intact, where are intricate designs in plaster-paris friezes. Through a long avenue of trees leading from the highway one glimpses . . . the hunting at Gravel Hill has always been good . . . for bird, deer or fox hunters. The hunting parties here would rival those of Scotland's heath.' Soon after the war Benjamin L. Willingham moved his family to Georgia, living in Fosyth a year then going to Macon where he became a cotton factor. He was a trustee of Mercer University for twenty years. One who knew him best writes: 'He was stalwart in nature, masterly in mind, modest in manner; overflowing with hospitality, none knew him but to love him.'

"From 'The History of the First Baptist Church, Macon, Georgia,' by Dr. Rufus W. Weaver, President of Mercer University, 1926, the following is taken: 'Deacon B. L. Willingham served nearly thirty years in this church, most of the time as Chairman of the Board of Deacons. His son, Calder B. Willingham, succeeded to the chairmanship upon the death of his father. Twenty years later Calder B. Willingham died. A year later his son, Alfred R. Willingham, was ordained a deacon and is now Chairman of the Board. In few Baptist churches does the Board of Deacons fill so important, so responsible, and so commanding a place as in this church. For four generations the Willinghams have served as Baptist deacons; for over fifty

years in this church. One son of B. L. Willingham, Robert J. Willingham, D.D., great in body, in heart and in missionary passion, became the foremost champion of Foreign Missions among Southern Baptists. His eloquence, his tender, passionate appeal, his wise constructive statesmanship contributed more to the progress of the Foreign Mission cause among Southern Baptists than any other man our denomination has produced.' In Resolutions by the Board of Deacons, February, 1930, Calder B. Willingham was spoken of as 'not only the foremost personality of the church but the first citizen of Macon.'

"Benjamin L. Willingham had nine sons to live to be grown and married; his eldest son, Thomas Henry, my father, was born on Black Creek Plantation, Beaufort District, South Carolina. When he was about six years old his parents moved to "Gravel Hill." Tom and the other children went to a little school-house built for them on the plantation, in charge of a private tutor; later they attended Allendale Academy. Their father gave each of them as much education as he would take. Tom went to school at South Hadley, Massachusetts, Richmond College, Virginia, and Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, New York. He was not studious like his brother Robert, who graduated with high honor at the University of Georgia, which institution he entered at the age of fourteen.

"From "Biography of R. J. Willingham," by daughter, Elizabeth: "Although he carried an unusually heavy course of nine studies in his senior year, he graduated with high honors, receiving the Master's degree.' Sidney Herbert, who was present at the commencement exercises, thus described this occasion many years later in an article in the Savannah Morning News: "Years ago I used to be a regular attendant upon the commencement exercises of the University of Georgia, and well do I remember the grand "Feast of Reason" we had there in 1873, when Hon. Alexander H. Stephens and Bishop George F. Pierce delivered the addresses and Rev. Dr. J. Dixon, then of Augusta, preached the Y.M.C.A. sermon, and R. J. Willingham, of Macon, graduated. There were several talented young men in the class, but not one that presented so many noble and sterling qualities as Willingham, whose oration was entitled "Opposition to New Ideas." When he came forward to receive the gold medal for mathematics, the degree of Master of Arts, and "proficient" in nearly a dozen studies, he was greeted with hearty



Willingham Manor, Lincolnshire, **England**
Home of Willingham Ancestors

and prolonged applause. I was seated on the platform between a very illustrious Georgia soldier and a distinguished Georgia statesman and jurist, and back of me was the father of young Willingham. When the general and the judge turned to him and congratulated him on his son's splendid success, the sensible father simply replied, "But better than all this, he is a sincere Christian young man." All of the brothers were very proud of Bob; he spent the last twenty years of his life as Secretary of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board, and was much beloved all over the Southland, not only by Baptists, but all other denominations.

"Tom dearly loved each of his brothers and sisters but felt very close to Calder and Phoebe as they were nearest his age. Calder graduated at Washington-Lee University in Virginia; he was there when General Robert E. Lee died in 1870, and was asked by the family to sit up with the body, as was the custom in those days, the night before burial. Phoebe attended Greenville Female College, South Carolina, and roomed with Sallie Lawton, who married Phoebe's uncle John C. Willingham. Phoebe was married at sixteen to Charles E. Malone; Gravel Hill was their home after her father moved to Georgia; they lived there until it was sold to the Bryan family. One of Tom's cousins, Henry Rhodes, was in love with Mary Cooley, of Rome, so on one of his visits to see her he persuaded Tom to go with him and meet her pretty cousin Frances Wright, of Cave Spring. They met and liked each other so much they were married on November 12, 1872. Frances had many elegant clothes in her trousseau and I can picture in my mind how lovely she must have looked coming down the broad stairway at Gravel Hill in her trailing brocaded satin gown with dainty ruffles of lace falling over her patrician hands. The picture was not so rosy later when they moved from Gravel Hill, where she had gone as a bride, to a little cottage on their farm. There were six children born in South Carolina, then they moved near Macon to their plantation at Byron, Georgia. Well do I remember the good times we children had there; eating cane in our own little sugar-cane patch which father had planted up near the house for us; riding horseback, for father used to put us on a horse's back almost before we could sit alone; he was a great lover of horses. Sunday was a gala day, not because we went to Sunday School and Church in the morning and recited Catechism in the afternoon, but be-



Home of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Seibels, Columbia, South Carolina
A Beautiful Southern Home Erected 1785
Mrs. Seibel Is a Cousin of Mrs. J. B. Pound and a
Member of the Willingham Family.

cause when we came back from church there usually would have arrived relatives from Macon to eat dinner with us. They would come driving down in buggy or carriage. But I shall never forget the memorable Sunday when Uncle Paul, our favorite uncle, came driving down in the first automobile that had been bought in the family; I think he and Uncle Ned bought it together; that was about 1902. Uncle Paul's wife, Sallie Cleveland, was our mother's niece, who married our father's brother, making her both cousin and aunt; but always she seemed nothing so much as just a dear sister. When we moved to Rome in 1904, four of the children had married, Matchie, Estelle, Wright and Frances, the last two living in Rome. We were very happy in the pretty Colonial home "Greenwood" which father bought a mile or two out of Rome; it was built about 1846 by Pleasant Stovall, who soon after building it sold to Asahel Reid Smith, great grandfather of my dear friend, Sara Smith Henshall; it is now property of the Berry School. Patti and I attended Shorter College; Calder and Osgood went to the public school; Gladys, the youngest, started to school under a private tutor with Miss Martha Berry's nieces, Mildred and Frances Wright and Eleanor Graham, who were our cousins, in a little log schoolroom, the same log cabin in which the famous Berry School had its beginning a few years before. In a few years Patti, the dear sister who was almost my twin, married her childhood sweetheart, George Barker Smith. After father died, mama bought a place in town and the next year I married and went to Columbus to live. After my husband's death I came back to Rome to live and mama lived with my two little boys and me. It was then I started collecting material for this book, for she spent much time telling me of the "old days" those last years of her life. She was an invalid confided to her room but she blessed our home with her sweet presence for eight years until 1934, when she passed on to the Great Beyond. Nine of her children lived to be grown and married, only one of the nine going before she did. That was her beloved oldest son, named Wright for her father; his passing was a great loss, for he numbered his friends by the thousands in every walk of life; his bounty to the poor was ever present for to see suffering from poverty almost broke his heart.

(The following data of the Willinghams was obtained from family registers and tombstones)



Home of Mr. and Mrs. Broadus E. Willingham, Macon, Georgia
One of the South's Most Beautiful Colonial Homes.

"Thomas Henry Willingham married Sarah Chovine; their only child, Thomas (1798–1873), married November 13, 1823 to his first wife Phoebe Sarah Lawton (1802–1862); married second Louisa Lawton; all children were by first wife, as follows: Thomas Henry (1825–1891); Benjamin Lawton (1829–1898); Anna Cornelia (1834–1852); William Alexander; Robert Josiah (1840–1860); John Calhoun (1841–1892); Edward George (1839–1922); Winborn Joseph (1844–1926); Sarah; Mary (Phoebe; Belle Willingham (1847–1922)."

THE WINBORN JOSEPH WILLINGHAM FAMILY

BY JEROME B. POUND

I might say that the Willingham Family is probably the largest family in the whole Southern country. I am giving the details about the Winborn Joseph Willingham branch of the family, as represented by my wife, Caroline Willingham Pound.

Winborn Joseph Willingham, the eighth child of Thomas Willingham (1798–1873) and Phoebe Sarah Lawton Willingham (1802–1862) was born at Lawtonville, South Carolina, January 26, 1844. He died July 28, 1926 at Eufaula, Alabama while visiting his daughter, Mrs. Hugh Archer Gregory. He fought for the Confederacy in the War Between the States. On November 28, 1863 he married Florence Margaret Baynard, born at Beauford, South Carolina, September 15, 1847, died at Tavares, Florida, December 7, 1937, a daughter of Archibald Calder Baynard and Martha Sarah Chaplin Baynard; issue:

(I) *Jessie Willingham,* married Robert Kirkpatrick.

(II) *William Alexander Willingham.*

(III) *Linnie Mikell Willingham,* born September 19, 1869, died March 10, 1948, married Hugh Archer Gregory, born July 22, 1865, died December 6, 1926, son of John R. Gregory and Mary Rogers Gregory; issue:

1. Winborn Willingham Gregory, married Elizabeth Aiken McRae, daughter of John Calhoun McRae and Elizabeth Aiken Merrill McRae.
2. Hugh Arch Gregory. Died when a baby.
3. Charles Rogers Gregory. Died at age of 14 years.
4. Hugh Hamilton Gregory, married Rachel Smith Lyons, daughter of Charles Calvin Smith and Laura Elizabeth Dailey Smith; issue:
   (1) Hugh Hamilton Gregory, Jr.
   (2) Winborn Dailey Gregory
5. Florence Mary Gregory. Died when a baby.
6. Margaret Caroline Gregory, married Wendell Whitcomb Campbell,



Misses Adeline and Caroline Andrews, Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. Garnett Andrews, Granddaughters of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome B. Pound

son of Everett Herrick Campbell and Ethel Lillian Whitcomb Campbell; issue:

(1) Hugh Gregory Campbell
(2) Dorothy Lynn Campbell

7. Linnie Baynard Gregory, married Norman Day Sargeant, son of Richard Allen Sargeant and Harriette Day Heidrich.
8. Thomas Willingham Gregory, married Annie Laurie Marlin, daughter of John Edward Marlin and Evelyn Elizabeth Simmans Marlin; issue:

(1) Thomas Willingham Gregory, II.
(2) Annie Laurie Gregory
(3) John Arch Gregory

(IV) *Charles Malone Willingham,* born April 3, 1871, died October 28, 1936, married Edwina Crosby, born June 3, 1877, died January 23, 1936, daughter of William Sparks Crosby and Mary Louise Minchner Crosby; issue:

1. Charles Malone Willingham, Jr., married Thelma Emma Mason, daughter of John Mortimer Mason and Mary Anne Hillard Mason.
2. Arch Calder Willingham, married Mary Emily Wheland, daughter of Zenas Windsor Wheland and Lena Willard Wheland; issue:

(1) Mary Emily Willingham

3. Thomas Willingham, married Margarett Kathleen Robinson, daughter of Ralph Emerson Robinson and Elsie Lowrey Robinson; issue:

(1) Margarett Kathleen Willingham
(2) Thomas Willingham, Jr.
(3) Barbara Anne Willingham

4. William Crosby Willingham, married Cora Mae White, daughter of George E. White and Pearl McBee White.
5. Winborn Baynard Willingham, married Mary Lee Poindexter, daughter of John Samuel Poindexter and Ellen Sharp Poindexter; issue:

(1) Eleanor Lee Willingham
(2) Winborn Baynard Willingham, Jr.
(3) Ann Crosby Willingham
(4) Jane Poindexter Willingham

6. Harold Edwin Willingham, married Martha Johnson Miller, daughter of Frank Lubbock Miller, Jr. and Helen Anderson Betts Miller; issue:

(1) Gail Willingham
(2) Linda Willingham
(3) Jean Willingham
(4) Jack Betts Willingham

(V) *Archibald Calder Willingham,* born July 14, 1873, died March 9, 1934, married Mary Elizabeth Ford, daughter of Rufus Ford and Harriett Temple Ford; issue:

1. Winborn Joseph (Jay) Willingham, married Mary Hortense Mcclure, daughter of Guy Vincent McClure and Berenice McAdams McClure; issue:

(1) Jay McClure Willingham

(2) Mary Willingham
(3) Guy Ford Willingham

2. Harriette Temple Willingham, married William Deakyne Bacon, son of Harry Bacon and Sarah Rickards Bacon; issue:
   (1) Calder Willingham Bacon
   (2) William Deakyne Bacon, Jr.
   (3) George Rickards Bacon
   (4) Sarah Elizabeth Bacon
3. Archibald Calder Willingham, Jr. married Mary Alice Hedges, daughter of James Robinson Hedges and Mary Alice McGowan Hedges; issue:
   (1) Archibald Calder Willingham, III
   (2) James Hedges Willingham
   (3) Mikell McClain Willingham
   (4) Emeline Elizabeth Willingham

(VI) *Caroline Willingham,* married Jerome Balaam Pound, son of Newman Pound, Jr. and Beatrice Lausia Pitts Pound; issue:

1. Margaret Beatrice Pound. Born December 13, 1901. Died June 12, 1903.
2. Caroline Drusilla Pound, married John Garnett Andrews, son of Daniel Marshall Andrews and Adeline Van Court Andrews; issue:
   (1) Caroline Willingham Andrews
   (2) Adeline Van Court Andrews

(VII) *Margaret Willingham,* married Whitson Hines Finlayson, son of John Finlayson and Elizabeth Jane Hines Finlayson; issue:

1. Winborn Willingham Finlayson
2. Margaret Elizabeth Finlayson, married Fred Allen Boyd, son of Jesse Thomas Boyd and Margaret Lorena Allen Boyd; issue:
   (1) Hines Finlayson Boyd
   (2) Fred Allen Boyd, Jr.
   (3) Nancy Caroline Boyd
3. Florence Baynard Finlayson, married Edward Herbert Berger, son of Ernest Robert Berger and Elizabeth Georgianna Lapp Berger; issue:
   (1) Carol Lynn Berger
4. Carrie Linn Finlayson

THE

PALMER FAMILY

THE PALMER FAMILY

By

Jerome B. Pound

THIS *story of the Palmer family dates from 1792 when five Palmer brothers and two sisters moved to Columbia County, Georgia from Rockingham County, North Carolina. It seems after this date the brothers and sisters formed different families and moved to other locations. Some of them moved to Burke County, Georgia, where they married and reared their families.*

The members of the Palmer family were influential people. Some were physicians, bankers, merchants, and farmers. Others entered politics and were elected judges, members of the legislature, state and county officials, and occupied other important political positions.

One of the descendants of George Palmer, one of the five Palmer brothers who migrated to Columbia County, Georgia and later moved to Burke County, Georgia, was Herschel V. Johnson, who was a member of the Confederate State Senate and who was elected Governor of Georgia for two terms.

In 1860 Herschel V. Johnson ran for Vice President of the United States on the Douglas ticket. When Johnson County, Georgia, was formed from portions of Emanuel and Laurens Counties it was named after Herschel V. Johnson.

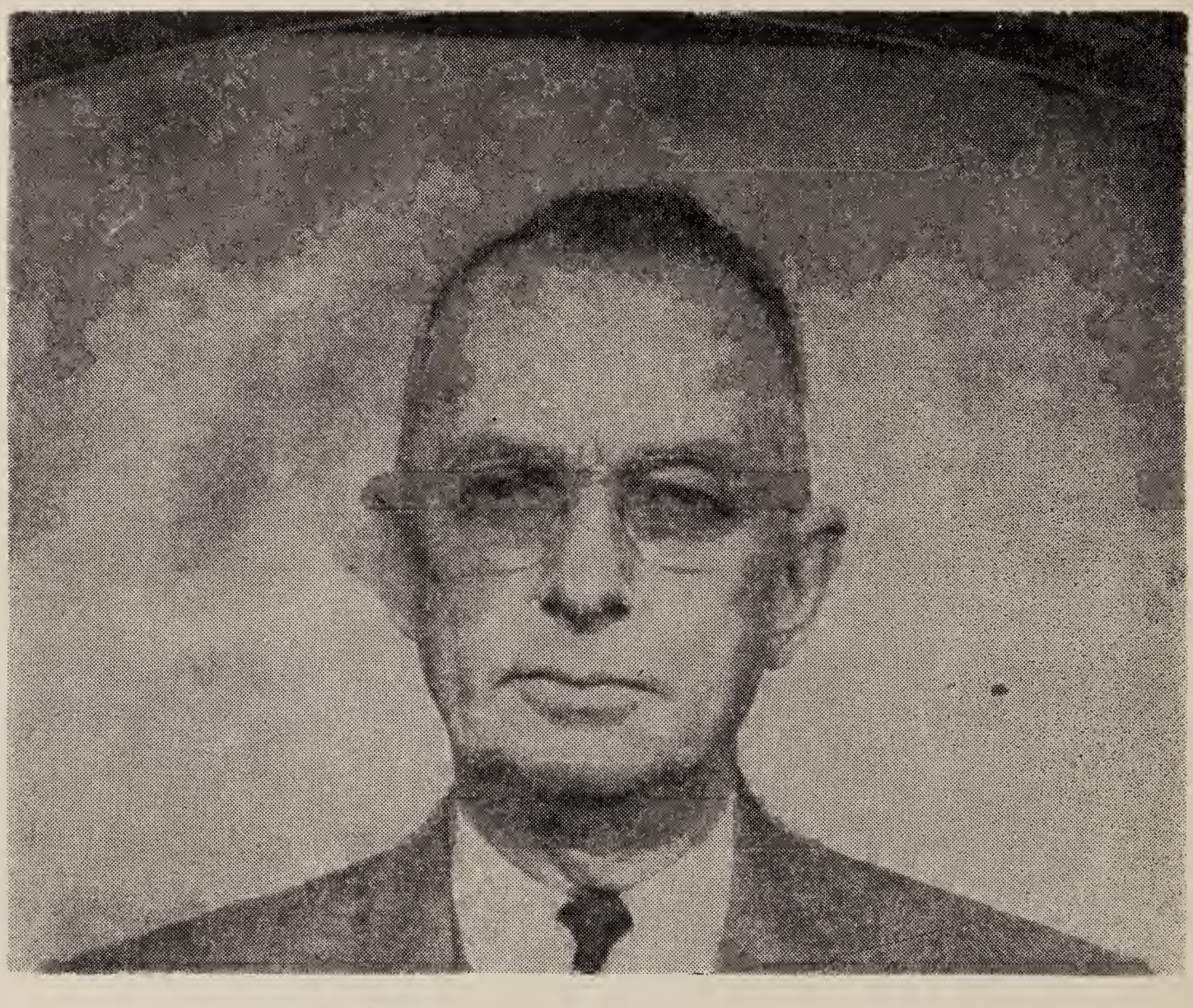
I am indebted to Mr. Sydney Wardlaw Palmer, of Waynesboro, Georgia, for a rather full history of the Palmer family. Certainly, Mr. Sydney W. Palmer, or someone else, has kept a very complete record of the Palmer family, and I am glad to use Mr. Palmer's record as a part of the information which I am including in this book about the Palmer family.

I regret that I could not get a picture of Dr. John Turner Palmer, Howard E. W. Palmer, and Judge John T. Palmer, and other prominent members of the family.

Howard E. W. Palmer lived in the Green's Cut Section of Burke County, Georgia, where he taught school for several years. When Henry D. McDaniel was elected Governor of Georgia, he persuaded Howard Palmer to move to Atlanta and be his private legal adviser and secretary to the Governor. After the expiration of his connection with Governor McDaniel he was made representative in Georgia for the General Electric Company. In this connection he was assisted in various ways by Mr. Warner McCall, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and the two men formed strong bonds of esteem.

Judge John T. Palmer was a distinguished lawyer and jurist, and presided in the courts of Burke County for many years.

Dr. John Turner Palmer lived in the Green's Cut Section of Burke County, Georgia, and was a prominent physician for many years. He was the father of my first wife, Madeline Palmer Pound.



Sydney Wardlaw Palmer, Waynesboro, Georgia
President of Waynesboro Rotary Club and for thirty years representative of the interests of the Savannah and Atlanta Railway Company at Waynesboro.

Mr. Sydney W. Palmer's history of the Palmer family dates from 1792. I have undertaken to write a story of the Palmer family beginning with the marriage of Dr. John Turner Palmer and Virginia Buckmaster Palmer, who were the parents of my first wife, Madeline Palmer Pound. This history may not be as complete as I would like to make it, but it is the very best I could do from the facts which I discovered. Unfortunately, I never met Dr. Palmer, my father-in-law, as he had passed away before my marriage to Madeline Palmer.

Dr. John Turner Palmer married Virginia Buckmaster, daughter of E. J. Buckmaster, who I had been told was from the North. Their children were Edward Buckmaster Palmer, Madeline

I. Edward Buckmaster Palmer. Died in Fort Meade, Florida in 1926 and is buried in that city. He married Elizabeth Shea of Knoxville, Tenn. Issue:
   1. William N. Palmer, who has one son by his first marriage, William N. Palmer, Jr., who is married and has one daughter and one son. William N. Palmer's second marriage was to Ruth Marion Sayles and their children are:
      1. Thomas Edward Palmer
      2. Williamette Gloria Ann Palmer
      3. Norman Robert Palmer
   2. Edward Joseph Palmer married Elizabeth Bird. No issue. Elizabeth Bird Palmer died March 1949
   3. Jerome Pound Palmer. Living in New York City in 1940. No further information.
   4. Thomas Richard Palmer. Lives in New York City and was in the Navy during World War II.
   5. Elizabeth Palmer. Died in Fort Meade, Florida in 1911 and is buried in that city.

II. Madeline Palmer, born June 16, 1866, married Jerome Balaam Pound, son of Newman Pound, Jr. and Beatrice Lausia Pitts Pound; issue:
   1. Jerome Gordon Pound
      Born October 6, 1886. Died July 2, 1901.
   2. Aloysius Ferdinand Pound
      Born January 11, 1889. Died October 10, 1889.
   3. Kathleen Madeline Pound, married first Joseph Hardwick Caldwell, son of James Leonidas Caldwell and Margaret Hardwick Caldwell; married second Stanley Horton Robertson, son of Albert A. Robertson and Susan Horton Robertson. Children by first marriage:
      1. Joseph Hardwick Caldwell, Jr.
      2. James Leonidas Caldwell, married Marjorie Henry, daughter of William Blodgett Henry and Freda Weber Henry; issue:
         1. Kathleen Pound Caldwell
         2. Marjorie Henry Caldwell
   4. Carmelite Mercedes Pound, married Joseph Page Temple, son of Levi Wake Temple and Alice Page Temple; issue:
      1. Joseph Page Temple, Jr. married Martha Hopkins Lamoreaux, daughter of William Francis Lamoreaux and Maude Elma Hopkins Lamoreaux; issue:
         1. Virginia Page Temple
         2. Martha Pound Temple
      2. Jerome Balaam Pound Temple, married Ann Glascock, daughter of James A. Glascock and Lucille Carter Glascock; issue:
         1. Jerome Balaam Pound Temple, Jr.
         2. James Glascock Temple
   5. Virginia Palmer Pound, married Henry Harding Tift, Jr., son of Capt. Henry Harding Tift and Bessie Willingham Tift; issue:

1. Virginia Pound Tift, married Richard Gray Brumby, son of Thomas Micajah Brumby, Jr. and Cordelia Gray Brumby, issue:
    1. Richard Gray Brumby, Jr.
    2. Thomas Micajah Brumby, IV
    3. Virginia Tift Brumby
    4. Jerome Pound Brumby
2. Henry Harding Tift, III., married Christine Cole Lee, daughter of Dr. William Green Lee and Christine Cole Lee; issue:
    1. Henry Harding Tift, IV.
    2. William Lee Tift
    3. Jerome Pound Tift

III. Jefferson Richardson Palmer, born January 17, 1869, died November 25, 1935, married Bessie Henderson, daughter of Francis Johnson Henderson and Elizabeth Woods Henderson; issue:

1. Madeline Elizabeth Palmer, married Edmund W. McCrary, son of Charles E. McCrary and Elizabeth Long McCrary; issue:
    1. Charles Edmund McCrary, II., married Elizabeth Jane Hicks, daughter of Vonnie Hicks and Jessie Hicks.
    2. Donald Palmer McCrary.
        Born December 1, 1928. Died October 1, 1933.
2. Dorothy Elizabeth Palmer.

IV. Hugh Norwood Palmer, married Rose Gibson. No issue.
Hugh Norwood Palmer was born April 19, 1875. Died January 12, 1909 in Chattanooga, Tenn. and is buried in Forest Hills Cemetery, Chattanooga.

V. John Turner Palmer, Jr., married Iola Boyd; issue:

1. John Turner Palmer, married first Maude Long; married second Irene Trowbridge. No issue second marriage. Issue by first marriage:
    1. John Turner Palmer, married Mildred Willis; issue:
        1. Rosemary Long Palmer
2. Jesse Campbell Palmer, married Bessie Thomas; issue:
    1. Carolyn Palmer, married Wilkes Aiken Law, Jr.; issue:
        1. Wilkes Aiken Law, III.
            Died May 21, 1949, age 13 years.
        2. Madelle Palmer Law
        3. Carolyn Benson Law
    2. Jesse Campbell Palmer, married Betty Lewis; issue:
        1. Jesse Campbell Palmer
    3. Jettie Thomas Palmer
3. Ernest Palmer. Died in childhood.

Dr. John Turner Palmer's son by a previous marriage was Elmo Palmer who married Jessie Buckmaster, a younger sister

of Virginia Buckmaster who was Dr. Palmer's second wife. The children of Elmo Palmer and Jessie Buckmaster Palmer are:

1. Basil Elmo Palmer, married Gladys Jones, daughter of William Henry Jones and Carrie Mulkey Jones; issue:
    1. Mildred Elmo Palmer, married Thomas Lee Boone, son of William Edward Boone and Alma Pfeiffer Boone; issue:
        1. Madelaine Lee Boone
        2. Thomas Lee Boone, Jr.
    2. Basil Elmo Palmer, Jr., married Edith Marion Smith, daughter of Richard Alva Smith and Edith Jones Smith; issue:
        1. James Richard Palmer
2. Julia Courtrier Palmer, married James Andrew Murphy, son of Robert Andrew Murphy and Rose Mary O'Conner Murphy; issue:
    1. Virginia Aileen Murphy
3. Paul Norwood Palmer, married Alva Seagle Houser, daughter of Lester Shovine Houser and Florence Seagle Houser; issue:
    1. Jessie Seagle Palmer
    2. Patricia Ann Palmer



HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON
Candidate for Vice President of United States on the Douglas ticket and twice Governor of the State of Georgia

By

Sydney Wardlaw Palmer

In 1792, five Palmer brothers and their two sisters left Rockingham County, North Carolina and migrated to Georgia, settling in Columbia County. They were: George, Jeff (or Joeffre), Nathaniel, William, Jonathan, Martha and—the other sister's name I do not know, but she married William Rowland.

Shortly after coming to Columbia County, Ga., William married Chloe Fitzgerald and moved to Alabama. I have no further information concerning them.

Nathaniel stayed in Columbia County and married Hannah White. (While I am unable to give the direct line of this union, there are numerous descendants from Nathaniel, one of whom is H. H. Cawley, 515 East 37th Street, Savannah, Ga.)

I have no record of Jeff.

Martha Palmer married James Washington, and the other sister married William Rowland.

George Palmer moved to Burke County and married Mary Cureton. One of their daughters was Nancy Palmer who married Moses Johnson, and another daughter was Charity Palmer. Nancy Palmer Johnson and Moses Johnson were the parents of Herschel V. Johnson (born Sept. 18, 1812, died Aug. 16, 1880) who was elected Governor of Georgia in 1853 and re-elected in 1855. Herschel V. Johnson was also a Confederate State Senator, and in 1860 was candidate for Vice-President of the United States on the Douglas ticket. In 1858 Johnson County (Georgia) was created from portions of Laurens and Emanuel Counties by a Legislative enactment and named in honor of Herschel V. Johnson. A grandson of George Palmer and Mary Cureton Palmer was William Cureton Palmer, who married Mary Eleanor Rheney. Born to them were: Nellie (Mrs. Julian M. Smith, 2350 Kings Way, Augusta, Ga.) whose husband was Mayor of Augusta for several terms and died in 1946. They had one son, Harry Smith, who lives at the same address. Benjamin Samuel Palmer died in 1942. Mary Cureton Palmer married Andrew Stephens. They have one child, Andrew Stephens, Jr. and live in Dublin, Georgia. Anna Rheney Palmer (unmarried). John

Rheney Palmer who married Moselle Neely, both now living in Waynesboro. Their children are Jack, who is a doctor in Augusta, Georgia; Robert N. Palmer, Waynesboro, Georgia; and Lillian, who married Ernest Bartlett. Moselle N. Palmer (unmarried) (also of Waynesboro). Each of these married children has children.

Jonathan Palmer, after settling in Columbia County, later moved to Burke County and married Margaret White. To them were born Edmund Palmer, who married Jane Allen, daughter of Robert Allen; James Palmer born April 18, 1799, died February 2, 1884, on July 25, 1825, married Mary Collins; David Palmer, born October 12, 1805, died July 16, 1858, on August 24, 1826 married Martha C. Collins.

Jonathan Palmer's children by second wife (name unknown): Emeline Palmer, born January 26, 1831, died January 24, 1886, married Marcus Evans, son of Robert Evans, and his wife Elizabeth Ann Murphey; Dorothea Ann Palmer who married Thomas Gordon. Martha A. Palmer who married Francis A. Bradshaw. Rebecca G. Palmer who married John Carswell Murphey, son of Nicholas Murphey and his wife, Nancy Carswell Murphey.

David Palmer, son of Jonathan (mentioned above) who married Martha C. Collins, had these children by his first marriage:

(1) David Palmer, born March 17, 1847, died May 1915, married January 3, 1872 to Margaret Alice Patterson.

(2) Annie Palmer married Thomas Parker.

(3) Robert Palmer (No knowledge).

(4) Savannah Palmer, married Doctor Beniah Brown, son of Ebenezar Brown and his wife, Sarah Ann (Clark).

(5) George Troupe Palmer, born July 2, 1834, died October 20, 1910. On December 21, 1860, he married Moselle Johnson, daughter of James Johnson and his wife Calcidonia.

(6) James Turner Palmer, born July 16, 1836, Burke County, Georgia, died December 25, 1901. On October 9, 1860 married Georgia V. Haynie, born September 9, 1842, died October 21, 1910.

After the death of his first wife, David Palmer married his first wife's sister, Margaret Collins; to them were born:

(1) John Palmer, born March 2, 1857.

(2) Thomas Palmer, born April 6, 1859, died 1947. He was a very prominent criminal lawyer in Tampa, Florida, also served

as state senator in the Florida assembly for a number of years.

George Troupe Palmer (#5 mentioned above) lived in Bartow, Georgia and died in 1910. He had three children, Mary Donie Palmer, born Sept. 28, 1861, and died recently, married George Millington Williams of Savannah, Ga., no children. Savannah Augusta Palmer, born November, 1862, died when about one and a half years old. Fannie Palmer, married Frank H. Roberson of Dublin, Georgia.

James Turner Palmer, son of David and his wife, Martha C. Collins (mentioned above) born July 16, 1836, died December 25, 1901. Their children James Price Palmer, born January 29, 1862, died June 26, 1937, married Anna Lee Rheney, daughter of John Rheney and his wife, Mary Eleanor Clark. Savannah Palmer, born October 19, 1865, died July 16, 1930, married John B. Clark, son of Edmund Murphey Clark and his wife, Louisa C. Matthews, lived at Vidette, Ga., Mamie Palmer, born August 16, 1870, died 1912, Edgefield, S. C., married Walter Samuels (two children, Frances and Georgia, who now live in Edgefield). Children of James Price Palmer and Anna Lee Rheney Palmer are: Mary Eleanor Palmer, who married Henry W. Blount (one daughter, Eleanor Wood Blount, who married Charlie E. Johnson, Jr. They have two children, Charles III and Henry Blount Johnson, ages two and a half and three and a half). Julian Paul Palmer born 1890, died 1925 (unmarried). Marion Lee Palmer, born August 30, 1892, married Eben Smith, Wrens, Georgia (their children Eben, Jr., Sydney Palmer and John Price. Each of these has children). Sydney Wardlaw Palmer, born March 2, 1895, married Lelia Rainey of Eatonton, Georgia (no children). James Price Palmer, born October 29, 1899, married Mary Crews of Fulton, Mo. They now live in Buffalo, N. Y. where he is a cancer specialist. (Their children, James Price Palmer III, Robert Crews Palmer, and Sydney W. Palmer II, ages twelve, ten and eight.)

Edmund Palmer, son of Jonathan and Martha Palmer, already mentioned, was the father of Judge John T. Palmer, and Professor James E. Palmer. James E. Palmer was the father of the late Howard E. W. Palmer of Atlanta, Ga. Judge John T. Palmer was the father of Dr. John Turner Palmer who married Jennie Buckmaster, and to them were born Madeline, Jeff, Nonie, Buckmaster, and John T., Jr.



Charles E. McCrary II, Raleigh, N. C., receives Commission from Col. Samuel A. Gibson and Lt.-Col. Eugene A. Dees

John T. Palmer, Jr., son of Dr. John Turner Palmer, married Iola Boyd, issue:

1. John Turner Palmer, married first Maude Long; married second, Irene Trowbridge. No issue by second marriage. Issue by first marriage:
    1. John Turner Palmer, married Mildred Willis; issue:
        1. Rosemary Long Palmer
2. Jesse Campbell Palmer, married Bessie Thomas; issue:
    1. Carolyn Palmer, married Wilkes Aiken Law, Jr.; issue:
        1. Wilkes Aiken Law, III.
            Died May 21, 1949, age 13 years.
        2. Madelle Palmer Law
        3. Carolyn Benson Law
    2. Jesse Campbell Palmer, married Betty Lewis; issue:
        1. Jesse Campbell Palmer
    3. Jettie Thomas Palmer.
3. Ernest Palmer. Died in childhood.

CHARLES EDMUND MCCRARY, II.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

On Saturday, June 11, 1949, The News and Observer, Raleigh, North Carolina, printed a picture of Charles E. McCrary, II, of Raleigh, receiving his commission as second lieutenant in the regular army. The picture carried the following caption:

"Charles E. McCrary, II, of Raleigh, left, a descendant of Presidents Andrew Johnson and James K. Polk and a senior in engineering at State College, is shown as he received his commission as a second lieutenant in the regular army at State College yesterday. The presentation is being made by Col. Samuel A. Gibson, center, commanding officer of the College's Department of Military Science and Tactics, while Lt.-Col. Eugene A. Dees, executive officer in the department, looks on. McCrary was chosen as a distinguished military student, an honor qualifying him for the regular commission along with two other students—Ralph K. Younger of Burlington and Benton K. Partin of Chadbourn."

Charles E. McCrary, II, is the son of Mrs. Madeline Palmer McCrary, the grandson of Jefferson Richardson Palmer, and a great-grandson of Dr. John Turner Palmer.

I am including this story in my Memoirs because he is a very promising young man and I want the members of my family, and especially the Palmer family to know him.

THE

PITTS FAMILY

THE PITTS FAMILY

My maternal grandfather, the Rev. Isaac Pitts, lived many years ago in a very large and comfortable home in Dooley County, Georgia, overlooking a plantation of several hundred acres, through which ran many water courses and which also contained several ponds or small lakes.

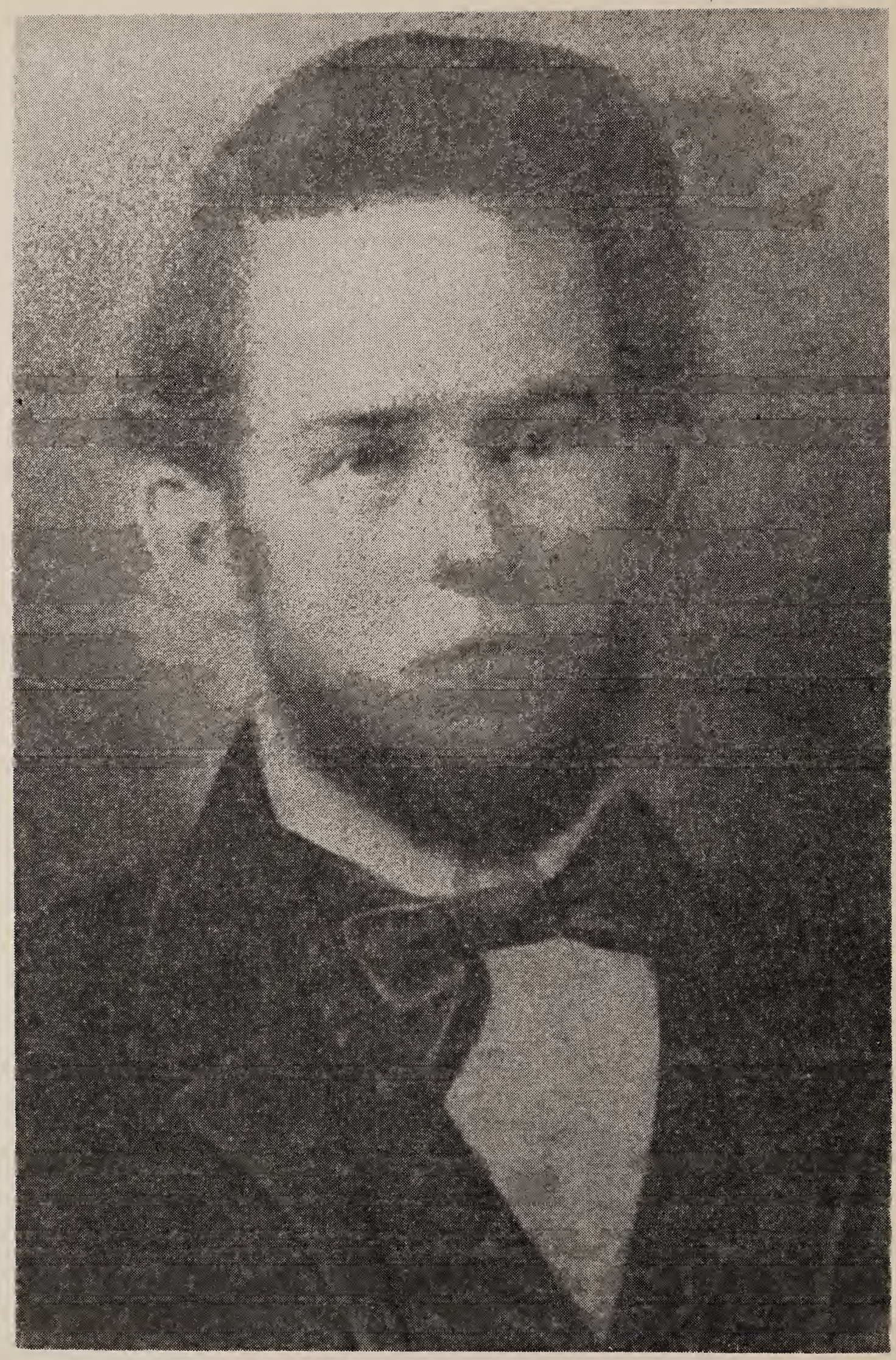
I know personally very little about my grandfather Pitts and what I am writing about him is largely from the memory of a small boy. I remember him mostly, and I can almost see him now, sitting in a comfortable chair on the wide veranda which extended almost around the house, late in the afternoon, pulling strands out of his stocky beard which covered his chin. I also remember our fishing trips together and the fishing hole which was in the bend of one of the creeks. It was a lot of trouble to get grub worms and other fishing bait, so he made his own bait, which consisted of taking a piece of cotton and working the cotton into white bread. The day before we intended to go fishing he had someone to go to the creek and bait the hole. The next day we found plenty of fish when we arrived.

It is with a feeling of deep regret that I have not a photograph of my grandfather Pitts to place in this book, although I have made every effort to secure one.

From information I have secured, the Pitts family came from England and settled in Edgefield District, South Carolina. From Edgefield District, evidently some members of the family moved to various parts of the country, as I find some of them live in Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina.

My grandfather's only son, Jerome Alfred Pitts, for whom I was named, lived in Monroe County, Georgia, where he died in 1854. He was my uncle but I never saw him, as he died before I was born. I have secured from his granddaughter, Mrs. Carl Bratton Plexico, who was Valentine Pitts before her marriage to Mr. Plexico, a picture of Jerome Alfred Pitts, which I have heard is a very good likeness, and which I am including in this book.

Rev. Isaac Pitts, born March 2, 1810, died August 17, 1872, married his cousin, Martha D. Pitts, born November 1, 1800, died September 23, 1868. Their children were:



Jerome Alfred Pitts
Son of Rev. Isaac Pitts and Uncle of Jerome B. Pound.

I. Jerome Alfred Pitts (1830–1854) married Fannie Jane Middlebrook, daughter of Alfred Middlebrook (1809–1887) and Elizabeth Simmons Middlebrook (1812–1854); issue:

1. Joseph Augustus Pitts (1854–1915) married Willie John Sikes, daughter of Wiley Jackson Sikes and Jane Dumus Sikes; issue:
    1. Clifford Edgar Pitts (deceased), married Eleanor Knott, daughter of James Henry Knott and Mary Emily Peek Knott; issue:
        1. Frank Clifton Pitts, married Mary C. Haynes, daughter of George R. Haynes; issue:
            1. Carolyn Dale Pitts
            2. Frank Clifton Pitts, Jr.
        2. Sarah Louise Pitts, married Ralph C. Stedman; issue:
            1. Ralph Louis Stedman
            2. Rebecca Anne Stedman
    2. Lon LeFore Pitts, married Allie Mahone, daughter of Charles Marion Mahone and Bannie Eugenia Heflin Mahone; issue:
        1. Mary James Pitts, married Dr. Sidney Austin Gates, son of Sidney Joseph Gates and Martha Moore Austin Gates; issue:
            1. Mary Eugenia Gates
        2. Margaret Carol Pitts, married James Baxter Davis, son of James Almond Davis and Eva Kimbell Davis; issue:
            1. Margaret Carol Davis
        3. Elizabeth LeFore Pitts, married Earl Neal Barton, son of Virgil Barton and Alberta Bennett Barton; issue:
            1. Suzanne Conner Barton
        4. Catherine Conner Pitts
        5. Dorothy Mahone Pitts
3. Mary Frances Pitts (deceased), married Edwin Turner Arnold, son of Edwin Vincent Arnold and Anna Turner Arnold; issue:
    1. Edwin Turner Arnold, Jr., married Harriet Jean Darden, daughter of Hugh Bu-

chanan Darden and Annie Pearl Johnson Darden; issue:

1. Ellen Anne Arnold
2. Edwin Turner Arnold, III
3. Richard Buchanan Arnold

2. Dan Pitts Arnold, married Mary Ruth McCay, daughter of John Andrew McCay and Rosa Adams McCay; issue:
    1. Dan McCay Arnold
3. Frank Moses Arnold, married Minnie Elizabeth McPheeters, daughter of Ulric Scott McPheeters and Carrie Vesta Christian McPheeters; issue:
    1. Edwin Scott Arnold
4. Frances Marian Arnold, married Hopewell Hull Hammond, son of John Woods Hammond and Martha Rivers Hammond; issue:
    1. Arthur Hull Hammond
    2. David Arnold Hammond

4. Mattie Jo Pitts, married Troy Allen, son of Herschel Venus Buckhanan Allen and Mollie Thompson Allen; issue:
    1. Mary Pitts Allen, married Donald Clyde Wilson, son of Bert Wilson and Amy Gibson Wilson; issue:
        1. Donna Jo Wilson
        2. Mary Bert Wilson
    2. Troy Allen, Jr.
5. Thomas Jerome Pitts. Died at the age of 5 years.
6. Valentine Beatrice Pitts, married Carl Bratton Plexico, son of Joseph Monroe Plexico and Ida Luella Stephenson Plexico; issue:
    1. Josephine Bratton Plexico, married James Downey Adderholdt, son of Herbert Henson Adderholdt and Mary Alma Duckett Adderholdt; issue:
        1. Josephine Diana Adderholdt
        2. James Downey Adderholdt, Jr.
        3. Mary Susan Adderholdt

2. Carolyn Beatrice Plexico

7. Eunice Victoria Pitts, married Thomas Henry Mahone, son of Peter Flournoy Mahone and Mary Loula Bryan Mahone; issue:
   1. Thomas Henry Mahone, Jr.
   2. Hamilton Pitts Mahone
8. Marion Ann Pitts, married Addison Leroy Bond, son of William Harriott Bond and Ida Foley Bond; issue:
   1. Judith Ann Bond
   2. Carol Addison Bond
9. Robert William Pitts, married Ethel Elizabeth Youngblood, daughter of James Arlington Youngblood and Sarah Frances Kitchens Youngblood.

2. Victoria Emma Pitts, married Robert Taylor Abernathy, son of Smith Abernathy and Elizabeth Christian Abernathy; issue:
   1. Robert Smith Abernathy—Died 1900
   2. Joseph Alver Abernathy, married Kate Alexander Goodwyne, daughter of Robert Milton Goodwyne and Ammie Rentha Barron Goodwyne; issue:
      1. Ammie Victoria Abernathy, married Henry Lewis Ruffin, son of Lewis Ruffin and Irma Harwell Ruffin; issue:
         1. Beatrice Alexander Ruffin
         2. Josephine Ruffin (deceased)
         3. Blanch Elizabeth Ruffin
         4. Robert Lewis Ruffin
         5. Margaret Ann Ruffin
         6. Joseph Henry Ruffin
      2. Annie Kate Abernathy, married Fred Ham Proctor, son of Joseph George Proctor and Mary Lizzie Ham Proctor; issue:
         1. James Frederick Proctor
      3. Mattie Clyde Abernathy, married William Wallace Boutell, son of William Wallace Boutell and Anna Hanson Boutell.
      4. Joseph Robert Abernathy, married Margaret Ellen Hampton, daughter of Robert

Lee Hampton and Mildred Henderson Shepherd Hampton; issue:

1. Margaret Joyce Abernathy
2. Robert Brooks Abernathy
3. Carolyn Ann Abernathy

5. Mildred Louise Abernathy, married William Joseph Maddox, Jr., son of William Joseph Maddox and Clyde Gertrude Duke Maddox; issue:
    1. Joseph Thomas Maddox

3. Elizabeth Clyde Abernathy, married Eugene Ester Edwards, son of John Crawford Edwards and Cinderella Ann Hanson Edwards; issue:
    1. Velma Bennett Edwards, married William Little Chapman; issue:
        1. Velma Elizabeth Chapman
        2. Emily Nell Chapman, married Ernest McKennedy McElroy, son of Albert Marion McElroy and Ada Upchurch McElroy; issue:
            1. Kenneth Edward McElroy
        3. William Little Chapman, Jr., married Flora Bernice Hellen; daughter of Rev. W. E. Hellen; issue:
            1. Cheryl Darleen Chapman
        4. Norma Clyde Chapman
        5. Eugene Grady Chapman
    2. Grady Dalton Edwards, married Mary Margaret Shaffer, daughter of Adolph David Shaffer and Pearl Edna Huey Shaffer; issue:
        1. Grady Dalton Edwards, Jr.
        2. Deanna Lee Edwards
        3. Marsha Ellen Edwards

II. Sophronia Ann Pitts, married John Simmons; issue:

1. Andrew Jessie Simmons. Born June 23, 1848. Died June 26, 1929
2. J. J. Simmons. Born July 26, 1849
3. Julius A. Simmons. Born January 4, 1851
4. Arrie Jane Simmons, born August 28, 1852, married Zachary Taylor Quick; issue:

1. Eula Lee Quick, married Augustus Monroe Lasseter, son of William Morgan Lasseter and Susan Wright Lasseter; issue:
    1. Amie Irene Lasseter, married Emmitt Cemore Duckworth, son of Jerry Miles Duckworth and Lou Cindia Robinson Duckworth; issue:
        1. Emmitt Cemore Duckworth, married Annie Ruth Lawson, daughter of Oliver Walter Lawson and Clemmie Ophelia Wells Lawson; issue:
            1. Leonard Lawrence Duckworth
            2. Herbert Wayne Duckworth
            3. Laura Jane Duckworth
        2. Julia Mae Duckworth, married William Boyd Mullins, son of Jeff Davis Mullins and Julia Etta Schinall Mullins; issue:
            1. William Boyd Mullins, Jr.
        3. Mary Lily Duckworth, married Eddie B. Daniel, son of Albert B. Daniel and Gertrude White Daniel; issue:
            1. Clifford Jerry Daniel
        4. Starling Glover Duckworth, married Floy Ann Nell Frost, daughter of Howard Dewitt Frost and Pallie Irene Miller Frost; issue:
            1. Jimmy Cemore Duckworth
        5. Franklin Delano Duckworth
    2. William Morgan Lasseter, married first Mary Alice Witt, daughter of William Green Witt and Mary Elizabeth Canutte Witt; issue:
        1. William Morgan Lasseter, Jr., married Gladys Virginia Walker, daughter of Edward Lee Thomas Walker and Maggie Pauline Brown Walker; issue:
            1. Gladys Drucillia Lasseter
        2. Robert Kenneth Lasseter, married Bobbie Lee Rickard, daughter of

George Walter Rickard and Hattie Isabelle Gaither Rickard.

William Morgan Lasseter, married second Edna Virginia Johnson; issue:

1. Norman Gray Lasseter

William Morgan Lasseter, married third Mary Ruth Williams Hunter, daughter of John Elbert Williams and Claudia P. Dimery Williams.

3. Charlie Monroe Lasseter, married Emma Odell Crumbley, daughter of William Talcum Crumbley and Rosa Missouri Glass Crumbley; issue:
    1. Mary Frances Lasseter, married Clifton Floyd Lewis, son of Roy Arthur Lewis and Maude Melinda Lewis; issue:
        1. Gregory Allen Lewis
    2. Ruth Odell Lasseter, married James Edmond Smith, son of Cee Celus Smith and Callie Celess Wooten Smith; issue:
        1. Shirley Ann Smith
    3. Lillian Louise Lasseter
    4. David Wayne Lasseter
    4. James Franklin Lasseter, married Janie Mae Driskell, daughter of John Thadis Driskell and Annie Inez Mann Driskell; issue:
        1. Franklin Eugene Lasseter
2. Carrie Ann Quick, married first Tally Pierce Jolly, son of Seth L. Jolly and Lula Jolly; married second Henry Moody Wilson, son of Henry Moody Wilson and Christian Anna Jernigan Wilson. Children by first marriage:
    1. James Bertrand Jolly, married Lucille Christian, daughter of Henry Jefferson Christian and Elizabeth Minnix Christian; issue:
        1. James Wesley Jolly, married Lura Gail Gibson, daughter of William

Thomas Gibson and Myrtle Edna Anglin Gibson; issue:

1. Donna Gail Jolly
2. Betty Jo Ann Jolly
3. Carol Lynn Jolly
4. Mary Patricia Jolly
5. Linda Marie Jolly

2. Clarence Heuring Jolly

Born September 30, 1908. Died 1915.

5. Joseph L. Simmons. Born November 15, 1854.
6. Robert Lee Simmons, born November 4, 1860, died March 16, 1928, married first Queen Vashti Pickle; married second Nancy Winnie Pickle, sister of his first wife. A daughter by his first wife was:

Queen Vashti Simmons, who married John Columbus Sanders.

Robert Columbus Sanders, son of John Columbus Sanders and Queen Vashti Simmons Sanders, married Victoria McCrary, daughter of William Joel McCrary and Lizzie Walters McCrary; issue:

1. Ralph Lee Sanders
2. John William Sanders
3. Eunice Oree Sanders

III. Missouri Helen Pitts, married Daniel Merriman Bullock, son of Irwin Bullock and Ladufsia Pound Bullock, who was the daughter of Dickey (or Richard) Pound of Putnam County, Georgia; issue:

1. Ella Eugenia Bullock, married George Washington Horne, son of Joab William Cowart Horne and Sarah Sherrard Horne; issue:
   1. Beatrice Horne. (deceased)
   2. Kate Horne, married James Davis Girtman, son of John William David Girtman and Sarah Elizabeth Zelma Guilford Girtman; issue:
      1. James Davis Girtman, Jr.

         Born August 28, 1908. Died July 2, 1948.
      2. Zelma Eugenia Girtman, married Richard Gustav Schmid, Jr., son of Richard Gustav Schmid and Gertrude McWhorter Schmid
      3. John Charles Girtman, married first Dor-

othy Burrus; married second, Alloa Gale Hubbard, daughter of Frank Ephrom Hubbard and Gala Barbara Zelzer Hubbard. Son by first wife:

1. John Charles Girtman, Jr.

4. George Horne Girtman
5. Katherine Girtman
6. Ralph Merriman Girtman, married Ova Josephine Siler, daughter of Thomas Evans Siler and Maude Belle Douglas Siler; issue:
    1. James David Girtman

3. Lucile Horne. (Died at the age of 8 years)
4. Montine Horne, married Dr. William Tomlinson Lanier, son of Mathew Thomas Lanier and Lee Alice Roberts Lanier; issue:
    1. Alice Gene Lanier
    2. Betty Ann Lanier
5. Erma Horne

2. Julia Beatrice Bullock, married Albert Sidney Morgan, son of William B. Morgan and Mary Jackson Morgan; issue:
    1. Mary Louise Morgan, married Orlando Clifford Wages, son of Mancel Wages and Ida Hill Wages; issue:
        1. Albert Morgan Wages, married Jewell Lester, daughter of James Thomas Lester and Daisy Maude Hood Lester; issue:
            1. Louise Wages
            2. James Lester Wages
            3. Danny Morgan Wages
            4. Thomas Albert Wages
        2. Ruth Wages, married Leonard Nottingham Lumsden, son of Lonnie Harrison Lumsden and Lucy Nottingham Lumsden.
3. Lillian Bullock. (Died at age of 2 years)
4. Minnie Florence Bullock, married John William Powell, son of James Pleasant Powell and Carolyn Frances Lane Powell; issue: five children who died in infancy; and
    1. Alline Powell, married Coy Morgan, son of

John Horatio Morgan and Lorena Lewis Morgan; issue:

1. Coy Myron Morgan, married Ima Spell, daughter of Charles Jay Spell and Gussie Vivian Harrison Spell; issue:
    1. Mary Ann Morgan
2. Oscar Grady Powell, married Bessie Morgan, daughter of John Horatio Morgan and Lorena Lewis Morgan; issue:
    1. Jack Powell, married Mary Josephine Foggin, daughter of Ernest Meredith Foggin and Daisy Isabelle Heyburn Foggin; issue:
        1. Lorena Dianne Powell
        2. Robert Ernest Powell
    2. Peggy Jeanne Powell
3. Olive Beatrice Powell, married Ezekiel Watson Barber, son of William Green Barber and Martha Virginia Singletary Barber; issue:
    1. Asa Middleton Barber, married Dorothy Elizabeth Shaw, daughter of William H. Shaw and Elsie Shaw; issue:
        1. James Scott Barber
    2. June Marcelle Barber, married Billy Sears Bell, son of James W. Bell and Eunice S. Bell
    3. Betty Eve Barber
4. Otis Lynwood Powell, married Gladys Wilma Nance, daughter of Benjamin Riley Nance and Minnie Etta Worley Nance; issue:
    1. Wilma Jean Powell, married William Norbourne Eidson, Jr., son of William Norbourne Eidson, Sr. and Irma Harriet Graham Eidson.
    2. Lynwood Riley Powell
    3. Benjamin Otis Powell
    4. Ronald Coleman Powell
    5. Gladys Bonnie Powell
    6. Gerald Conway Powell
    7. Charles Daniel Powell
    8. Gary Winston Powell

9. Cherry Lynn Powell

5. Helen Merriman Powell, married Miller H. Franklin (Died in 1927)
6. Bessie Lucile Powell
7. Ruth Carolyn Powell, married Claude E. Blackmon, son of Robert Judson Blackmon and Sara Dora Montgomery Blackmon; issue:
    1. Ruby Jean Blackmon, married Rodney Lee Calhoun, son of Frank Bivins Calhoun and Mamye Greer Ford Calhoun; issue:
        1. Frank Bivins Calhoun, II.
    2. Faye Roselyn Blackmon, married John Henry Smith, Jr., son of John Henry Smith and Alma Lois Scott Smith; issue:
        1. Charles Ralph Smith
    3. Claude E. Blackmon, Jr.
    4. Dorothy Lucile Blackmon
    5. Joan Blackmon
8. Frankie Hilda Powell, married John Robert Vaughan, son of Robert Leonard Vaughan and Annie Kate Orr Vaughan; issue:
    1. Martha Ann Vaughan
    2. Bobbie Hilda Vaughan
    3. Helen Joyce Vaughan
9. Joseph Lester Powell, married June Marie Williamson, daughter of Wilbur Grady Williamson and Myrt Susan Morgan Williamson; issue:
    1. Joseph Lester Powell, Jr.
    2. Susan Whitsett Powell
10. Dorothy Maxine Powell
11. Fred Pitts Powell, married Courteney Virginia Pilson, daughter of Robert L. Pilson and Nemira LaSalle Pilson.
12. Carolyn Edwena Powell, married John Emmett Hicks, son of Seward Vernon Hicks and Nell McAllister Hicks.

5. Isaac Bullock. Died in childhood.
6. Daniel Bullock, married _____; issue:
    1. Ethel Bullock
    2. Daisy Bullock
7. Victoria Helen Bullock, married Albert Govan

Smith, son of John Gilbert Smith and Susan Ollie Bell Smith; issue:

1. John Gilbert Smith.
   Born May 24, 1899. Died July 14, 1911
2. Susan Bell Smith
   Born July 7, 1903. Died April 12, 1929

IV. Beatrice Lausia Pitts, married Newman Pound, Jr., son of Newman Pound, Sr. and Martha Clara Murphey Pound; issue:

1. Jerome Balaam Pound, married first Madeline Palmer, born June 16, 1866, died January 24, 1897, daughter of Dr. John Turner Palmer and Virginia Buckmaster Palmer; married second, Caroline Willingham, daughter of Winborn Joseph Willingham and Florence Margaret Baynard Willingham. Children of Jerome Balaam Pound and Madeline Palmer Pound were:
   1. Jerome Gordon Pound.
      Born October 6, 1886. Died July 2, 1901.
   2. Aloysius Ferdinand Pound.
      Born January 11, 1889. Died October 10, 1889
   3. Kathleen Madeline Pound, married first Joseph Hardwick Caldwell, son of James Leonidas Caldwell and Margaret Hardwick Caldwell; married second Stanley Horton Robertson, son of Albert A. Robertson and Susan Horton Robertson. Children by first marriage:
      1. Joseph Hardwick Caldwell, Jr.
      2. James Leonidas Caldwell, married Marjorie Henry, daughter of William Blodgett Henry and Freda Weber Henry; issue:
         1. Kathleen Pound Caldwell
         2. Marjorie Henry Caldwell

4. Carmelite Mercedes Pound, married Joseph Page Temple, son of Levi Wake Temple and Alice Page Temple; issue:
   1. Joseph Page Temple, Jr., married Martha Hopkins Lamoreaux, daughter of William Francis Lamoreaux and Maude Elma Hopkins Lamoreaux; issue:
      1. Virginia Page Temple
      2. Martha Pound Temple

2. Jerome Balaam Pound Temple, married Ann Glascock, daughter of James Arthur Glascock and Lucile Carter Glascock; issue:
    1. Jerome Balaam Pound Temple, Jr.
    2. James Glascock Temple

5. Virginia Palmer Pound, married Henry Harding Tift, Jr., son of Capt. Henry Harding Tift and Bessie Willingham Tift; issue:
    1. Virginia Pound Tift, married Richard Gray Brumby, son of Thomas Micajah Brumby, Jr. and Cordelia Gray Brumby; issue:
        1. Richard Gray Brumby, Jr.
        2. Thomas Micajah Brumby, IV.
        3. Virginia Tift Brumby
        4. Jerome Pound Brumby
    2. Henry Harding Tift, III, married Christine Cole Lee; daughter of Dr. William Green Lee and Christine Cole Lee, issue:
        1. Henry Harding Tift, IV.
        2. William Lee Tift
        3. Jerome Pound Tift

On January 5, 1898, Jerome Balaam Pound married Caroline Willingham, daughter of Winborn Joseph Willingham and Florence Margaret Baynard Willingham; issue:

1. Margaret Beatrice Pound
   Born December 13, 1901—Died June 12, 1903
2. Caroline Drucilla Pound, married John Garnett Andrews, son of Daniel Marshall Andrews and Adeline Van Court Andrews; issue:
    1. Caroline Willingham Andrews
    2. Adeline Van Court Andrews
2. Martha Drucilla Pound
   Baptized in Catholic Church as Martha Aloysius Pound and became a Nun.
3. Eugene Lee Pound. Not married.
   Born March 27, 1866. Died September 19, 1887.

V. Julia P. Pitts
   Born May 23, 1846. Died April 1860.